THE SATURDAY EVE ST

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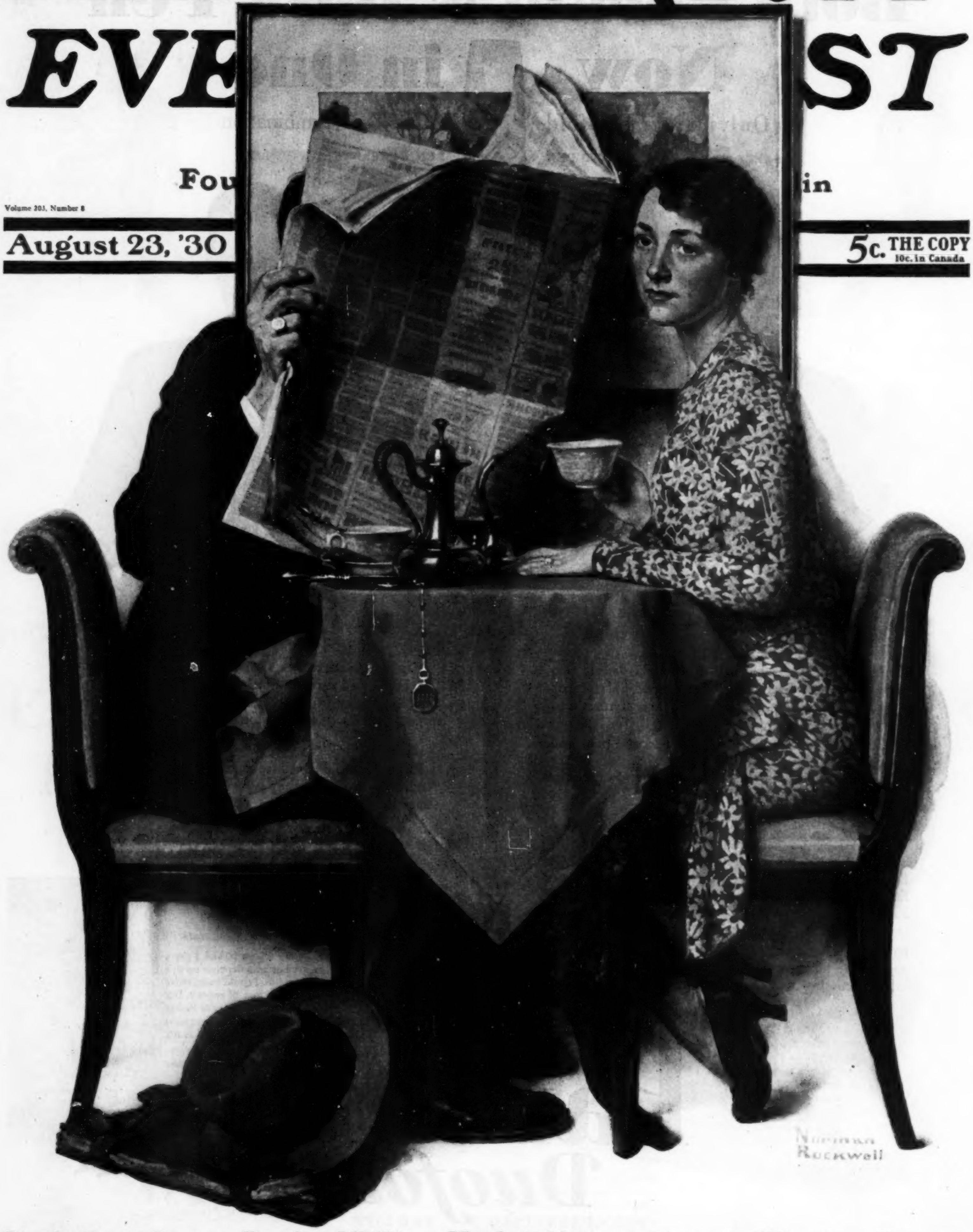


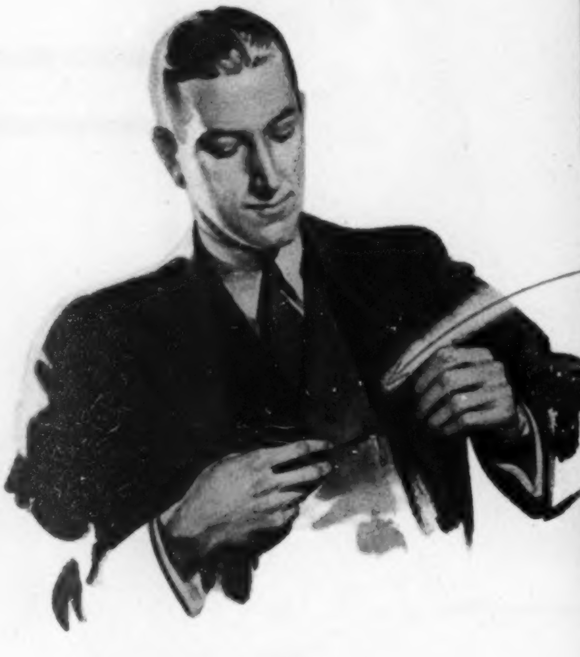
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—William Hazlett Upson—George Wharton Pepper
Mary Pickford—Barrett Willoughby—Benito Mussolini—Robert Winsmore

Both Pocket & Desk Pen Now in One

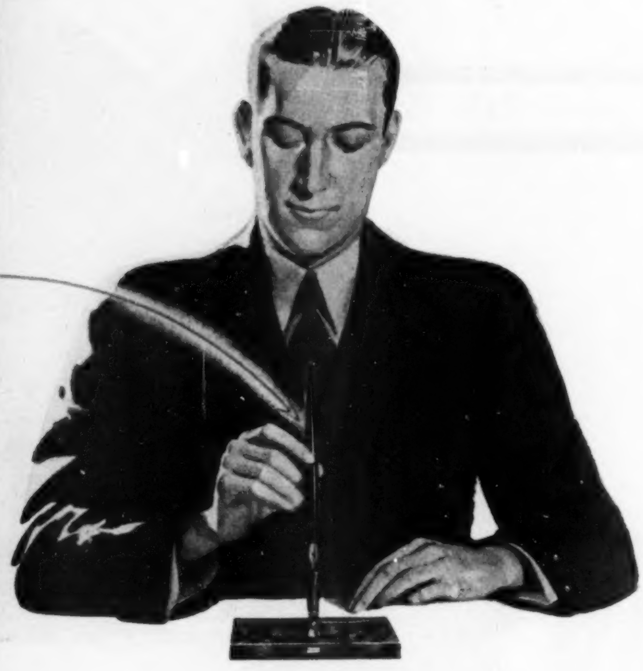
Only Parker Duofold Offers This Combination

SAVES PRICE OF A SECOND PEN

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE



As a Pocket Pen



Same Pen Converted

Getting the Parker Duofold is now like getting two pens at the price of one. Attaching a tapered end converts it into a Desk Set Pen. Removing the taper restores it to a pocket pen.

Either way, you save the price of a second pen. You have only one Pen to fill instead of two. And whether you write at your desk or on the go, you always have your favorite point.

Writes with Pressureless Touch

You have a non-breakable Permanite barrel that holds 17.4% more ink than average, size for size—that is jewel-like in lustre, color, and beauty. And most of all—the famous Duofold ★bonus point that writes with Geo. S. Parker's 47th improvement—Pressureless Touch.

Even at higher prices, other makers have been unable to match this classic. Now that it takes the place of a special pen for the pocket and another for the desk, its sales are soaring beyond all previous heights.

\$5

\$7

\$10

Go and ask the nearest dealer to show how the Duofold is changed back and forth from a Pocket to a Desk Set Pen. If you own a Parker, take it with you. If not, go anyway and see this revolutionary invention.

Streamlined Pens and Pencils to Match

Parker Duofold Pencils to match are also Convertible. And, like the Pens, they now come in Parker's new streamlined, balanced shape, \$3.25 to \$5.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wisconsin. Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Berlin, Germany.

★"PARKER PAYS ME A BONUS FOR EVERY DUOFOLD POINT

But first it must pass* 11 *merciless tests

"If it fails in any one, Parker rejects it, and I pay a forfeit. The life of the Parker business depends on this super-pen that is *guaranteed* for life. I could make twice as many per day and save Parker lots of money. But such points would be only half as good. Hence Parker allows me to grind a given number only. So I can spend more time on every one, make them all as good as my best, and 7 times out of 8, win a cash reward."

—The Parker Pen Grinder

Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Each Day . . . He Starts Them *on their Way*

THEY'RE off . . . to early morning train, to factory, to office, to school . . . and *all* of them *on time.*

A mighty army . . . millions upon millions . . . rely on Big Ben to wake them every morning, and year in and year out enjoy the many rewards of *unfailing punctuality.*

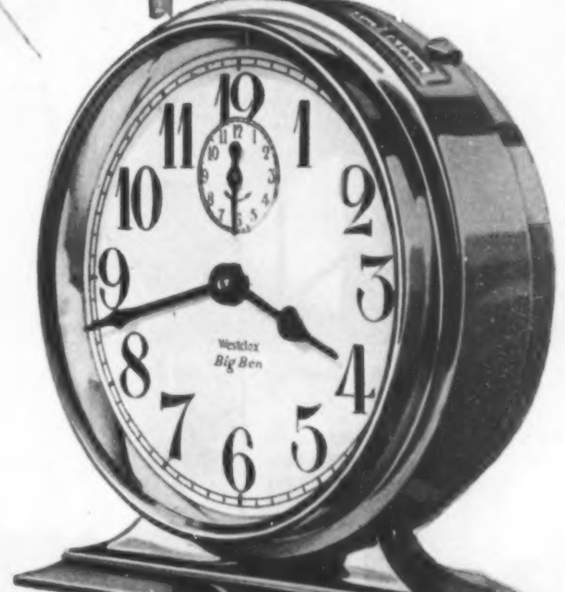
Big Ben, a sturdy, handsome fellow, ever faithful to his trust and a staunch friend of the ambitious in every walk of life . . . carries a positive two year factory guarantee.

His reliability . . . likeable personality . . . and long life have made him the world's biggest selling alarm clock.

Big Ben base model in lustrous nickel finish or in beautiful shades of blue, green and old rose.

Westclox

ALARMS _ POCKET WATCHES _ AUTO CLOCKS



Big Ben, $3.50 . . luminous dial, a dollar more. There is a wide variety of other Westclox to select from . . . alarms as low as $1.50 . . . pocket watches and auto clocks. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

A recommendation from salespeople *in the leading stores of America* - - -

"To be safe – wash fine things with Ivory"

Even the briefest shopping list these days means a considerable expenditure of time and money. One like this, for instance—

"Silk-and-wool shirts for Bunny . . . Golf sweater for Will . . . Lingerie for new evening dress . . . Sport frock for Country Club . . ."

Why, these things may cost you $100, or more—as well as three or four hours of hard shopping. And how *very* costly they are, if they are quickly ruined by a disastrous washing. Or even if a "nearly-safe" soap destroys the freshness of their color and texture.

Nice things needn't be an extravagance

But *if* these things wear and *wear*, and keep their good looks, their cost is unimportant in the long run even if you've paid a lot for them. And here is where the advice of salespeople can help you.

What these much-traveled shoppers found

Salespeople have very definite ideas about the safe way to wash fine fabrics. When several young women recently traveled all over the country, shopping everywhere in the leading stores, they discovered that an overwhelming majority of salespeople were recommending Ivory—especially for finer things.

For those little silk-and-wool shirts

As the saleswoman in one of Chicago's finest department stores said, "Always use Ivory Soap and tepid water to wash baby woolens. Ivory is so pure that it keeps them nice and soft. A stronger soap hardens and harms the wool."

And your own pastel-tinted underwear

"Ivory is the only soap we advise for fine underwear," said the head of the lingerie department in one of New York's famous stores. "Other soaps are likely to be a little harsh. We have found from experience that Ivory is a mild soap which cleanses delicate fabrics perfectly—and yet will not fade the colors."

To make washing safe for golf sweaters

"Ivory Soap is the best thing to use for sweaters," said a salesman in a leading Philadelphia store to a customer recently. "Other soaps are almost always too strong. They fade colors and then we have lots of customers coming back with complaints. Ivory is pure. We have used it in our household for 27 years for everything—it's always safe."

* * *

The salespeople in the fine stores of your own city will tell you that if you use Ivory, lukewarm water, and reasonable care—your silks will wear longer, woolens will be softer, colors will stay fresher . . . Certainly it's a simple way to make your clothes-budget go farther!

Free—A little book, "*Thistledown Treasures—their selection and care,*" gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VS-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY FLAKES
for sale ... of fine th...
IVORY

- kind to everything it touches - $99\frac{44}{100}\%$ *pure*

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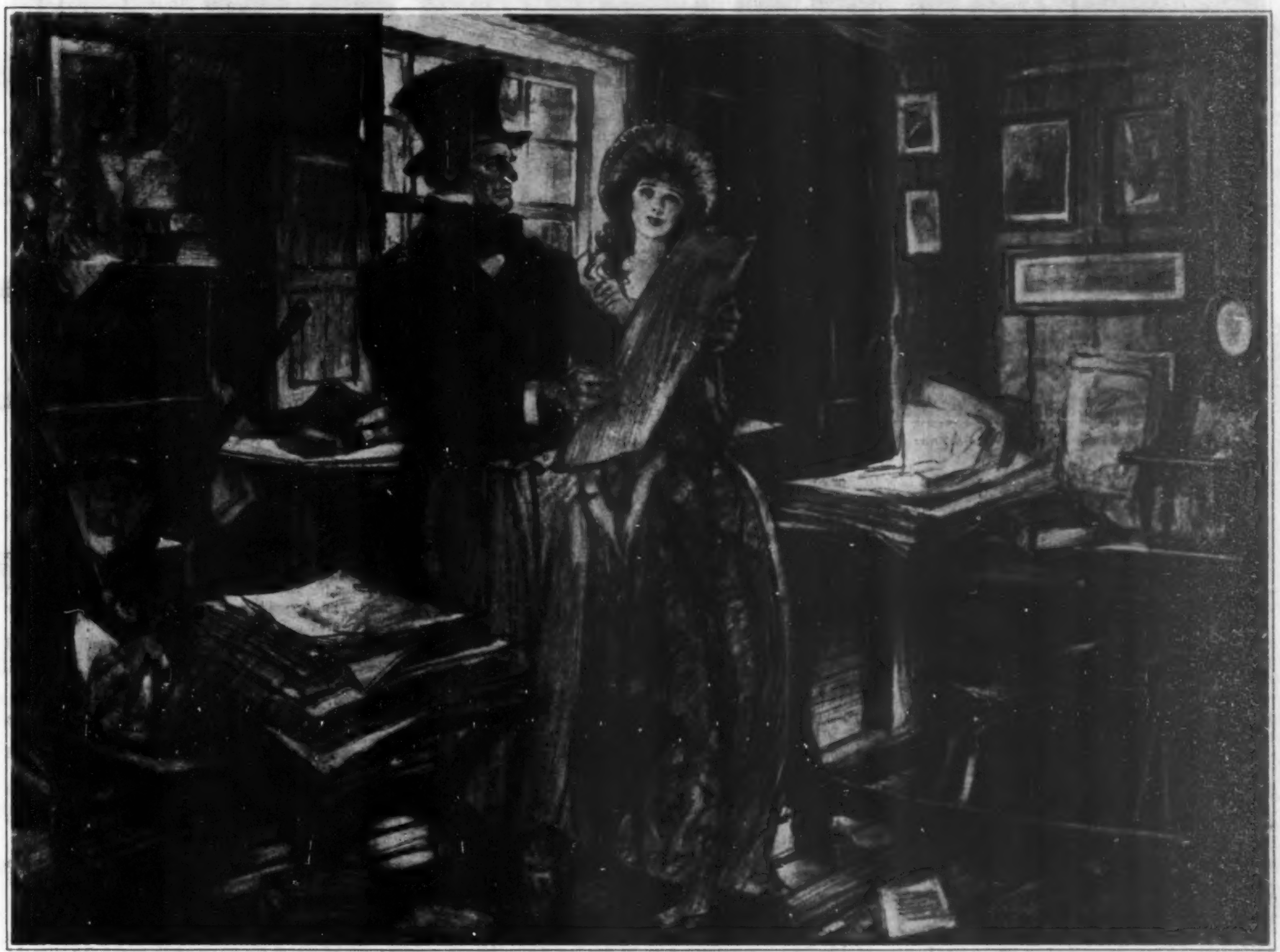
THE END OF DEVIL HAWKER



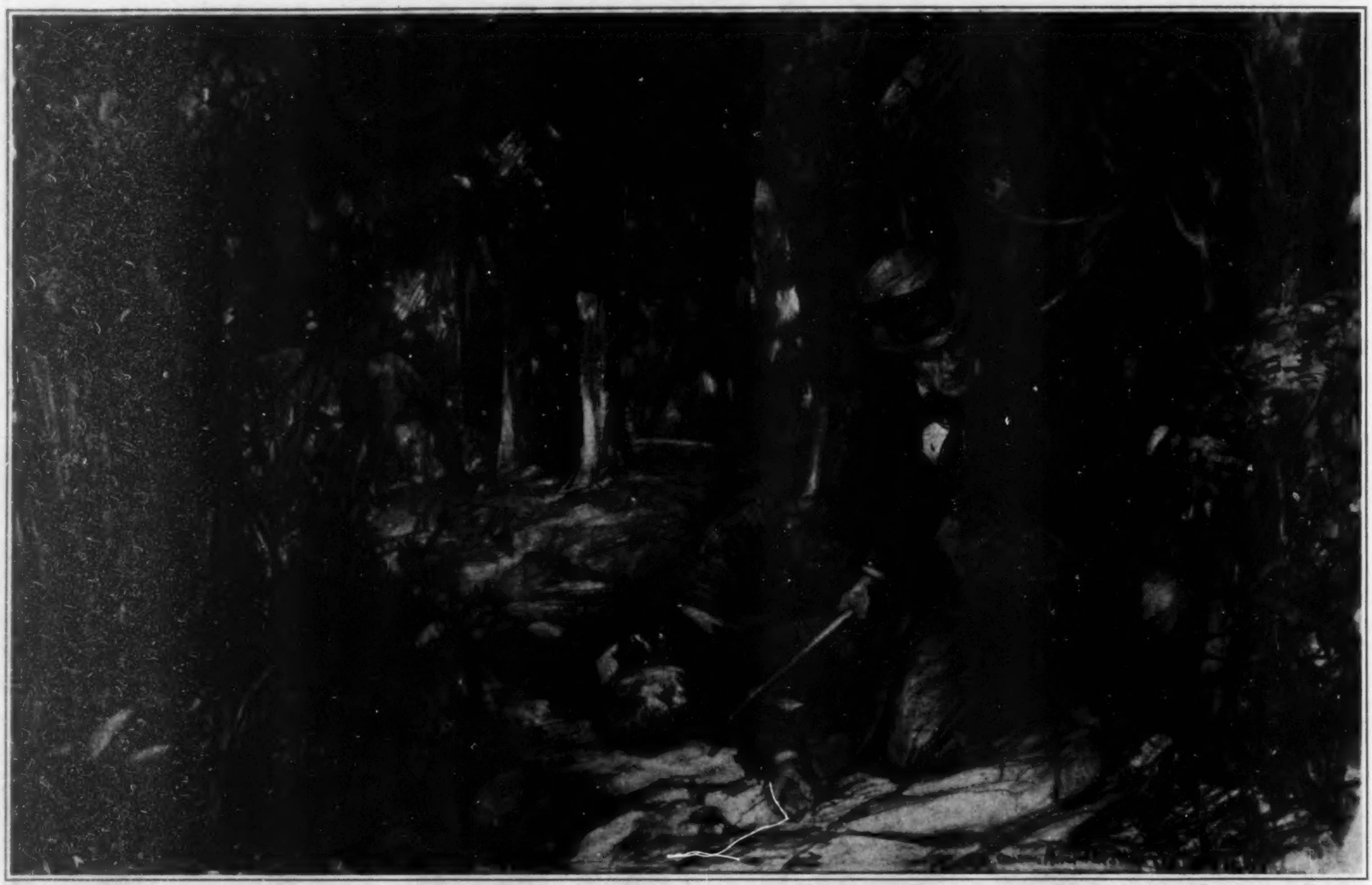
There is a Full-Length Colored Print Which Shows Him to be Tall and Magnificently Proportioned, With Broad Shoulders, Slim Waist, Clad in a Tightly Buttoned Green Coat, Buckskin Breeches and High Hessian Boots

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

THERE is a fascinating little print shop around the corner of Drury Lane. When you pass through the old oaken doorway and into the dim dusty interior, you seem to have wandered into some corridor leading back through time, for on every side of you are the pictures of the past. But very specially I value that table on the left where lies the great pile of portrait prints heaped up in some sort of order of date. There you see the pictures of the men who stood round the throne of the young Victoria, of Melbourne, of Peel, of Wellington, and then you come on the D'Orsay and Lady Blessington period, and the long and wonderful series of H. B., the great, unknown John Doyle, who, in his day, was a real power in the land. Farther back still you come on the bucks and prize fighters of the Regency—the pompous Jackson, the sturdy Cribb, the empty Brummell, the chubby Alvanley. And then you may chance upon a face which you cannot pass without a second and a longer look. It is a face which Mephistopheles might have owned, thin, dark, keen, with bushy brows and fierce, alert eyes which glare out from beneath them. There is a full-length colored print which shows him to be tall and magnificently proportioned, with broad shoulders, slim waist, clad in a tightly buttoned green coat, buckskin breeches and high Hessian boots. Below is the inscription: "Sir John Hawker"—and that is the Devil Hawker of the legends.

In his short but vivid career, the end of which is here outlined, Hawker was the bully of the town. The bravest shrank away from the angry, insolent glare of those baleful eyes. He was a famous swordsman and a remarkable pistol shot—so remarkable that three times he starred the kneecap of his man; the most painful injury which he could inflict. But above all, he was the best amateur boxer of his day, and had he taken to the ring, it is likely that he would have made a name. His hitting is said to have been the most ferocious ever seen, and it was his amusement to try out novices at Cribb's rooms,



With a Bitter Curse, He Realized That However Imprudent Jakes Had Been, He Had Not Been Such a Fool as to Carry His Papers About With Him

which were his favorite haunt, and to teach them how to stand punishment. It gratified his pride to show his skill, and his cruel nature to administer pain to others. It was in these very rooms of Cribb that this little sketch of those days opens, where, as on a marionette stage, I would try to show you what manner of place it was and what manner of people walked London in those full-blooded, brutal and virile old days.

First, as to the place. It is at the corner of Panton Street, and you see over a broad, red-curtained door the sign: Thomas Cribb. Dealer in Liquor and Tobacco, with the Union Arms printed above. The door leads into a tiled passage which opens on the left into a common bar behind which, save on special evenings, a big, bull-faced, honest John Bull of a man may be seen with two assistants of the sparring-partner type, handing out refreshment and imbibing gratis a great deal more than was good for their athletic figures. Already Tom is getting a waistline which will cause his trainer and himself many a weary day at his next battle; if, indeed, the brave old fellow has not already come to the last of his fights, when he defended the honor of England by breaking the cast-iron jaw of Molyneaux, the black.

If, instead of turning into the common bar, you continue down the passage, you find a green-baize door with the word "Parlor" printed across one upper panel of glass. Push it open and you are in a room which is spacious and comfortable. There is sawdust on the floor, numerous wooden armchairs, round tables for the card players, a small bar presided over by Miss Lucy Stagg, a lady who had been accused of many things, but never of shyness, in the corner, and a fine collection of sporting pictures round the walls. At the back were swing doors with the words "Boxing Saloon" printed across them, leading into a large bare apartment with a roped ring in the center, and many pairs of gloves hanging upon the walls, belonging, for the most part, to the Corinthians who came up to have lessons from the champion, whose classes were only exceeded by those of Gentleman Jackson in Bond Street.

It was early in the particular evening of which I speak, and there was no one in the parlor save Cribb himself, who expected the quality that night, and was cleaning up in anticipation. Lucy wiped glasses languidly in her little bar. Beside the entrance door was a small, shriveled weasel of a man, Billy Jakes by name, who sat behind a green-baize table, in receipt of custom as a bookmaker, dog fancier or cock supplier—a privilege for which he paid Tom a good round sum every year. As no customers had appeared, he wandered over to the little bar.

"Well, things are quiet tonight, Lucy."

She looked up from polishing her glasses. "I expect they will be more lively soon, Mr. Jakes. It is full early."

"Well, Lucy, you look very pretty tonight. I expect I shall have to marry you yet."

"La, Mr. Jakes, how you do carry on!"

"Tell me, Lucy; do you want to make some money?"

"Everyone wants that, Mr. Jakes."

"How much can you lay your hands on?"

"I dare say I could find fifty pounds at a pinch."

"Wouldn't you like to turn it into a hundred?"

"Why, of course I would."

"It's Saracesca for the Oaks. I'd give you two to one, which is better than I give the others. She's a cert if ever there is one."

"Well, if you say so, Mr. Jakes. The money is upstairs in my box. But if you can really turn it into ——"

Fortunately, honest Tom Cribb had been within earshot of this little debate, and he now caught the man roughly by the sleeve and twirled him in the direction of his table.

"You dirty dog; doing the poor girl out of her hard-earned savings!"

"All right, Tom. Only a joke! Only Billy Jakes' little joke! . . . I wouldn't have let you lose, Lucy!"

"That's enough," said Tom. "Don't you heed him, Lucy. Keep your money in your box."

The green swing door opened and a number of bucks, in black coats, brown coats, green coats and purple, came filing into the room. The shrill voice of Jakes was at once uplifted and his clamor filled the air.

"Now, my noble sportsmen," he cried, "back your opinions! There is a bag of gold waiting, and you have only to put your hands in. How about Woodstock for the Derby? How about Saracesca for the Oaks? Four to one! Four to one! Two to one, bar one!"

The Corinthians gathered for a moment round the bookie's table, for his patter amused them.

"Lots of time for that, Jakes," said Lord Rufton, a big bluff county magnate and landowner.

"But the odds are shorter every day. Now's your time, my noble gamesters! Now's the time to sow the seed! Gold to be had for the asking, waitin' there for you to pick up. I like to pay it. It pleases me to see happy faces round me. I like to see them smiling. Now's your time."

"Why, half the field may scratch before the race," said Sir Charles Trevor—the smiling imperturbable Charles—whose estate has been sucked dry by its owner's wild excesses.

"No race, no pay. The old firm gives every gamester a run for his money. The knowing ones are all on to it. Sir John Hawker has five hundred on Woodstock."

"Well, Devil Hawker knows what he is about," said Lord Annerley, a dashing young Corinthian.

"Have fifty on the filly for the Oaks, Lord Rufton. Four to one?"

"Very good, Jakes," said the nobleman, handing out a note. "I suppose I shall find you after the race."

"Sitting here at this table, my lord. Old established place of business. You've got a certainty, my lord."

"Well," said a young Corinthian, "if it is as certain as that, I'll have fifty too."

"Right, my noble sportsman. I book it at three to one."

"I thought it was four."

"It was four. Now it is three. You're lucky to get in before it is two. Will you take your winnings in paper or gold?"

"Well, in gold."

"Very good, sir. You'll find me waiting at this table with a bag of gold at ten by the clock on the day after the race. It will be in a green-baize bag with a grip, so as you can easily carry it. By the way, I've got a fighting cock that's never been beat. Would any of you gentlemen ——"

But the door had swung open and Sir John Hawker's handsome figure and sinister face filled the gap. The others moved toward the small bar. Hawker paused for a moment at the bookie's table.

"Hullo, Jakes; doing some fool out of his money as usual?"

"Tut, tut, Sir John, you should know me by now."

"Know you, you rascal! You have had a cool two thousand out of me from first to last. I know you too well."

"All you want is to persevere. You'll soon have it all back, Sir John."

"Hold your tongue, I say. I have had enough."

"No offense, my noble sportsman. But I've a brindled terrier down at the stables that's the best at rats in London."

"I wonder he hasn't had a nip at you then. . . . Hullo, Tom."

Cribb had come forward as usual to greet his Corinthian guests.

"Good evening, Sir John. Going to put them on tonight?"

"Well, I'll see. What have you got?"

"Half a dozen up from old Bristol. That place is as full of milling coves as a bin is of bottles."

"I may try one of them over."

"Then play light, Sir John. You cracked the ribs of that lad from Lincoln. You broke his heart for fighting."

"It may as well be broke early as late. What's the use of him if he can't take punishment?"

Several more men had come into the room; one of them exceedingly drunk, another just a little less so. They were two of the Tom and Jerry clique who wandered day and night on the old round from the Haymarket to Panton Street and St. James, imagining that they were seeing life. The drunken one—a young hawbuck from the shires—was noisy and combative. His friend was trying to put some term to their adventures.

"Come, George," he coaxed, "we'll just have one drink here. Then one at the Dive and one at the Cellars, and wind up with broiled bones at Mother Simpson's."

The name of the dish started ideas in the drunken man's brain. He staggered in the direction of the landlord.

"Broiled bones!" he cried. "D'you hear? I want broiled bones! Fetch me dish—large dish—of broiled bones this instant—under pain—displeasure."

Cribb, who was well accustomed to such visitors, continued his conversation with Hawker without taking the slightest notice. They were discussing a possible opponent for old Tom Shelton, the navvy, when George broke in again.

"Where the devil's those broiled bones? Here, landlord! Ole Tom Cribb! Tom, give me large dish broiled bones this instant, or I punch your old head." As Cribb still took not the faintest heed, George became more bellicose.

"No broiled bones!" he cried. "Very good! Prepare defend yourself!"

"Don't hit him, George!" cried his more sober companion in alarm. "It's the champion."

"It's a lie. I am the champion. I'll give him smack in the chops. See if I don't."

For the first time Cribb turned a slow eye in his direction.

"No dancin' allowed here, sir," he said.

"I'm not dancing. I'm sparring."

"Well, don't do it, whatever it is."

"I'm going to fight you. Going to give old Tom a smack in the chops."

"Some other time, sir. I'm busy."

"Where're those bones? Last time of asking."

"What bones? What is he talkin' of?"

"Sorry, Tom, but have to give you good thrashing. Yes, Tom, very sorry, but must have lesson."

He made several wild strokes in the air, quite out of distance, and finally fell upon his knees. His friend picked him up.

"What d'you want to be so foolish for, George?"

"I had him nearly beat."

Tom looked reproachfully at the soberer friend. "I am surprised at you, Mr. Trelawney."

"Couldn't help it, Tom. He would mix port and brandy."

"You must take him out."

"Come on, George; you've got to go out."

"Got to go! No, sir; round two. Come up smilin'. Time!"

Tom Cribb gave a sign and a stalwart potman threw the pugnacious George over his shoulder and carried him out of the room, kicking violently, while his friend walked behind. Cribb laughed.

"There's seldom an evening that I don't have that sort of nuisance."

"They would not do it twice to me," said Hawker. "I'd send him home, and his wench wouldn't know him."

"I haven't the heart to touch them. It pleases the poor things to say they have punched the champion of England."

The room had now begun to fill up. At one end a circle had formed round the bookie's table. On the other side there was a group at the small private bar where very broad chaff was being exchanged between some of the younger bucks and Lucy, who was well able to take care of herself. Cribb had gone inside the swing doors to prepare for the boxing, while Hawker wandered from group to group, leaving among these fearless men, hard-riding horsemen of the shires and dare-devils at every sport, a vague feeling of repulsion which showed itself in a somewhat formal response to his brief greetings. He paused at one chattering group and looked sardonically at a youth who stood somewhat apart listening to, but not joining in, the gay exchange of repartee. He was a well-built young man with a singularly beautiful head, crowned by a mass of auburn curls. His figure might have stood for Adonis, were it not that one foot was slightly drawn up, which caused him to wear a rather unsightly boot.

"Good evening, Hawker," said he.

"Good evening, Byron. Is this one of your hours of idleness?"

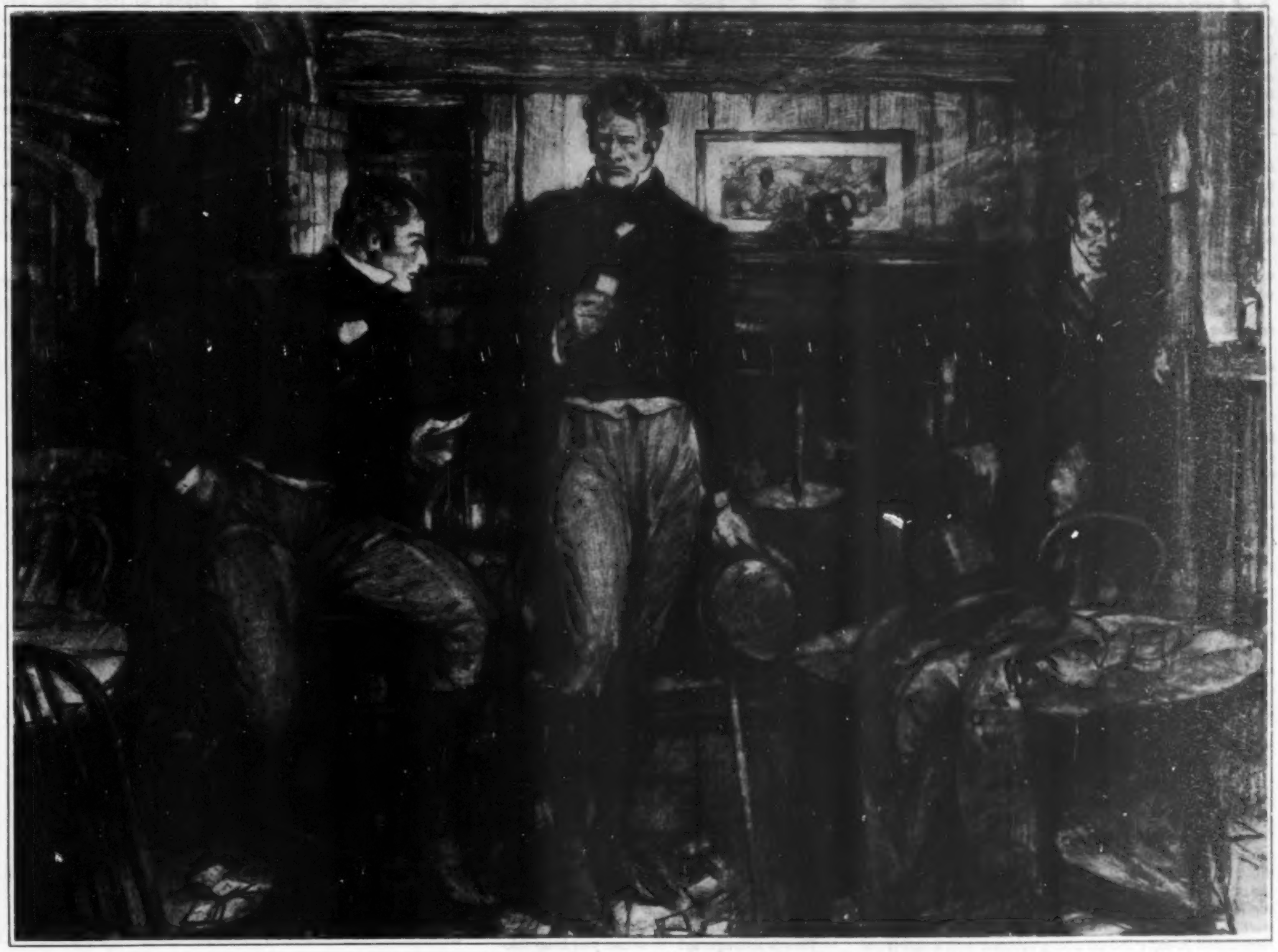
The allusion was to a book of verse which the young nobleman had just brought out, and which had been severely handled by the critics.

The poet seemed annoyed, for he was sensitive on the point.

"At least I cannot be accused of idleness today," said he. "I swam three miles downstream from Lambeth, and perhaps you have not done so much."

"Well done!" said Hawker. "I hear of you at Angelo's, and Jackson's too. But fencing needs a quick foot. I'd stick to the water if I were you." He glanced down at the malformed limb.

(Continued on Page 67)



"To Wait Until the Oaks are Cut," Said Hawker. "In September I Shall Present My Little Bill. Meanwhile, Perhaps a Note of Hand ——"

AMBASSADORS

By MARY PICKFORD

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF UNITED ARTISTS

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford on Vacation

ONE day last spring I happened to be motoring away down in Southern California, in San Diego County, a marvelous land where the great ranches of the early Spanish dons sweep in from the ocean over solemn hills and canyons to the wild inland grazing plains.

We stopped at a small ranch house. The farmer and his wife, fine alert young Americans, came out to greet us. Their children came romping in from the barn.

It was a beautiful day. The fields were lush with green; the quail were whistling, the meadow larks singing.

"It is lovely here," I said to the farmer's wife. "You must be very happy."

She let her eyes rove over the high horizon and they clouded. "I get tired of the hills," she said soberly, and her husband nodded.

Then suddenly she smiled and her eyes sparkled. "But there's a talkie now in Encinitas. Just opened a few weeks ago, and we can drive in as soon as the dishes are washed." And for some minutes she talked breathlessly of the pictures she had seen and what they meant to her.

"We never did see many shows," her husband explained. "We get to San Diego now and then, and maybe once a year to Los Angeles. But we're too tired at night to dress up enough for the highfalutin' places. Now we have the shows right here. And they sure do let the world in."

Opening the Hills to Romance

THAT little experience made me thoughtful all the way home. Perhaps it was its rare quality of symbolism, for I have often talked with people about pictures; it is the one way to know of their appeal. But the words of the farm woman went straight to my heart.

Here were people shut in by the hills. And a near-by picture theater opened the hills and let the world in!

And so it is everywhere; quite the same, I have found, in the far-off lands. All of us, the millions upon millions of us, are shut in by hills of some kind or another. The hills of the tenement houses of a big city, the hills of Main Street, the hills of the country—all are the same. They are the hills that circumscribe our workaday lives; prosaic lives as they must be, in the tense struggle for existence. The screen of the picture theater lets in the light of romance. It illumined the eyes of a farmer's wife. It illumines the eyes of the world. So my thoughts ran, and to them I added the ones formulated in my mind on a long steamer trip home from Japan last winter.

Douglas and I—I refer, of course, to Douglas Fairbanks, my husband—were concluding our seventh trip abroad. We had gone to Switzerland, where my little niece had been placed in school, and instead of returning as before, over the Atlantic, we decided to roam back through Egypt, India, China and Japan, and thence to Los Angeles over the Pacific.

On previous trips to Europe we had had some hectic and thrilling experiences with street mobs—particularly in London and Moscow. Somehow we counted upon this new journey into Northern Africa and the Far East as one on which we could go as we pleased, unobserved and free willed. But it was not to be so. It turned, increasingly, into the most remarkable reception we have ever had. We rarely knew our own plans ahead, from one embarkation to another; and, once decided upon, we tried faithfully to keep the news to ourselves. But, somehow or other, the word went winging ahead.

PHOTO. BY K. O. RAHMN

Los Angeles Children Having the Thrill of Their Lives, Being Photographed With Mary

I shall never forget the dismay, and then the utter indignation, of Karl Kitchen, newspaper writer, who happened to be with us when our train pulled into Kyoto and the mob at the station engulfed us. I was rescued just in time and sat perched upon Douglas' shoulders until the mounted police, with drawn sabers, cleared a lane for us. Poor Mr. Kitchen was thrown down and trampled over. When he got to his feet he sent his fists swinging right and left. When, after a violent struggle, we finally reached our rooms at the hotel by way of a rear elevator, the disheveled Mr. Kitchen exclaimed:

"This is outrageous! How can you keep taking it with a smile?"

I had to talk to him for some time. "This is cordiality," I said. "A great expression of friendliness. It becomes violence only because there is a mob which cannot control itself. Stop and think—what a remarkable tribute it is to the motion picture."

That very day, as we steamed into the inland sea of Japan, an aeroplane had encircled our ship. It was a tribute, rarely given, from the Japanese Government. A tribute of good will—to America, shall I say? Yes, and to the motion picture!

And so it had been from the time we left Paris. In the towns of Jugo-Slavia people brought to the train their cleverly made little gifts of local manufacture. Our pictures had shown them the things America could produce; they wanted to show us their own skill in creation. And the motion picture, because we were its representatives, made a common meeting ground.

In Alexandria our car was all but wrecked with the weight of the stevedores who clambered upon the running boards. They screamed for autographs, mementos of any kind. From some grinning faces the ears were extended in a suppliant way.

"What on earth do they want?" I exclaimed.

It was explained to me that they wished their ears autographed so they could have the words permanently tattooed.

In Athens the constant gallery of observers all but shut from view the things we had longed to see, and when we left our boat we had to turn back to deliver on shore a young Greek newspaper woman who had hidden in a stateroom. At Port Arthur several thousand people waited after midnight for the arrival of

Douglas and Mary in "The Taming of the Shrew" our train. And, above all, I shall never forget the sight that greeted us one early morning as our boat crept up to the wharf at Colombo. Fully five thousand dark faces looked up at us with smiling eyes and flashing white teeth. And a great roar arose of, "Hola! Marie!"

Always, at each place of arrival on our trip, there was a sea of happy faces. That is my vivid and lasting impression of the entire trip.

A splendid stimulant to one's vanity, such an experience as this, except that Douglas and I had long since analyzed the personal element out of these receptions. Ovations, I have come to believe, are seldom or never accorded to persons, but to ideas.

U. S. Ambassadors of the Cinema

WHEN our boys returned from overseas their reception in New York could not have been given to their personalities; the great outburst was a tribute to the idea they represented. At the time of Lindbergh's magnificent exploit his personality was certainly unknown to the French populace. He typified to them the spirit of indomitable youth.

So it follows that a celebrity at the time of receiving the acclaim of a crowd of people is in a position of great influence. For the moment, the crowd is very receptive. Impressions are easily absorbed. That is why ovations to our public characters abroad make the basis of a message I have long wished to deliver. I hope that the District of Columbia is listening in.

I do not believe that any person in the world is big enough for the acclaim of many thousand earnest people. The cheering crowds of the Far East were shouting not for me but for the American motion picture and the American people and for the world of make-believe. Therefore I hold that, in a large sense, we were ambassadors, not only of the motion-picture industry but of our country. This being true, is it not reasonable to suggest that our Government take cognizance of the possibilities of such situations? If, as we so often are told, international amity comes through understanding, the American motion picture is indeed a tremendous influence abroad. It has in the most forceful and direct manner introduced American life to millions who could not possibly have understood us otherwise.

There is another phase of this important situation that I want to mention in passing; it seems to have been overlooked by many who have commented upon it. The hopeful outlook of the average American story is undoubtedly a factor in the popularity of our films abroad. As a whole, the people of most countries lead restricted and industrious lives. The promise of prosperity, success and happiness does not seem so intimate a thing as in our country, where opportunity is open to the lowliest.

We have been criticized for stories that are not sufficiently sophisticated, but I shall always believe that any audience will find greatest entertainment in the show that takes them away from the grimmer realities and reveals to each individual a happier state than his own daily life offers.

Foreign peoples have a warm spot in their hearts for our pictures and for those of us who make them. This is true of all countries, all classes. I have seen a little Arab boy amusing his playmates with imitations of Charlie Chaplin. In Milan a little girl told me to give her love to Janet Gaynor. An English noblewoman plied me with whispered questions about Richard Barthelmess. A servant in a Chinese hotel showed me a picture of Lillian Gish which he always carried with him.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, INC., N. Y. C.

With Another New Coiffure for the "Coquette" Filming

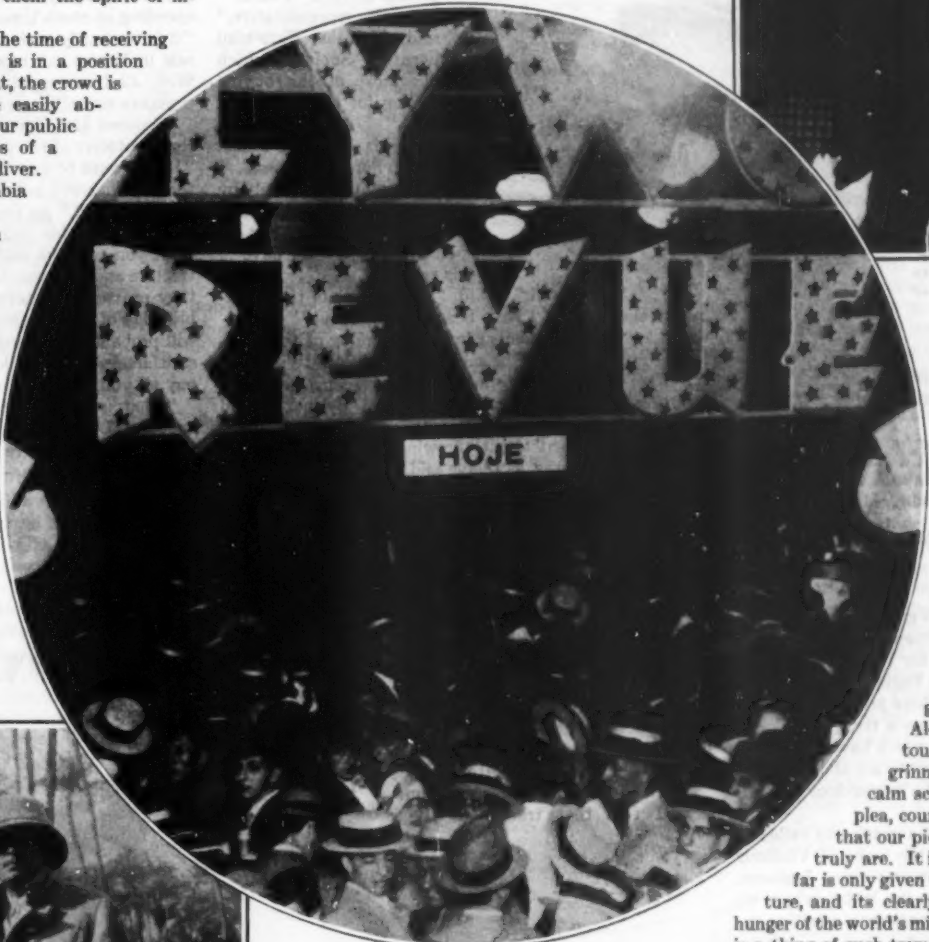


PHOTO. BY COURTESY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

The Third Day of the "Hollywood Revue's" Run in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Doing Egypt on Their Recent Tour of the Far East

I shall always remember an experience in Spain. Douglas and I had attended a race meet, at which were present King Alphonso, the Queen Mother and the Queen of Portugal. As we passed through the gate a beggar woman darted through the crowd and plucked my sleeve.

I turned, expecting the usual request for alms, but something in the swarthy, wrinkled face made me pause and listen. In a torrent of Spanish the poor old woman was telling me that my pictures warmed her heart—that she would hold this a gala day in her life because she had seen and touched me.

Later in the afternoon, the Queen of Portugal, learning that we were present, sent for us. I can see her now, all in black, a regal figure, the shadow of her sorrows upon her fine face. She bowed deeply as I stood before her, and in a manner so formal as to make an oration of her kindly words, said: "Through all my dark days of heartache you have been a ray of light. Your pictures have been my only pleasure and diversion."

I stood there, I am afraid, too long silent with the realization that a queen was saying what I had just heard from the lips of a beggar. But, after all, it was only the same spirit that had similar expression from such incongruous peoples as the stevedores of Alexandria, the students of Luxor, the tourists at the Parthenon, the great, grinning mobs of Tokio and Kyoto, the calm scholarly Chinese who put forth the plea, courteously, but not the less intensely, that our pictures portray their people as they truly are. It is my thought, and my recital thus far is only given to lead up to it, that the motion picture, and its clearly evident satisfaction of the soul hunger of the world's millions—practically all its millions—is a thing of such tremendous substance and consequence that it should be given the best thought of us all. "Us" includes the governments of the world, and its leaders of thought and action. I say it in all humility, but I feel that I know the hearts of the people in whose lives motion pictures mean so much. If, therefore, I can give forth a message for them, it will be a joy and satisfaction.

The Elemental Appeal in Palestine

FOR one thing, and a basic thing, I hope that pictures will never depart too much from the elemental appeal that goes home to the human breast everywhere.

Most people must remember Chaplin's famous picture, The Gold Rush. It tells the story of the pathetic little man who was always on the fringe of life, who never could quite get into the swirl of those who knew the joys of life. Do you know that this picture, which we call a comedy, was and still is solemnly received throughout Palestine as a symbol of the ages-old struggle of the peoples of Israel? Richard Wallace, the director, who has just returned from the Holy Land, tells me this fact. It is marvelous, I think, that a picture should go so deep into life as to have so wide a circle of such varied appeal.

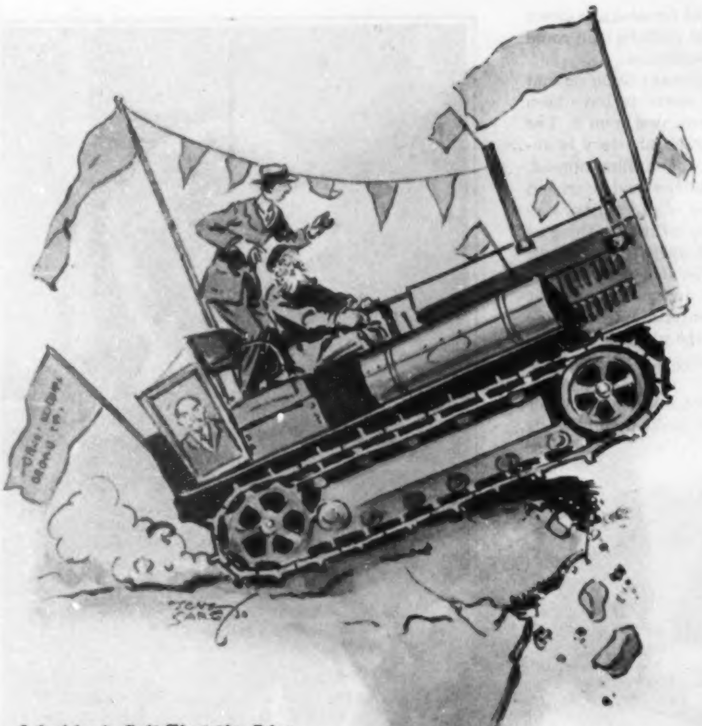
The only universal story has always been the Cinderella story—the story that never departs too far from the Cinderella spirit—which, as in my own life, leads every little

(Continued on Page 117)

The New Model

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



I Suddenly Felt That the Edge of the Bluff Was Beginning to Crumble Beneath the Weight of the Tractor

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

GRAND HOTEL MIRAMARE & DE LA VILLE.
GENOA, ITALY, Wednesday, May 16, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON, SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: I have great news for you. I believe that I am about to open up a new and tremendously important field for the sale of Earthworm tractors. Since my arrival in Europe more than two months ago, I have, as you know, done pretty good work. I have sold an even dozen machines—a truly remarkable number, considering the difficulties which have confronted me. But all my previous achievements are about to pale into insignificance as compared to the tremendous proposition I am now undertaking.

It was last Monday morning that a gentleman called at the hotel, sent up a card bearing the name of Vladimir Krimsky, and asked to see me on important business. Gadget and I at once descended to the lobby, where we found a tall and very impressive gentleman awaiting us. He was about forty years old, smooth-shaven, and dressed in a neat and rather expensive-looking business suit.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Krimsky," I said. "I am Mr. Alexander Botts himself." I then presented Gadget. "This is Mrs. Botts," I said. "She speaks French, German and Italian. All you have to do is pick your language, and she will translate it so I can understand it."

"It is an honor to meet you, Mrs. Botts," he replied, with a low bow. "And you, too, Mr. Botts. I fancy we shall get along very well speaking English. I know it reasonably well."

"You sure do," I said. "You speak it swell."

"Thank you," he said.

"And what can I do for you today?" I asked.

"I wish to see you on a matter of business. I understand that you are the European representative for the Earthworm tractor."

"That is correct," I said.

"I am the representative," he said, "of the Ukrainian Coöperative Society, which handles most of the buying and selling for the farmers in Ukrainia."

"Where is that?" I asked.

"It is in Southern Russia. I have been sent here to Italy by the Soviet Government to handle any business which my coöperative society may have in this region."

"Well, well," I said, "are you one of these Bolsheviks that I have been hearing about?"

"I am a member in good standing of the Communist Party," he said, smiling pleasantly.

[NOTE: I will have to admit that this surprised me a good deal. I had always supposed that Bolsheviks and communists were strange, uncouth creatures with bushy whiskers, who went about throwing bombs in all directions. This bozo was, as I have said, very well dressed; he had no whiskers at all, he seemed perfectly harmless, and his manner was polished and suave. It was, therefore, something of a jolt to hear him calmly tell me he was a communist. However, as I am naturally polite, I did not kid him about it.]

"You say you are interested in tractors?" I asked.

"I am," he said. "I was in Venice some weeks ago and happened to observe a machine at work clearing up the ruins of a large tower which had recently fallen down. This machine was doing the work so much more easily and quickly than any other tractor I had ever seen that I interviewed the owner."

"Whose name," I interrupted, "was Luigi Bontade. Yes, Mr. Krimsky, I sold that tractor to Luigi myself—with a little help from my wife here. What did he have to say about it?"

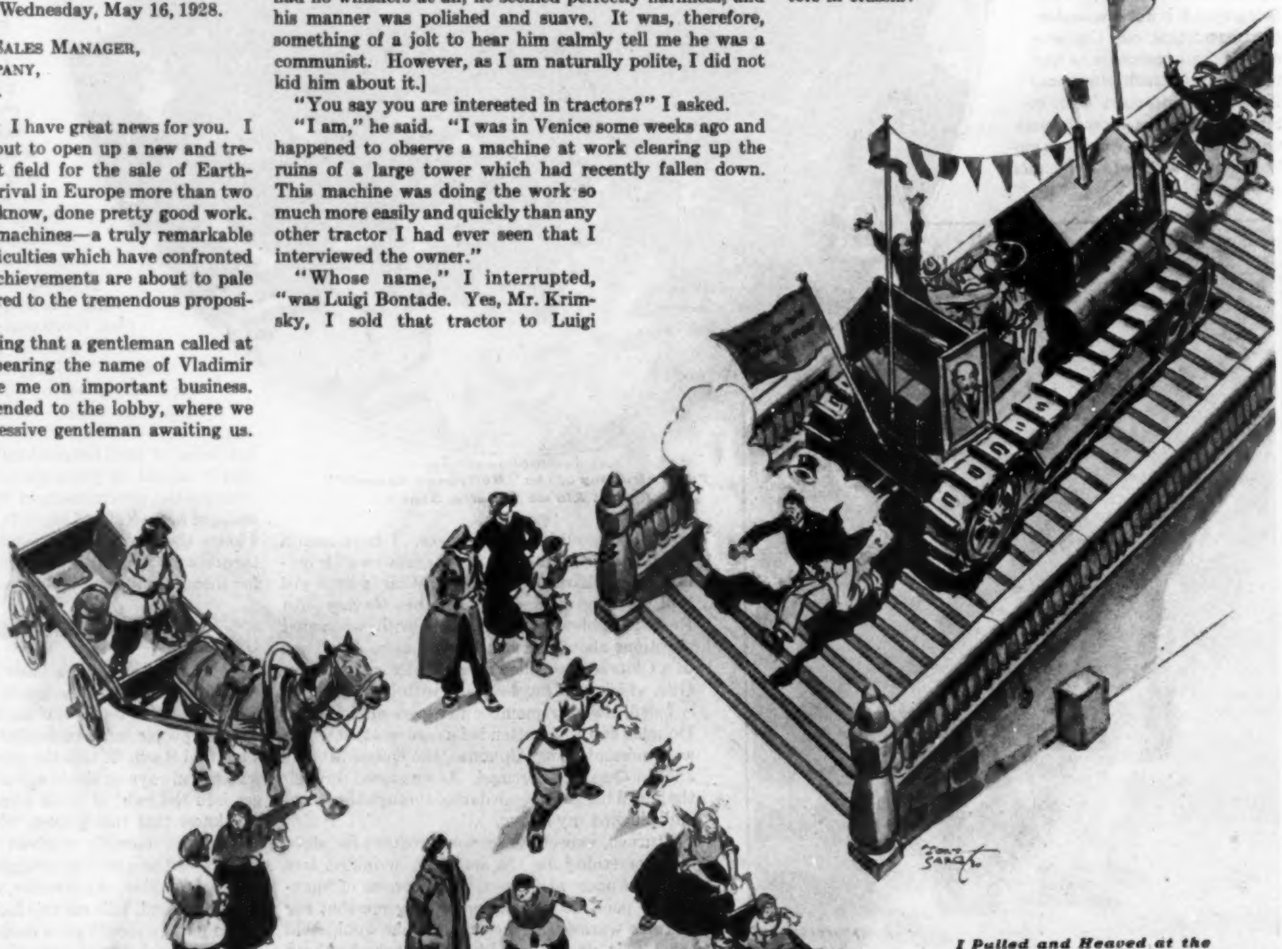
"He said that I was correct in thinking it was a very superior tractor. He told me that it was called the Earthworm, and that it came from America. He gave me your name and address, and said that you were the European representative of the company that makes it."

[NOTE: As you see, all this new business is sprouting directly from that sale in Venice. I don't want to rub it in too much, but I cannot help delicately reminding you that not so long ago you wrote me a letter bawling me out for spending so much time in Venice, "because," as you said, "it is obviously such a poor market for tractors that any sale in Venice can never help build up future business." Well, all I can say is that my native sense of courtesy prevents me telling you what I think of your opinion.]

I assured Mr. Krimsky that I was indeed the European representative of the great Earthworm Tractor Company. "If you want to buy any of our machines," I said, "I am the guy that will sell them to you."

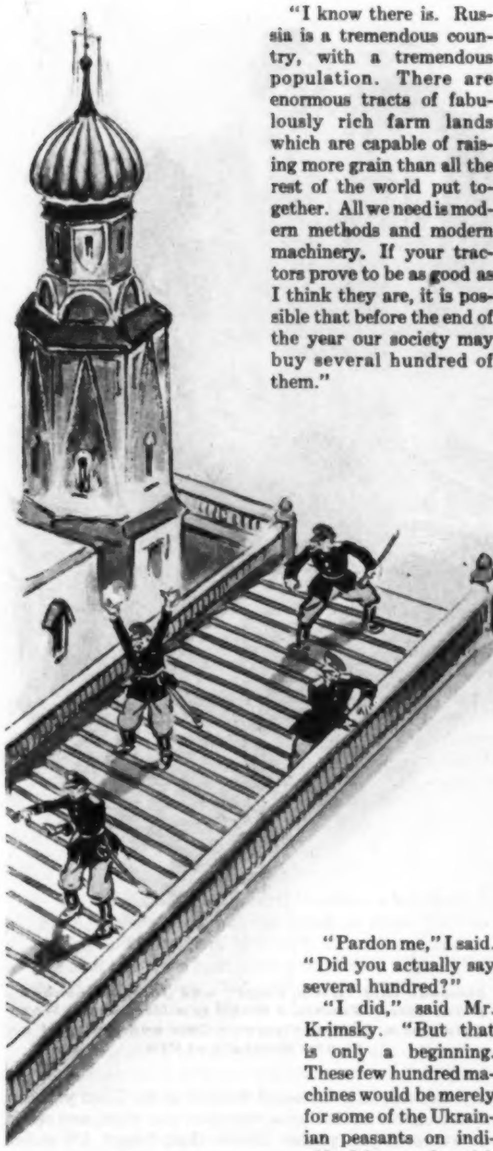
"Very good," he replied. "I have authority from my superiors to offer you a most favorable proposition. I want you to come with me to Ukrainia with one or two tractors and demonstrate them in our farming villages. If they prove satisfactory, they will be bought by the local branches of the Ukrainian Coöperative Society, and orders will probably be placed for several more. If they are not satisfactory, you will lose nothing, as I am authorized to pay all your expenses, coming and going."

"That sounds fair enough," I said. "Do you really think there is any market for tractors in Russia?"



I Pulled and Heaved at the Gear-Shift Lever, But the Gears Were Already Spinning So Fast That I Couldn't Get Them Meshed. Faster and Faster We Rolled

"I know there is. Russia is a tremendous country, with a tremendous population. There are enormous tracts of fabulously rich farm lands which are capable of raising more grain than all the rest of the world put together. All we need is modern methods and modern machinery. If your tractors prove to be as good as I think they are, it is possible that before the end of the year our society may buy several hundred of them."



"Pardon me," I said. "Did you actually say several hundred?"

"I did," said Mr. Krimsky. "But that is only a beginning. These few hundred machines would be merely for some of the Ukrainian peasants on individual farms who wish to make group purchases of farm machinery through our society. But when the collectives get going we will begin to do some real heavy business."

"Collectives?"

"Yes," said Mr. Krimsky. "Within a year or two the Soviet Government—which is the most progressive government on earth—will have all the land organized into large collective farms operating on a quantity-production basis. These collectives will all be controlled by a single administrative head, and will form the most stupendous, most efficient and most beneficent agricultural system ever known to man. When this scheme gets started we shall need thousands of tractors—yes, tens of thousands."

"You don't know how you interest me," I said. "You seem to have a reasonably large proposition here, and as long as you want to let me in on the ground floor, I will accept your offer. Business in Italy is at the moment a bit dull, so there is no reason why my wife and I can't both go."

"I am delighted to hear you say so."

"We will take along a new and much improved thirty-horse-power Earthworm which, by great good luck, has just arrived from America. We will also take one of the old-model sixty-horse-power machines. And we will take a plow. When do we start?"

Mr. Krimsky suggested that we embark on the Santa Lucia, an Italian freight boat, which leaves next Saturday for Odessa. Gadget and I said we were willing, and it was so arranged. Mr. Krimsky gave us credit references and explained to us various details, such as passport and visa requirements, and so on. Then he bade us a very courteous good morning and told us he would see us on the boat.

We are leaving Marco Manzione, the young Italian whom we recently hired as a salesman, to look after any business that may come up here in Italy. And on Saturday we are sailing for the fabled land of the Muscovites in high hopes of accomplishing new and dazzling feats of large-scale selling.

As ever, your vigorous and efficient salesman,

Alexander Botts.

Alexander Botts
European Representative
for the
Earthworm Tractor

On Board Steamship Santa Lucia,
Sunday, June 3, 1928.
Fifteen Days Out From Genoa.

Mr. Gilbert Henderson,
Earthworm Tractor Company,
Earthworm City, Illinois.

DEAR HENDERSON: We are due in Odessa tomorrow morning. It has been a long, slow voyage, but I can assure you that Gadget and I have not been wasting our time. We have, in fact, been improving each and every shining hour by feeding Mr. Krimsky large doses of sales talk on the subject of the Earthworm tractor; laying particular stress on the advantages of the new thirty-horse-power model. Mr. Krimsky—although a highly intelligent man—is a red-hot Bolshevik, and whenever we start talking tractors, he tries to twist the conversation to the subject of communism, so that he can give us an inspirational sermon on what a good thing it is.

Why he should want to talk about mere political affairs when he can listen to us discussing tractors, I don't know. But that seems to be the way he is.

Only this morning I had occasion to refer to the fact that our new thirty-horse-power model is a real masterpiece of engineering art. "Every useless part is eliminated," I said. "Every needed part is so placed and so coördinated with every other part that it can work to greatest advantage. As a result of all this, the new model is probably the world's finest example of harmony of design."

"An even finer example," interrupted Mr. Krimsky, "is the communist state. We have eliminated all useless and parasitic elements, such as the predatory bourgeois classes who wrongfully exploit the labor of others. And we are organizing the industrial and agricultural life of the country into a single rationalized system, which is destined soon to lead the world in efficient production."

"Did we tell you about our new gasoline tank?" asked Gadget. "It is set in such a position on the machine that we get rid of all troublesome elements, such as ——"

"Speaking of troublesome elements," said Mr. Krimsky, "Lenin has well said that religion is the opium of the people. Now, in the communist state ——"

"However," continued Gadget, "we have not stopped with eliminating useless parts. In our new-model Earthworm we have greatly improved the remaining necessary parts. Wait till you see our latest-type precision-movement super-delicate steering mechanism. One touch from a baby's hand, and the entire machine—weighing more than five tons—turns around in a space no larger than a silver ten-kopeck piece."

"Another good point," I continued, "is the new system of velvet-grip brakes." And I then proceeded to give him a highly interesting and instructive half-hour lecture on the advantages of this feature of the new model.

From the above you can get an idea of what has been going on throughout this entire voyage. Mr. Krimsky is constantly attempting to discuss his favorite topic of communism. But Gadget and I, working as a team, have always been able to overwhelm him with an irresistible flood of tractor sales talk. We have got him so saturated with our ideas that after we have made our demonstration he will just automatically start urging his associates to buy as many tractors as they possibly can.

I have high hopes for the future.

Yours, Alexander Botts.

Alexander Botts
European Representative
for the
Earthworm Tractor

Hotel Londonskaya, Odessa, U. S. S. R.
Monday, June 4, 1928.

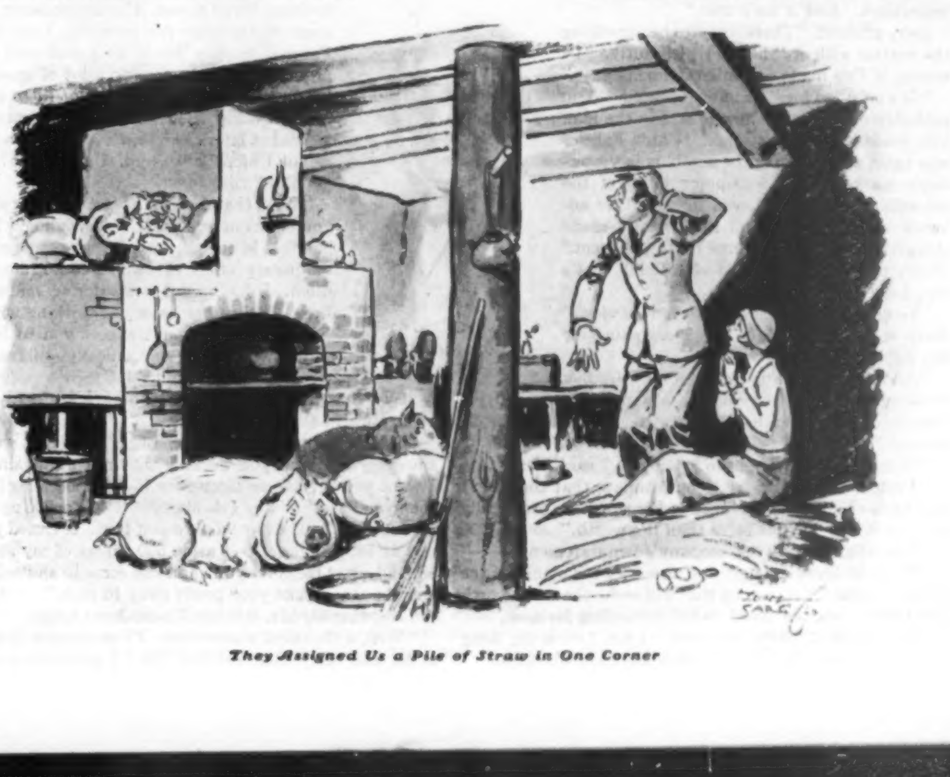
DEAR HENDERSON: Early this morning we landed at Odessa, which is a beautiful town on a high bluff, overlooking the sea. It has wide, well-paved streets, handsome buildings and a very fine harbor, with stone and concrete piers. There are many grain elevators and big oil tanks. The railroad tracks here run right out onto the piers, just as they do at Genoa and other European ports. Mr. Krimsky explained that this makes the handling of freight very easy, and is a great improvement over the medieval methods still used on many of the piers at New York.

We got the two tractors unloaded very promptly, and we have put in a busy and exciting day. Mr. Krimsky had, of course, notified his friends that we were coming, and it had been arranged that the new-model thirty-horse-power tractor was to be shipped this evening to an outlying village called Usk, where we are to put on a demonstration.

As this plan left us the day unoccupied, and as I am always eager to advertise the Earthworm tractor, I decided to inaugurate a combination parade and demonstration for the benefit of the citizens of Odessa. Unfortunately, this demonstration was not a complete success, but I will give you a brief account of it, so you can see that I did everything all right, and that the trouble we ran into was in no way my fault. In fact, my skillful driving was the only thing that prevented a holocaust.

As usual, I made my plans with the greatest skill and forethought. And I executed them with all my usual energy and efficiency. As soon as we had attended to the formalities at the port and had our passports and papers properly fixed up, Gadget, with the baggage, took an automobile to the hotel. Mr. Krimsky and I grabbed a venerable horse-drawn cab and speeded up to a hardware store on the Uliza Lenina, where we bought a large can of high-gloss, quick-drying, red enamel. Then we shopped around and got a number of banners and pictures, threw them all into the cab, and raced back to the port. Here, for a few kopecks, I was able to hire a number of dock laborers to repaint the new model. By the end of the morning the work was completed, and the tractor was indeed a remarkable thing to look at. Never have I seen such a swell paint job. The entire machine fairly glowed a rich warm crimson. This

(Continued on Page 113)

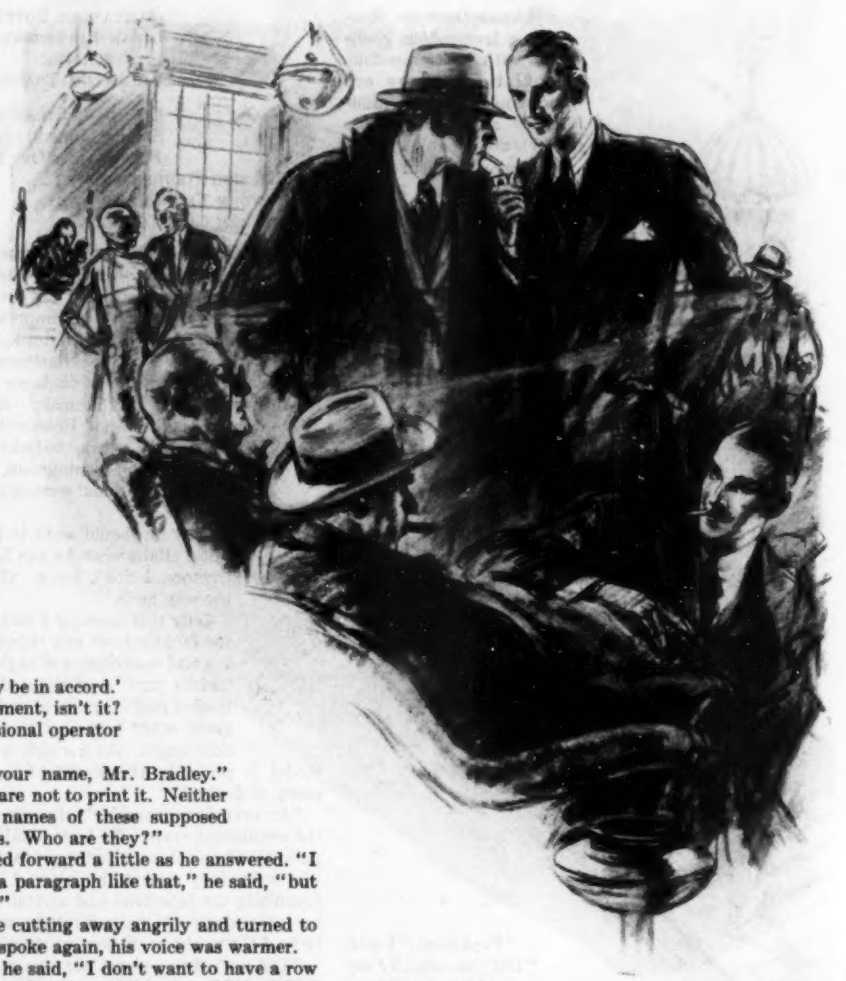


They Assigned Us a Pile of Straw in One Corner

BUT TOMORROW!

By Robert Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL



Someone said "Hello, Legg!" and Jerry responded "Hello, Tyler! Thanks, I Will," to a Sleek Youth Who Held Out a Glinting Cigarette Case and Snapped a Lighter Helpfully at Him

JERRY LEGG, of the Wall Street staff of The Leader, watched the ornate young woman read his card with obvious disdain, and grinned amiably when she asked, "J'ave 'nappointment?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jerry, "and no, ma'am. I'm here by request."

"Yeh?" queried the ornate one coldly. "Whose request?"

Jerry pointed to the closed door beyond. "His nibs'," he said cheerfully. "He phoned, and I'm here, and I've only got two minutes, and one of them's gone. So if you'll kindly make it real snappy ——"

The young woman sniffed and moved languidly through the door on slender heels. She reappeared, to nod icily, and Jerry said "So glad to have met you," as he passed her.

Morris Bradley sat hedged by two desks and a gibbering ticker, and Jerry Legg appraised him swiftly as he crossed the room. "H'are you, Legg," Bradley said, giving Jerry his hand. "I'm glad you came in. I don't think we've met before, have we?"

"No," said Jerry, "I'm sure we haven't."

Bradley smiled stiffly. "Well, that's my misfortune. That's why I phoned your office I'd like to see you. Sit down." He pointed to bronze boxes on a table. "Cigar? No? A cigarette, then."

Jerry said, "Yes, thanks," and waited for this overdressed blond man to look up again from the ribbon of tape that sputtered from a black box.

"I wanted to see you," said Bradley, still eying the tape, "because I want to know what's the matter with you fellows on The Leader."

Jerry's lips twitched. "Poverty and prohibition," he said genially. "Otherwise we think we're all right. Aren't we?"

"No." Bradley lifted a newspaper cutting from a desk and held it out accusingly. "On your financial page this morning. I don't know who wrote it, but I'm told you're probably the man."

"That's right," Jerry said softly. "I wrote it."

Bradley nodded. "Your own idea," he asked, "or something somebody put into your head?"

"Just a little thing of my own," Jerry told him modestly. "It's part of my job, you know—writing paragraphs about things that are getting attention in the market. Union Fabrics deserved some comment this morning."

"But not this kind of comment," Bradley frowned. "It's uncalled for. It's unfair. It creates a false impression. And it isn't true."

Jerry grinned. "There seems to be something the matter with it," he said pleasantly. "Of course, if I've made any misstatements ——"

"It's uncalled for," Bradley repeated. "You probably don't realize how it strikes the man who reads it. Listen to this: 'Union Fabrics was again a star among the acrobats in yesterday's market. The four-point jump of the preceding day was followed by a further advance of six points, and the machine-made character of the rise became quite apparent.' That's the way you started off. Think that's fair, Legg?"

"I suppose it depends on the point of view," Jerry said, less pleasantly. "I'm writing for the public, you know."

"And you're misleading the public," Bradley declared. "Why, this might keep people from buying Fabrics—might keep them from getting into it and making money."

"It might keep some from getting in," said Jerry.

"Certainly it might. And you intimate that there isn't any basis at all for an advance in Fabrics. You practically say it's selling now for more than it's worth."

"I gave figures from the company's own statements ——"

"Without knowing anything about its big plans for the future—plans for expansion that will make the stock worth five times—yes, ten times—what it's selling for now."

"You're right," Jerry admitted. "I don't know anything about such plans, and I don't know anybody who does."

Bradley

"You'll hear about them before long. I'll promise you that. Everybody will hear about them. And you say farther down: 'The performance in the stock is said to be largely the work of a professional operator with whom some of the Union Fabrics Company's officers or directors may be in accord.' That's a sweet statement, isn't it? I suppose the professional operator is me."

"I didn't print your name, Mr. Bradley."

"You took good care not to print it. Neither did you print the names of these supposed officers and directors. Who are they?"

The reporter leaned forward a little as he answered. "I never use names in a paragraph like that," he said, "but I always have them."

Bradley tossed the cutting away angrily and turned to his ticker. When he spoke again, his voice was warmer.

"See here, Legg," he said, "I don't want to have a row with you. I don't like what you published, and I don't like your attitude, but I'll put my cards on the table, and you'll see why. You're quite right in believing that I'm heavily interested in Union Fabrics. I am. I believe in the company and its future. I know all about its present condition, and I know what the management plans to do. I know, and the men who are running the company know, that the stock is certain to become very valuable. I have bought a great deal of the stock—put a lot of money in it. So I want to see it selling higher in the market. That's natural, isn't it?"

"Quite," said Jerry.

"And I'm naturally doing what I can to make it sell higher—to start it going, and make it active and attractive to others whose buying will help to advance it. If I were just a patient investor, Legg, I would sit back and let the thing work out itself, as it certainly would do in time. But I'm not. I'm a speculator, and I want action when it's justified. I am in this Fabrics to stay for a long pull and a big profit, but I'm borrowing a lot of money on the stock I've bought, and I want to see the market value of my collateral increase now instead of later. And that's why I am working to put Union Fabrics up. Understand?"

"Yes," said Jerry.

"Well, that's why I object to that piece of yours this morning. It's misleading. Things like that in the papers may have some effect—temporary effect, I mean—and I don't like them. I don't want you working against me, Legg. I'd rather have you working with me. But I suppose I can't expect you to feel the way I do about it—not unless you have an interest in Fabrics yourself."

Jerry devoted himself to squashing his already dead cigarette and said nothing.

"I'll do anything in reason, Legg," Bradley went on smoothly. "I want you working with me, not against me. I want you to have an interest in Fabrics, because I think then you'll feel the way I do about it. The stock is up above 59 this morning, but we won't count that. It closed yesterday at 58. Suppose I set aside 500 shares of my stock at 58, and carry them for you. You can come in and sell them any time, and take your profit away in cash."

"No, thanks, Mr. Bradley," said Jerry Legg.

"Well, a thousand shares then. I'll give you a thousand at 58, and carry them for you. Or I'll give you a call—a sixty-day call on a thousand Fabrics at 58. Then you can call it from me at that price whenever you want, and sell it out wherever you please. How's that, Legg? I'll either carry a thousand Fabrics for you, or give you a call on it."

"No, thanks," Jerry Legg said again.

Bradley's eyes narrowed. "Not enough, eh?" he asked curtly.

The reporter stiffened. "Too much," he said. "I don't want any, Mr. Bradley."

"Against your principles, Legg? Pure, are you?"

"Oh, no," said Jerry. "I'm no lily. But I can't earn what you're offering me, so I don't want it."

Bradley snapped, "Do you mean you can't earn it, or you don't want to?"

"Either way," Jerry said quietly. "I mean I don't care to write bull stuff on Union Fabrics for you, Mr. Bradley."

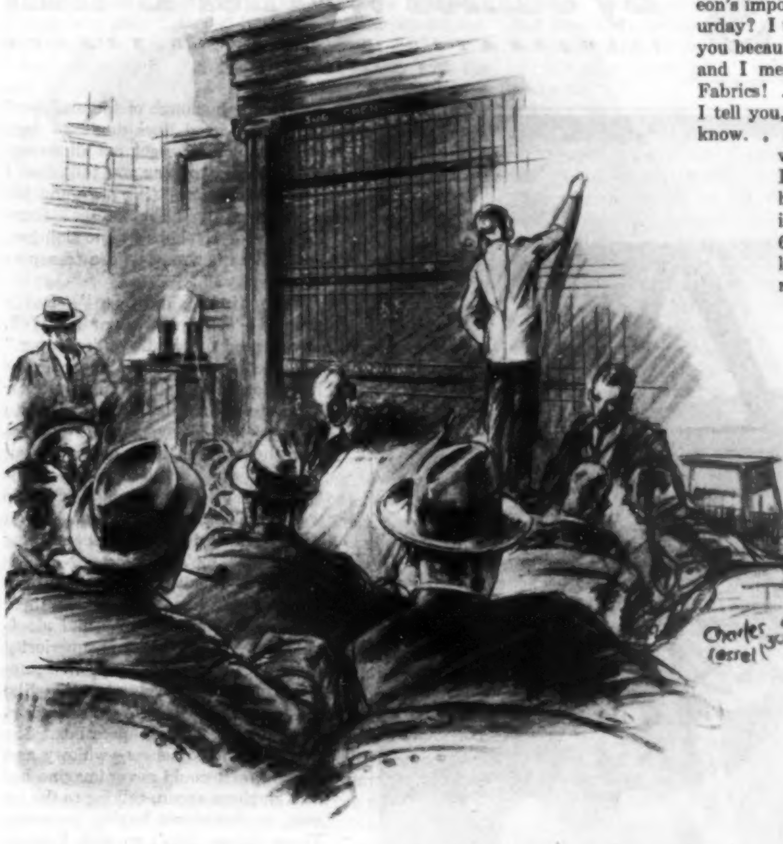
"You can stop going out of your way to attack me and the stock, can't you?" Bradley demanded. "You can stop writing things like that one this morning."

Jerry shook his head. "I wouldn't promise even that. If Fabrics goes on making stock-market news, I'll have to write about it. And I'll have to write what I hear and see and believe. That's my job."

He met Bradley's glare with steady eyes, and the blond man turned angrily to his ticker. "That's all," he said sharply. "I'm through. You're too cocky for me to talk to. Go on with your slander—if you can."

Jerry picked up his hat. "Thank you just the same, Mr. Bradley," he said courteously; and in the anteroom the ornate young woman sniffed once more when he smiled, "So nice to have seen you again."

He wormed his way through the lunch-hour crowd on Broadway, considering Morris Bradley and Union Fabrics and the imbecility of passing up a fat piece of change. Jerry thought in the vernacular always. He wondered whether he would have turned Morris Bradley down that way if he had really needed some coin. Thank God, he didn't need coin. Things had been breaking swell for him in the market lately and he was sitting soft. And yet, a thousand Fabrics would mean three or four thousand bucks profit anyway. Probably more. Maybe a lot more. And all Bradley wanted him to do was lay off taking a crack at the stock. It would have been easy.



But Union Fabrics! Fish! He knew a lot about Union Fabrics. He knew what was going on in it. He was sure he knew. That line of Bradley's was a lot of hooey. Expansion plans, me eye! They were simply rigging the stock to trim the suckers. They were simply hoisting the price—Bradley and Arnold Moon. Moon was the whole works in Union Fabrics—promoter and president—and always playing in the stock in the market. That's what Moon was—a sure-thing shooter in the market, not a business man. And Union Fabrics was a stock-market game, not a business proposition.

The stock wasn't worth twenty dollars a share. Not much more than twenty anyhow. Moon, or someone, had it up close to par once, and then it cracked to below 20 in a panic, and hundreds of poor boobs were slaughtered in it. And now Moon had hooked up with this Morris Bradley and they were pulling another trick in the phony stuff. They had it up to 59 already.

And Bradley! A second-string plunger with a big head who thought he was hot to run market plays in floozey stocks for little pools and people like Arnold Moon. Who was Morris Bradley anyhow? Just one of these young two-card dealers who was due to blow higher than the Woolworth Building some day and leave a lot of little suckers shot to pieces. That's what would happen in Union Fabrics sooner or later. But you couldn't tell when. Jerry Legg wondered how Fabrics was selling at that moment.

He turned into the Syndicate Building and rode up to Harris & Hoyt's office in the sky. In the buzzing customers' room rows of deep leather chairs were full of lounging men who stared silently at black figures chasing one another tantivy across a framed glow, and spruce clerks jostled Jerry as he searched for Union Fabrics' record on a lettered wooden wall. When he found it he saw the latest price was 60.

Someone said "Hello, Legg!" and Jerry responded "Hello, Tyler! Thanks, I will," to a sleek youth who held out a glinting cigarette case and snapped a lighter helpfully at him.

"Come over and sit down, and tell me what you hear," said Tyler. "I have to keep close to my phone over there. I get a call every two minutes, and these customers get sore if they have to wait."

"Especially the women," remarked Jerry, following.

"Especially the women. I happen to have a good many women customers," Tyler said.

"You would have," Jerry told him. "You and Adonis."

Tyler's telephone whirred as they sat down, and Jerry smoked in silence while the customers' man chattered purposefully.

"Oh, good morning," said Tyler heartily. "How are you this morning, my dear? . . . Good! . . . I tried to get you earlier. . . . No, luncheon's impossible today. . . . Saturday? I think so. . . . I called you because I've got a good thing, and I mean good. Listen! Union Fabrics! . . . Yes, Union Fabrics. I tell you, my dear, it's sure, and I know. . . . Right from the people who are making the move. I'm handling some of their buying. . . . Yes, I know it has been going up. It is 60 now. But there'll be at least thirty or forty points more in it, sure. And in a hurry. I tell you, I know. There's some great news coming out on it, and I want you to get in ahead. Listen! Take my advice and let me pick up at least 500 for you. . . . What? . . . Well, 300, then. . . . You're a darling. I'll get 300 as close to 60 as I can. I'll call you back and tell you what you paid."

Tyler dropped the telephone and grimaced at Jerry as he reached for an order form. "I guess that one didn't see the way you slammed Fabrics in The Leader this morning," he laughed. "What makes you so crabbed about Fabrics, Legg?"

"It's my evil nature," said Jerry thoughtfully. "Think I'm wrong?"

"I know you're wrong. Boy, take this order! I know you're wrong, Legg. You'll have everybody laughing at you. I'm putting my people into Fabrics. You'd better get some yourself. They're going to put it a lot higher, old man."

"Morris Bradley?" Jerry asked.

"Well, he's active in it, of course," said Tyler.

"He's running it," Jerry said positively. "You know that as well as I do. Do you know Bradley personally?"

"Of course I know him. Brad's a great man."

Jerry lowered his voice: "What sort is he, Tyler? Is he—well, is he liberal?"

Vincent Tyler drew triangles on his desk pad with an impressively golden pencil and frowned at them. Before he spoke he looked casually to the right and to the left.

"Listen, Legg," he said. "This is just between you and me. Why don't you go over and see Brad? Go over and have a little talk with him. It might do you some good."

Jerry leaned across the desk. "What makes you think it might do me some good?" he asked. "Is he handing out anything?"

"How would I know?" Tyler countered quickly, and Jerry heard the lie in his voice. "You'll have to find that out for yourself. But you know how these things are. I don't believe Brad wants you knocking him and the stock in The Leader. That doesn't help at all."

"And you could use a little help, could you?"

"Me? Don't put me in it. I've got nothing to do with it."

"I thought you had," Jerry said, staring. "I thought maybe you'd know yourself whether Bradley is being liberal in this thing."

Tyler's lips tightened in a snarl. "What do you mean?" he rasped.

"Sit still," said Jerry easily, and grinned. "I'm just another young fellow trying to get along."

He sauntered out of Harris & Hoyt's office and debated the matter with himself as he waited for an elevator to lower him to Broadway again. In twenty other offices, he thought, a little digging might turn up tracks of this Union Fabrics racket, and new phases of it perhaps. If Bradley was fixing one customers' man like Tyler to herd the boobs into Fabrics, he was fixing others. Those flossy branch offices uptown! They would be full of material for a game like that, and Bradley wouldn't overlook them. And the birds who wrote market letters and dished up gossip and tips to go out over the wires!

But what of it? What could you do with a story like that? You couldn't print it—not without proof locked up in the safe, and plenty of it. You couldn't print it anyhow. It would be dynamite. A little innuendo in his own column of gossip would be the limit, and not very much of that. So what of it? It was time to grab a little lunch anyhow. And after lunch he would have other things to do. He couldn't spend all day digging up stuff on Morris Bradley and his Union Fabrics play if he couldn't write it. It was interesting dope, of course. He would keep his eyes open. Some day, perhaps ——

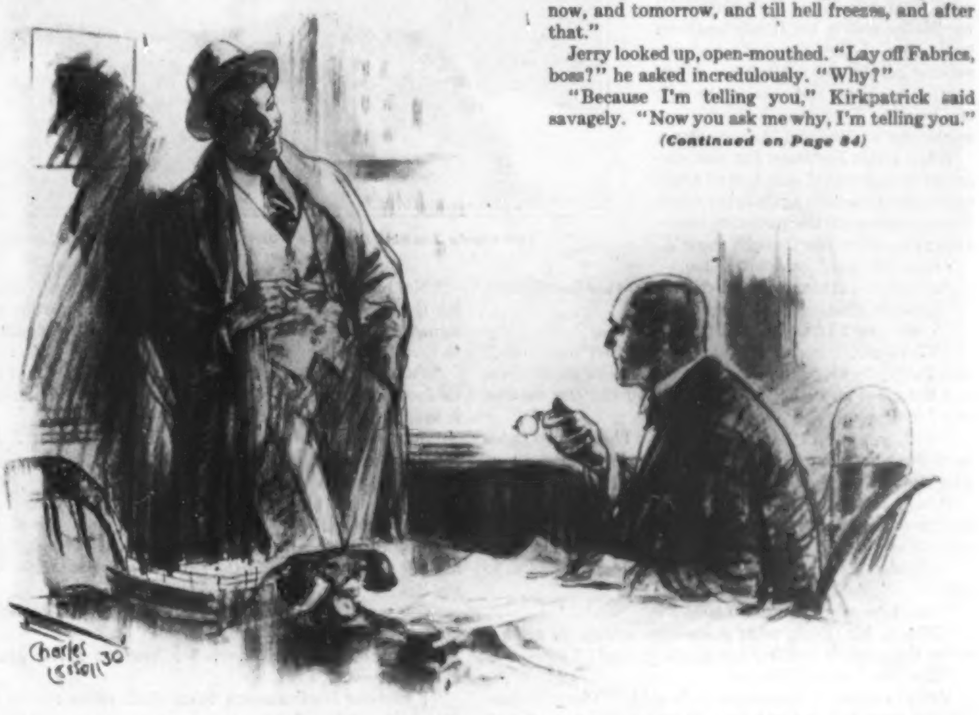
The mood survived four hours. Then Kirkpatrick, assistant financial editor and duke of The Leader's Wall Street staff, slammed a telephone into its cradle, swore earnestly for a full minute, and picked his way to where Jerry Legg was pounding out his last page of copy for the day.

"Jerry," said Kirkpatrick curtly, "if you've got any more wise cracks about Union Fabrics in that stuff, kill 'em. Lay off Union Fabrics altogether. Lay off it now, and tomorrow, and till hell freezes, and after that."

Jerry looked up, open-mouthed. "Lay off Fabrics, boss?" he asked incredulously. "Why?"

"Because I'm telling you," Kirkpatrick said savagely. "Now you ask me why, I'm telling you."

(Continued on Page 84)

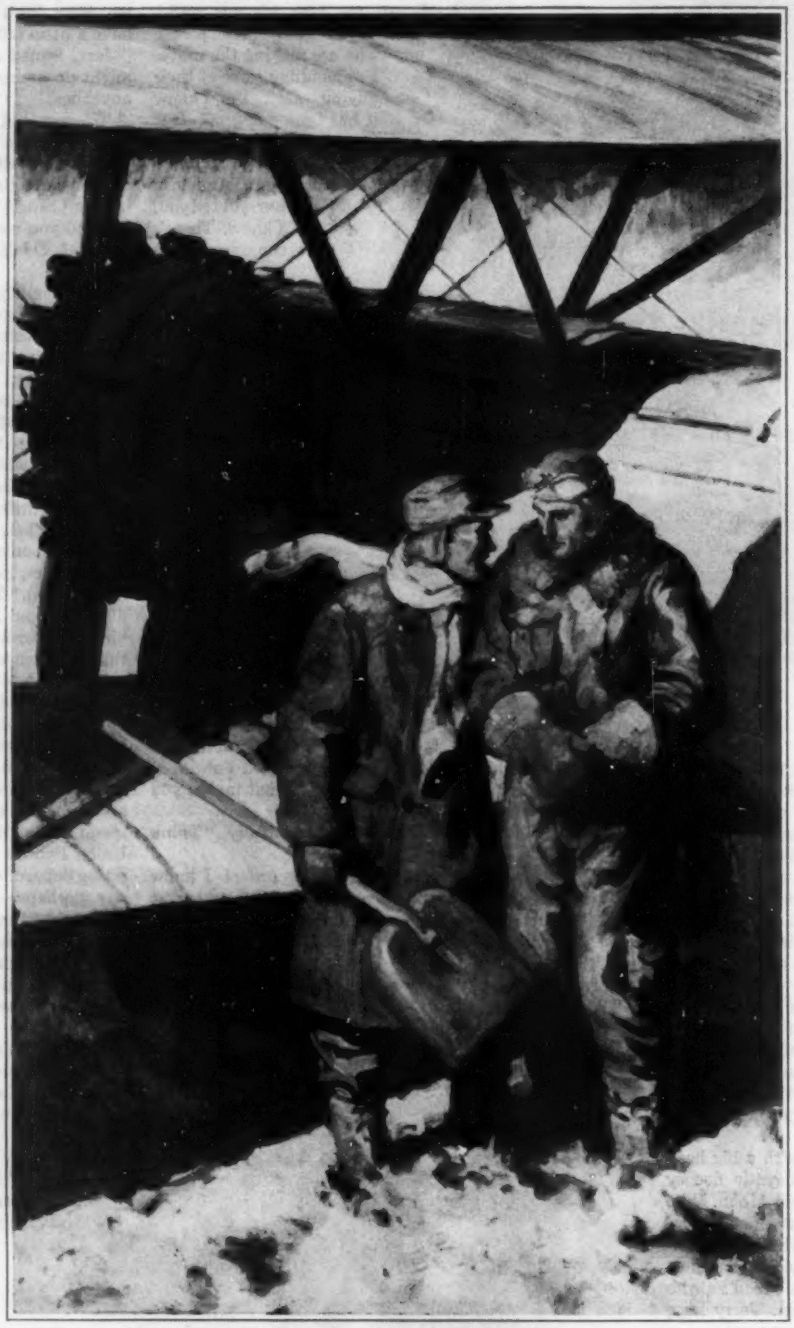


Jerry Grinned Apologetically When Reminded That He Had Been All Wet on Fabrics Ten or Fifteen Points Lower, and He Continued to Grin While Developing Little Intimacies Which Added to His Store of Knowledge of the Game That Morris Bradley Was Playing So Successfully

WHITE PANTS

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



Somebody Looked Into His Face and Whistled. "It's Joe Alexander!"

THE letter was on the stationery of the Southwestern Air Transport. It said:

MR. JOSEPH ALEXANDER,
1124 HARDING ST.

Dear Sir: Your application and flying record have been examined and approved, and on the recommendation of our Operations Department we offer you an appointment on our flying personnel staff in the grade of co-pilot, with pay and allowance to commence upon assignment to duty.

You are to report to our Chief Pilot, Capt. R. T. Henshawe, at Grover Field, Los Angeles, on or before May first.

Very truly yours,
BARSTOW FENN, *General Superintendent.*

Little Joe finished his second cup of coffee, read the letter again, folded it carefully and stuffed it into the inside pocket of his tweed jacket. He put a cigarette between his lips, lit it and exhaled slowly.

Patsy reached for his cup and filled it again from the humming percolator. Patsy never talked much over those early evening breakfasts on Little Joe's flying nights. She watched the toaster and the cream pitcher. She kept an eye on the percolator and Little Joe's cup. The evening paper was always there, and matches for his cigarettes. His mail was always beside his plate. If he wanted talk as well, he could have it.

That was Ma Rawlins' tradition, based on twenty years of railroading and those two of poor Phil's mail flying. Get the traffic through. Ma had only raised one girl, but she'd done the best job she knew how. No newfangled ideas for Ma. A woman's job in life was to get good breakfasts and do all the heavy thinking for her menfolks and make them believe they'd done it. That's all there was to it. They'd been at a loose end after Phil's going, until Little Joe had come to board with them, but they'd got back into harness and Pat had a working model to complete her postgraduate work on.

She sat there, fresh and crisp in her gingham apron, buttering toast and piling it high on Little Joe's plate. All her life the men in her family had been great, big, heavy-handed shadows, picking her up and putting her down, patting her head and roaring through the house. Then they had all gone, one by one, and she and Ma were alone.

When Little Joe came Pat was surprised that she could take him all apart and put him together again in her mind. Funny how simple the masculine mechanism was, when you thought about it.

"I got the job," said Little Joe.

Patsy looked at him as she filled his cup for the fourth time.

"Local boy makes good," said Patsy.

"Yeah," said Little Joe, "I guess he does."

"White pants and a nice double-breasted blue coat," said Patsy, "with pretty gold wings and a chauffeur's cap, and the office all slicked up and polished like the window of a jewelry store."

"Well, what of it?" said Little Joe. "There's two thousand more a year in it and I've larruped the mail about long enough."

Patsy's nose wrinkled as she grinned at him. She pressed her hands against the sides of her closely cropped red hair and pulled a face. She put one hand to her stomach.

"Oh, please, Mr. Pilot, would you mind landing; I'm so sick."

"Don't be comical," said Little Joe.

"Please, Mr. Pilot, what makes the wheels go around when the plane is running across the ground?"

"Shut up," said Little Joe.

Patsy laughed. "I apologize," she said. "I forgot—passengers don't talk to low fellows like mere common pilots."

"Is that so?" said Little Joe. "You don't know anything about it."

"No, but I can guess," said Patsy. "Love does wonderful things to flyers." She rolled her eyes upward and sighed. "There should be a Hoover committee appointed to investigate the phenomenon."

"Passing lightly over the last childish remark," said Little Joe, "we will go on to the next cup of coffee—and make it snappy; I'm due at the field in forty minutes."

"You should have a sweetheart in every airport. It's safer in the long run."

"Why don't you qualify?" he grinned.

"Me?" said Patsy. "I'd look swell in earrings and snaky black-silk evening gowns. No." She shook her head. "Smelling salts make me sick. And besides, I like my pilots with oil behind the ears. White pants aren't in my line."

"Gas on," said Little Joe. "Shake up the rattler if you're going to run me out."

Patsy stood up and shook her head at Little Joe in mock sadness.

"I suppose Southwestern takes their pilots out to the field in limousines."

"Say, listen, no more cracks; there's two thousand dollars more a year in this job, and I'm the boy who can use it. I've had enough of the mail, see? Jobs with good lines don't go begging long. You've got me all wrong. You'd think, to hear you talk, that I was welching or getting a ground job somewhere. Well, I'm not, see? Some of those desert hops are no slouches, see? What's wrong with a transport job anyway?"

"Nothing, I suppose"—Patsy grinned—"but white pants. Well, have a good time while you're young."

Little Joe went up to his room for his hat and his goggles. He lit another cigarette and stuffed the goggles into the pocket of his overcoat. For a moment he stood in front of the bureau and looked at the picture in the wide silver frame. The girl of the picture was smiling slightly, with her head tilted backward—smiling at something over Little Joe's shoulder. No matter how he stood, the eyes never quite met his. He liked the picture; there was something of dignity and aloofness in it—some quality of superiority that appealed to him. There was something of that in Evelyn herself. She was a grand lady on a marble staircase, a duchess in an opera box. She was different somehow—willowy and languid. He could never imagine her in a gingham apron, talking to the ice man, or downtown buying groceries. Those things didn't go with Evelyn. There were times after he had met her when he wished he had stayed in the Army. Evelyn would fit beautifully under tropical moons with soft music and white uniforms. But what could a man do on a second looey's pay?

He put on his coat and went downstairs. Ma Rawlins was in the hallway.

"I got the job," he told her.

"With Southwestern?"

"Yes."

"We'll be sorry to have you leave us, Joseph."

He looked down at the tips of his shoes and up again, smiling.

"I'll be sorry to go," Little Joe said. "I've been comfortable here with you and Pat. You've been awfully good to me and—and—well, I hate to go myself."

"Well, we all have to look out for the future, I suppose," said Ma, "and there'll be more money in the new job."

"Yes."

"Have you had enough breakfast?"

"Plenty," he said.

"Well, I hope you have a good run, Joseph. It was clouding up at sundown ——"

She always watched the weather, Ma did. She'd watched it for twenty years for Pa in the old railroad days and for Phil those two years he was flying the division. She'd even watched it when Johnnie was in France, and way down deep in her mind she had a vague feeling, somehow, that if she had been with her two boys to get their breakfasts and watch the weather for them, they'd have been with her still. That was the way with men—let them out of your sight and something always happened to them. Other people couldn't look out for them the way you could. Railroading and flying were much the same to Ma—men going somewhere at night, getting the traffic through; they needed their ribs lined plenty with eggs and wheat cakes and coffee, and they needed socks without holes in them and warm underwear and gloves.

"—— and it feels like snow."

Patsy's flivver barked into life and its brilliant lights flooded the driveway below the dining-room window.

"Good night, Ma." Little Joe went out and climbed in beside Pat.

"Shake it up," he said.

"All right, White Pants."

They drove out to the field. There was snow in the air. A large wet flake flattened itself against the windshield, melted and ran down to the rim of the glass.

Joe pointed to it. "And you want me to stay with the mail."

"Say, big boy," said Pat, "I don't want you to do anything. Where do you get the idea that I want you to do anything?"

"Well, you sure did a lot of talking."

"You're making up for it now."

Joe looked at her. "What are you mad about?"

"I'm not mad. What gave you that idea?"

"Have it your own way."

"That's more than you can do."

"What's the meaning of that one?"

"Figure it out," said Pat.

"Say, wait a minute. I suppose you think ——"

"Yes, that's exactly what I think."

"Well, you're wrong. It was my idea from the start, see? Evelyn didn't have anything to do with it. A fellow's got to take his chances when they come along. Money doesn't grow on trees."

"You don't have to explain anything to me. Marry the girl and live happily ever afterward and send us a picture of yourself in your new uniform. This is your stop."

She jerked the wheel and rolled the flivver up behind the superintendent's office. Little Joe got out.

"See you Thursday," he said. "Be good."

Pat backed up, turned and started back to town. It was snowing now in earnest. White lines cut through the headlight path at a long angle. And her wrists were wet where the wind-blown flakes had melted above her glove tops. She stopped the car behind Fisher's Knoll and snapped off the lights. Off to the right she could see the long finger of the field beacon tracing its circular route in regular cadence. There was a faint drone in the distance. Then the floods burst into white light. Halloway was coming in. Fifteen minutes, and Little Joe would be off. Pat usually waited until she saw his lights fade into the distance, but tonight she kicked her foot at the starter once more and drove furiously back to town.

Ma Rawlins opened the door for her. Three things had happened in Ma's life that had brought those lines tight at her mouth: the spread rail at Melrose that had taken Pa; the word from Washington that had told them about Johnnie; and the telegram from Bellefonte the night Phil had gone down in the Alleghanies. She had a telegram in her hand now, and the lines were there again.

"It's your Uncle John," she said. "I've just time to make No. 8."

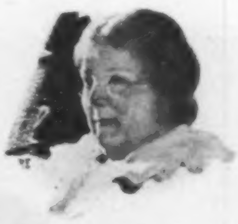
Pat's heart jumped to her throat. "I'll come with you. What is it?"

"They don't say, but it's bad. Hattie wired for me." Ma picked up her patent-leather suitcase. Ma was like that—a clansman to the last drop of her loyal blood. Everybody could count on Ma. She was like a stalwart old veteran—ready to slip into marching kit at the first note of the assembly, to set out to the ends of the world after her menfolk in trouble, big-hipped and deep-breasted, a mother of men and their champion.

"Hurry," she said.

"We'll leave the car in Jorgen's."

"I've got your nightgown and toothbrush," said Ma. "I was just leaving when you came. They shot him, I guess—those striking Polaks." Ma said it quietly. Her hands were folded in her lap and she was sitting straight backed and chin up, as she always sat in the flivver, but the knuckles under her black cotton gloves were white and the lines were deep at her mouth. They caught No. 8 eastbound.



Ma Rawlins

Little Joe, in the supe's office, went over the last weather reports and checked back on Melrose and Pickwick. Outside, the mechanics were warming his ship and packing Halloway's mail in the compartment.

"Let's go."

"Keep your head up"—Halloway grinned—"and don't forget your rubbers and umbrella."

"That's all right, fella," said Little Joe. "I never took money from a toe dancer yet."

"Good luck."

Little Joe went out and climbed in. He shot his gun and let her rip for a moment.

"All right!" he yelled, and they pulled his chocks. He taxied around and took off in a long, low climb. There was dirt ahead of him, but he'd plowed dirt before, so what the hell!

And there was dirt, and plenty of it. A half hour later he struck it, as he knew he would. He hunched into it and commenced to take it on the nose, belly to the ground, pinched between the ceiling and the floor, with the big motor boring a hole through for him like a rotary snowplow. He couldn't see it and he couldn't see his wing tips, but he was riding, and talking to himself about the ride, and the talk was not parlor talk. He had a fair idea where he was, but he couldn't have proved it in court; and the way he felt at the moment, he wouldn't have tried to. He would have taken his sentence and then leaned over and socked the judge right on the button for good measure.

He snapped on the hooded light in the office and saw himself dimly in the dial glasses—a leather-cowled knot of a head in a strapped collar of rabbit fur that came above the place where his ears were; and two round, black eyes, frosted over completely, except for two narrow streaks he had rubbed across the lenses with his fingers. Oil, revs, gas, temperature, bearing and 8:30, with the Hannenville Emergency Field twenty minutes ahead of him in the darkness.

"We sit, sweetheart," he said, "and get some dope." He had less than five hundred feet on the altimeter. "Makes a fellow wonder what he did with last summer's pay." He banged his numb fingers on the cowling. He wiggled his toes inside his boots. "Mrs. Wright sure started something when she let her two boys go down to Kitty Hawk with their roller skates."

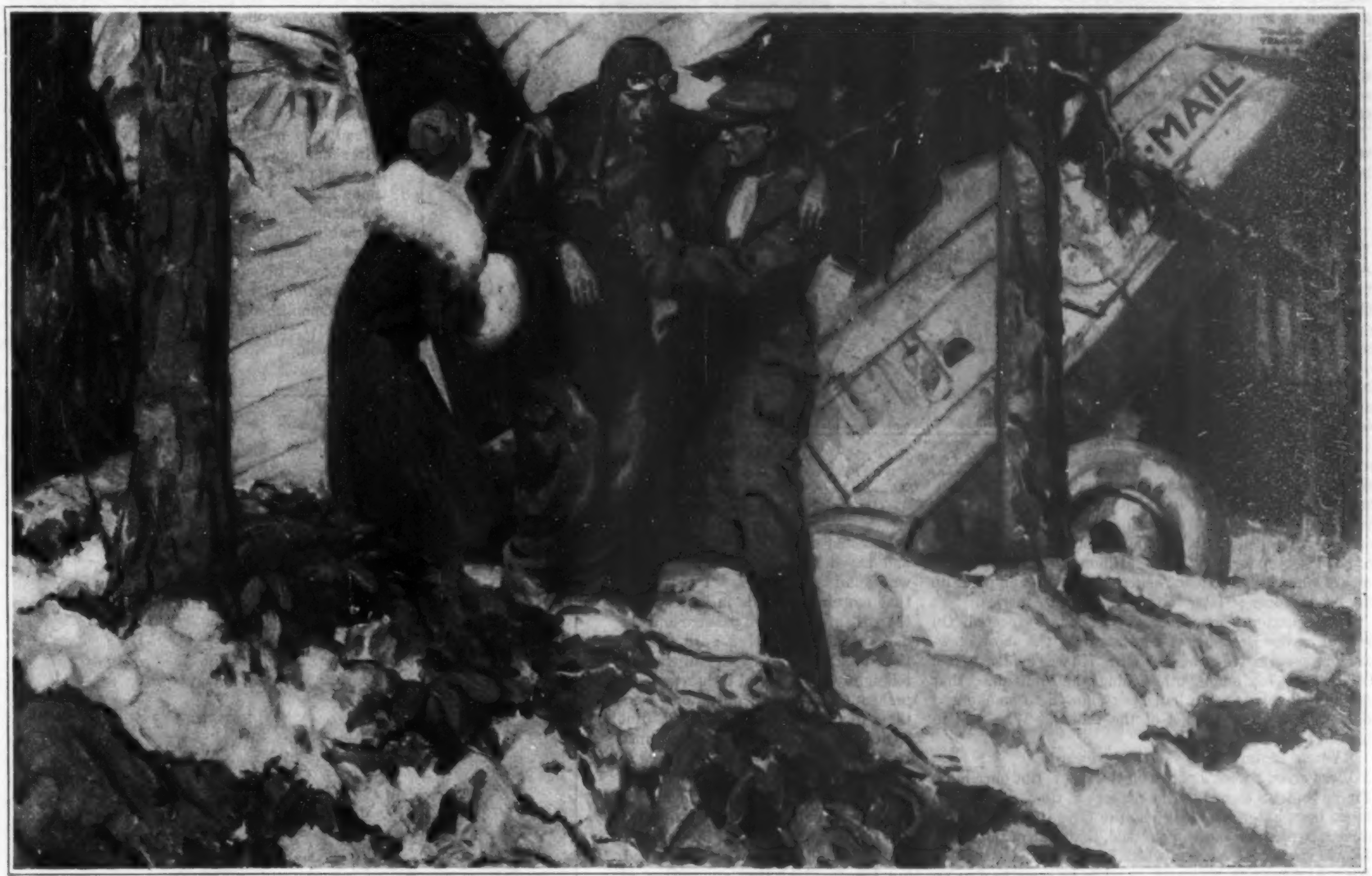
He began to sing. It was an old trick of Little Joe's. He couldn't keep the key for four notes alone, but upstairs, with the old mill grinding out eighteen hundred revs in his ears, he could get the illusion of a Paul Whiteman band accompanying him, and himself with the voice of John Boles:

"It happened in Monterey, a long time ago.
It happened in Monterey in tum-tum, tee-oh. . . .
My indiscreet heart ——"

An opalescent streak flashed ahead and below him like a sulphur match scratched behind frosted glass.

"It happened in Hannenville, a long time ago ——"

(Continued on Page 106)



"I'm Going to Pickwick! Leave Me Alone!"

Leaves From the Lipton Logs

By Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart.

In Association With William Blackwood

ULTIMATELY I left Tillie and Henderson's. Whether it was that I had lost heart over the rise that didn't materialize or simply craved for a change, I cannot now recall. Perhaps it was that at the back of my mind there was a hankering to see a bit more of the great world. I was never happier, as I have told, than when in the atmosphere of ships, sailors, boats and the waterside generally. By a lucky chance I heard one day that there was an opening for a cabin boy on one of the Burns liners regularly plying between the Broomielaw and Belfast. Dreading that I might be too late, I hurried along to the steamer offices, applied for the job and got it. Wages, eight shillings a week, and my keep on board. A millionaire's rise! Feeling six inches taller and twice as broad, I went home and broke the good news to my mother. Naturally, she did not like the idea of so small a boy leaving the rooftree, but both she and my father realized that the change meant a big step up for me.

My work as a cabin boy on a small cross-Channel steamer was hard and endless; there is no starting hour or stopping time on a passenger ship making nightly trips over a particularly rough stretch of water. Day merges into night, and night into day, in a changeless sort of continuity. It is work, work, all the time, until the eyes, even of the youngest on board, become heavy and the feet weary. Yet I can honestly say that I was completely enthralled, both night and day. I took an endless delight in the ship herself; in the engines which drove her, in the sailors on the deck, and in the captain on the bridge. There was fascination for me in the casting-off at Glasgow and in the tie-up at Belfast; in the ships we passed at sea, in the lighthouses which flashed their messages through the darkness; in the stars, and in the moon, and even in the winds and waves. I felt that the world was being opened up to me. That it was good to be alive, and better still to be a cabin boy on a gallant Clyde-built steamship.

At Sea as a Cabin Boy

IN THE light of the dazzling new experiences now unfolding before me, I began to let my fancy roam much farther afield than the quayside at Belfast. How splendid it would be, I kept saying to myself, to sail across the Atlantic to America! I often heard the passengers speak about New York, and Philadelphia, and Boston, and Chicago, and the prairies and the cotton fields. Glorious names and fascinating vistas! Some members of the crew had made trips to America, and they also never tired of telling of its vastness, its wealth, the boundless opportunities which the great new world across the Western ocean was offering with open hands to all and sundry. Fortunes were to be picked up for the asking. Millionaires grew up at the rate of one a day. I listened eagerly to all this and made up my mind sooner or later to try my luck in America.

The opportunity came much sooner than I expected. On arrival at the Broomielaw one morning, the shore steward's representative came on board. He was evidently in a bad temper, for, among other things, he complained that one of the cabin lamps had been allowed to smoke and discolor the white enamel of the ceiling. Who was to blame?

"Young Lipton," said the chief steward.

I was given a week's notice on the spot! But once more the tables were turned by the passage of time. For I have often been entertained, during the Clyde yachting fortnights, by the late Lord Inverclyde, chairman of the Burns Line of steamers, on one of which I once worked as a cabin boy. At dinner on his yacht, or when he came to dine on mine, we have repeatedly laughed over the old story.

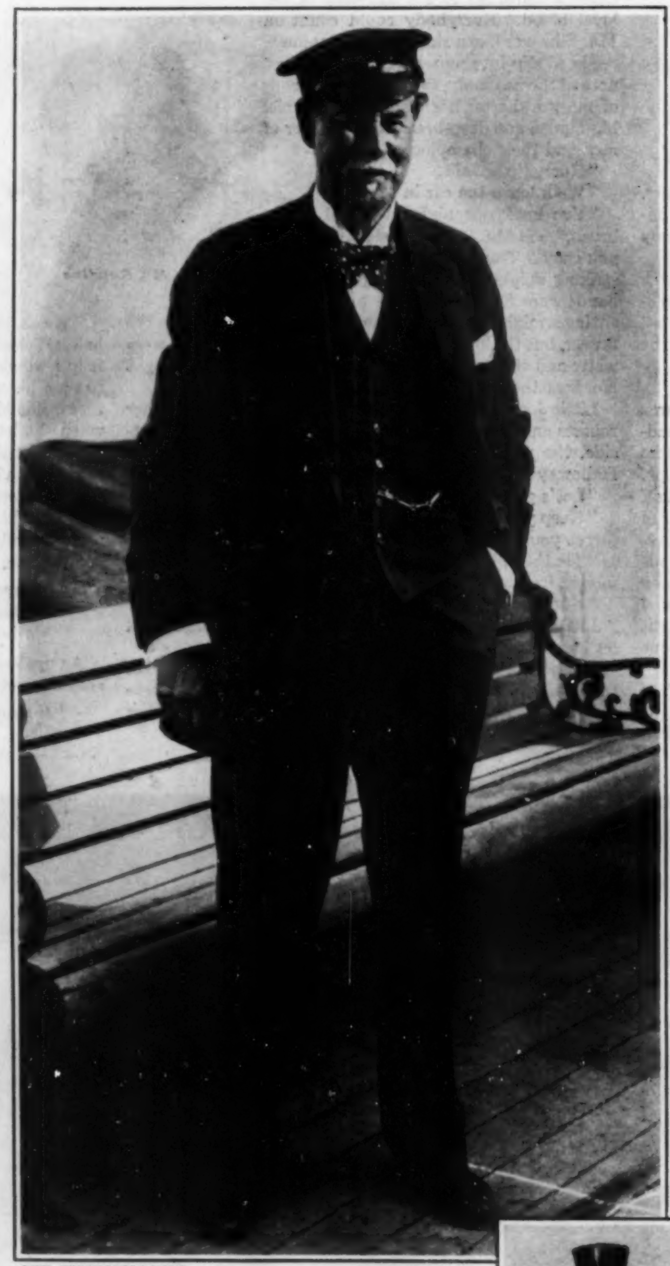


PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Sir Thomas in 1925. At Right—An Early Lipton Cartoon. "What's the Matter With the Pig, Pat?" "Shure, Sorr, He's an Orphan, So Out of Pity I'm Taking Him to Lipton!"

I wasted no time in vain regrets. I had saved a few pounds out of my wages and tips, and before I went home that morning, I made inquiries as to the cost of a steerage passage and the dates of sailings for New York. At one time I had the idea to set sail without telling my mother and father, as I apprehended the usual objections from them to a mere lad going abroad. But I could not bring myself to this course. It would not be playing the game. So I went home, told them what had happened, and urged them, with all the pleading I could, to let me go to America, the land of promise. My enthusiasm won the day. The parting was sad, but I really think that my mother, at least, had such faith in me that she believed I would soon return a rich man.

Whenever I find myself on one of the crack Atlantic liners like the Leviathan, or the Majestic, or the Berengaria, or the Aquitania, my memory wanders back to the trip I made, more than sixty years ago, in the steerage quarters of the old Anchor Line ship Devonia. She was considered a fine vessel in her day, but would have made little more than a tender to the speedy and magnificent floating hotels in which I now make my voyages to the States. The Devonia took so long to cross from Glasgow that some of the steerage passengers were sure the captain had lost his way. But at last we hauled in at Castle Garden. I had only thirty shillings in my pocket and many of the other emigrants had considerably less. As the boarding-house keepers were touting for patrons among the passengers by shouting the quality of their accommodations from the quay, I hit upon a novel plan. It was a mere notion rather than a plan, but I instantly put it into execution. Running down the gangway well ahead of the early landers, I hustled round among the canvassers until I came across a rather decent-looking man with a distinct Irish brogue. I drew this chap aside—his name was Mike McCauligan and his address 27½ Washington Street, New York—and whispered to him:

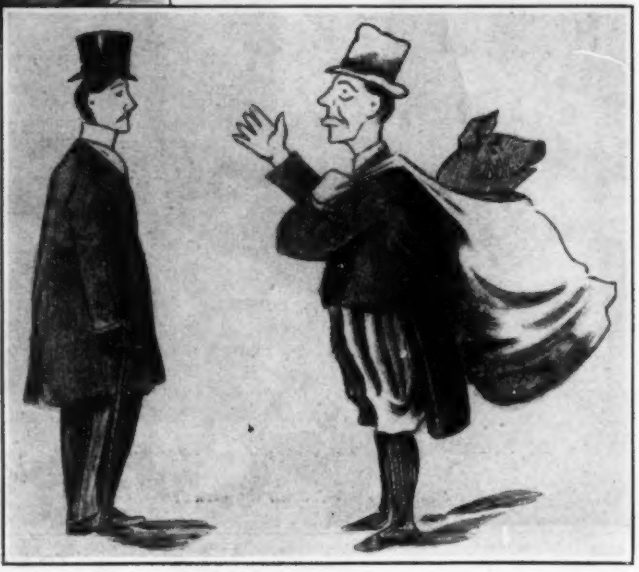
"I have many friends on board and great influence with them. What will you charge me if I bring you a dozen lodgers tonight?"

"Not a cent, me lad," said Mike. "I'll board you free."

A Boarding-House Tower of Babel

BACK on board I rushed, and from among a certain group with whom I had been popular because I wrote their letters home for them—few of the steerage passengers were able to read or write—I soon collected round me a baker's dozen, instead of the promised twelve. And off we all trooped, led by the delighted Mike, to his place at Washington Street.

The McCauligan boarding house was anything but a Biltmore or a Waldorf-Astoria. But though I had only reached my fifteenth birthday soon after landing, I was wise enough to realize that any sort of free roof over my head was better than none at all. The boarders were drawn from all nationalities under the sun and, unless a row sprang up, there was very little talking, for the good and sufficient reason that hardly anybody understood his neighbor's language. The old Washington Street of those spacious days has been demolished, and hard-bitten but genial Mike McCauligan has, I suppose, gone the way of all flesh.



I was advised to put my name down in an employment registry office, and in due course I got the offer of a job on a tobacco plantation in Dinwiddie County, Virginia. The clerk at the registry office asked me if I thought I would like it. The very name "Virginia" appealed to me—it always has, as a matter of fact—and I replied that I was taking the job just as soon as I could get to it. The same evening I set off for the tobacco fields of the South, full of hope and high spirits. To reach my destination, which was Wilson's Depot, I traveled by way of City Point on the James River, and then on to Petersburg. I had only a few dimes in my pocket, but this did not prevent me from taking a keen interest in the journey, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, how tremendously impressed I was by the new and wonderful country in which I now found myself. The planter with whom I was due to start work was one Sam Clay. I liked him from the start. He passed me over to his manager and I commenced work in the tobacco fields forthwith.

Hard though this new job was, I liked it and thrived on it, for everyone was kind and considerate. I and my fellow toilers trudged home every night to the little cabin where we lodged, so tired and weary that we were glad, our hunger appeased by a square meal, to sink down and forget our exhaustion in almost instantaneous sleep. Take my word for it, there was no restless tossing on the beds of that Virginia cabin; its occupants slept like tops until it was time to tumble out for another day's "hard darg," as we say in Scotland. But by each mail I used to write home that I was getting on fine and saving money—which was quite true. For, noticing that I was big and strong, the foreman promoted me to still harder work, and as this carried increased wages, I was only too willing to tackle it. Months elapsed and every week I added a bit to my store of savings. The more I earned the more I saved.

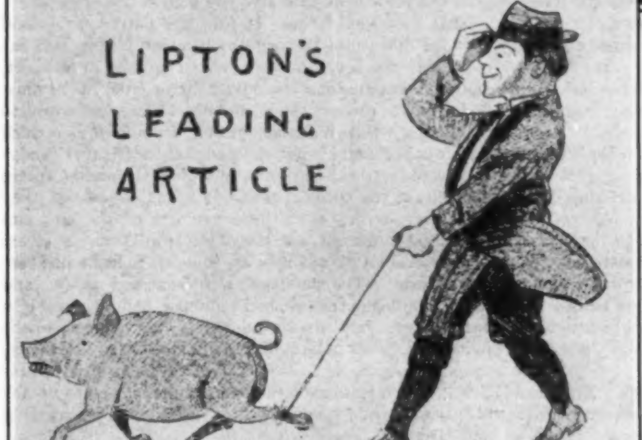
Fate Wields an Ax

THEN one day an accident befell me which for a time looked like ending my career in the States, at least as an able-bodied young man. I was cutting wood one blazing morning when the hatchet slipped and severely injured my right foot. News of the accident was sent to Sam Clay, and the kindly planter, instead of sending me to my straw bed in the cabin, had me removed to his own comfortable house. For weeks I suffered great agony, only relieved by the knowledge imparted by the doctor that I was not going to lose my foot. The boss and his splendid wife nursed me back to convalescence, and they could not have treated me better had I been their own son. As soon as I was able to hobble about again, they insisted on my taking things easy, and even drove me to church with them on Sundays. It is a real joy to me today to be able to pay a tribute to the warm-hearted kindness of Sam Clay and his wife, of Dinwiddie County, Virginia. Let me also add that not long ago I had the immense joy of entertaining at Osidge, my home on the outskirts of London, a granddaughter of my first American employer, Sam Clay. His name stands high with me, and always will.

When I was quite fit I went back to the tobacco fields. But somehow the accident to my foot had taken all the zest out of me, and after a few weeks I went to my employer and told him that I would like to try my hand at something else. He was very nice about it and quite agreed that the tobacco fields did not offer any great chance of advancement for an ambitious youth with his way to make in the world. Mr. Clay asked me what I had in mind, and I had to confess that the only settled notion I had was to get back to New York, that alluring city which, all my life, has been like a lodestar to me, as it has been to millions of others.

MACLURE, MACDONALD & COMPANY, GLASGOW

Sir Thomas Lipton, Photographed in the Uniform of His Majesty's Lieutenancy of the City of London. At Left—One of the First Pictorial Advertisements to be Utilized by Lipton



I had saved up a good few dollars, so that I faced the next few weeks with confidence. To see some of the country on my way back to li'l' Old New York—the phrase described New York much better then than it does now—was an idea I had harbored for many weeks, and I now took advantage of the opportunity. For instance, I spent a day or two at Richmond, Virginia, and visited the home of Jefferson Davis and the Hollywood Cemetery. Young as I was, I remember with what eagerness I explored all the historic spots around Virginia; it seemed, to my mind, that I was walking on holy ground indelibly associated with the glorious early romance of the vast new land, the new people, and the new spirit in which I now found myself a very humble but fascinated unit. At nights I lived in the cheapest boarding houses I could discover. Even then, this holiday appeared to me to be wildly extravagant, but I reveled in every minute of it.

On arriving back at New York, I thought it would be easy to pick up a job of some kind or another. As it happened, however, I seemed to have struck the old town during a temporary lull in the employment market. As day after day passed and my small remaining hoard of dollars melted down to a few dimes and nickels, I became very depressed. Just when things were at their blackest the agency which had sent me to Sam Clay's place had a few vacancies for able-bodied young fellows on a rice plantation in South Carolina. And so I again headed south.

An Old Spanish Custom

THIS time, my employers were Willis and Chisholm, then well-known planters at Coosaw Island, on the Edisto River, sixty miles from Charleston and forty from Savannah. Yet once more new vistas and strange, wonderful scenes were opened up to me on the journey to the sunny South, and my mind was again fortified with a sense of the magnitude and future of the astounding country known as the United States. On the map in my little geography book at school, and also on the larger one which I had bought in order to study the world trips of the ships coming to Glasgow harbor, the U. S. A. had appeared to be a very large territory as compared with our own little islands, but it was only after I had started to travel in the new country that I began to realize its immensity. I found myself comparing the passage from Glasgow to Belfast on the Burns liner with the journey from New York to Charleston, and, after that, asking myself what sort of distance must lie between the Carolina town and, say, San Francisco! I recollect my imagination reeling at the probable answer.

I started work the very day I arrived at Coosaw Island. Here I made my home in a cabin occupied by a Spaniard and his wife. The former was a decent, likable fellow, and his wife was an Irishwoman who took quite a fancy to me. We were the best of friends all round. One day, in a burst of confidence while we were working together in the rice fields, the Spaniard told me of an incident in his life which had happened two or three years before. It appeared that during the Civil War he had been stationed as a soldier at Fort Sumter, and there, faithful husband as he assured me he had always been and would always be, the little god Cupid had played rather a mean trick on him. He had been attracted more than he should have been to a pretty girl, and she, in her turn, had fallen in love with the dark-eyed son of Spain.

The disturbing feature of this domestic drama was that the Spaniard and his lady friend still corresponded. Now, would I be willing to help him so far as his side of the letter writing was concerned? Being too young to understand the dangers of the situation, I agreed, and that night, stealing together into the woods near by our cabin, I wrote for him the desired letter; and, pending the departure of the mail for Charleston, I undertook to keep the missive in my pocket. I put it there and forgot all about it.

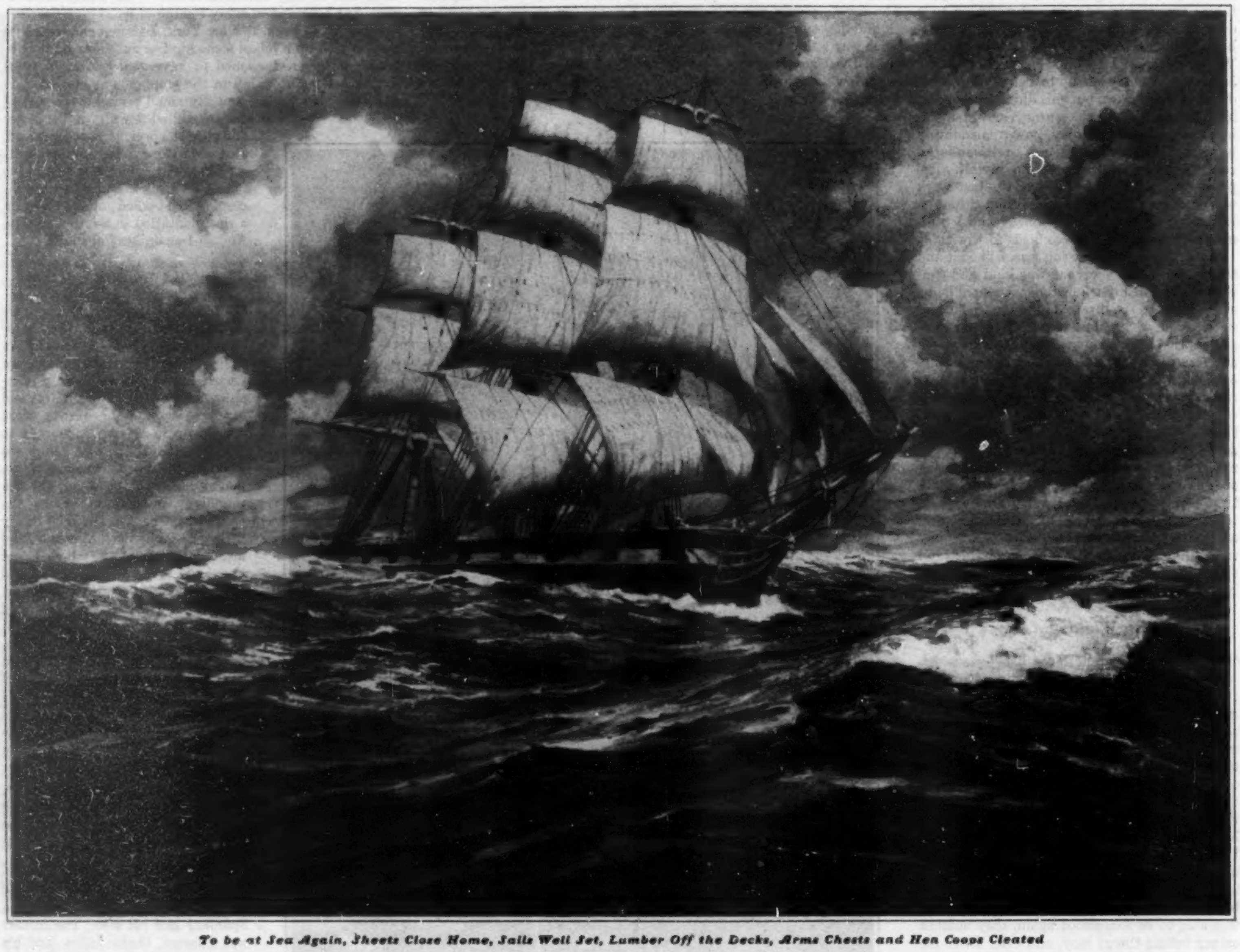
Next day, on the Spaniard asking me if I had posted his letter, I was amazed to find that it was gone from my pocket. We were both in much apprehension that his wife had purloined it, and went home for our evening meal of hominy and pork with quaking hearts. Sure enough, the bombshell fell. Immediately after the wife had cleared

(Continued on Page 90)

THE FRIGATE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



To be at Sea Again, Sheets Close Home, Sails Well Set, Lumber Off the Decks, Arms Chests and Hen Coops Cleated

WHEN Captain Arad first spied the frigate's tall spars over the mole head, they looked familiar, in spite of the showing of Spanish colors. But it was too late to run from her. The wind, capricious as always in the vicinity of these lofty Cordilleras, had died almost completely out. And the Water Witch was leaking. She had hit a rock in the night, hard; hard enough to crack a lot of those eighteen-gallon clay jars of Pisco brandy in the hold, and for a time the pumps had delivered pure brandy to the scuppers, which is bad for the discipline of any ship, let her fly what colors she will.

Arad had reduced the leak from fifteen hundred to four hundred strokes a watch by slipping a spare fore-topsail under her bows; light airs had helped him forward; but now the formidable shape of the frigate reminded him that the whole coast of Chile, during this political upheaval, was risky for a neutral trader.

A man couldn't say what his reception might be, even in the able ports. The patriot forces, which were struggling for independence from the King of Spain, naturally had Arad's sympathy; but then, their sea forces were headed by Lord Cochrane, an Englishman and a nobleman; and the Cochranes, with all their splendid abilities, were pirates, light-fingered gentry, Arad's father had taught him to believe.

The king's forces were no less so, Arad found out now. The royal boarding officer found a deficiency in the ship's papers, attempted to take them, but was forced ashore, foiled in this, after an undignified scuffle. The Water Witch by now had come to anchor under the frigate's guns, and Captain Arad wrote a letter to the governor, couched in the queer, stiff phrases thought by Salem skippers to be the acme of good style—no doubt for the reason that they were as far as possible from crisp quarter-deck speech.

> *Sir:* I take the liberty of intruding upon the goodness of Your Excellency so far as to request your permission to overhaul, calk, water and refit. . . . Your Excellency's compliance will greatly oblige. . . .

He sent this note ashore by a dirty marine who stuck it insolently between ramrod and musket barrel. His Excellency's compliance took the form, an hour later, of a couple of files of soldiers in yellow jackets, who swarmed over the rail and formed in two lines amidships.

Their commander, advancing to the quarter-deck with his rusty sword drawn, pronounced the words: "Captain, you are my prisoner."

"Good. I surrender the ship. Haul down the colors," Arad said briskly to his mate, Bill Williams.

"Nothing was said about surrendering the ship," the king's officer said, visibly taken aback.

"You will be able to explain that, then, to the United States frigate Brandywine, which is due to touch here within three or four days," Arad said smoothly.

Colonel Longa was impressed duly, but he had his orders. "You come here, thinking the patriots have got the upper hand," he growled. "You must take the consequences."

The consequences looked ominous. Captain Arad and his mate Bill Williams found themselves bareheaded, with armorer's ruffles at their wrists, being marched inside a hollow square composed of dirty Spanish soldiers toward the place of execution. This was under the bullet-pitted west wall of the old Inquisition building, with the inscription over the gate justifying the propagation of Christianity by the use of the sword. The judge advocate's palace was at right angles to this.

Before putting the bandage over his eyes, Colonel Longa asked the trader fiercely if he had anything to say.

"Only that Ferdinand of Spain would not be pleased to see such dirty soldiers in his uniform," Arad jeered. "They look starved. You had better buy the wheat in my ship's hold and feed them. I'll give you a good trade."

That shot went home. In fact, the patriot forces had crowded down into the peninsula; already they held the old town; the royalists were penned up here in the port, and food was running low. By hook or crook, they must find a way to convert the Water Witch's cargo of wheat to their uses. Bill Williams, glaring from under a thick double cap of lambs' wool, shouted that the frigate Brandywine would settle all accounts. Blindfolded, he and Captain Arad heard the clicks of the firing squad's gunlocks; they hung over eternity with their shoulders drawn back and their chins stuck out, but the order "Fire" was not given.

Instead, a lot of tongues were going there like a jib sheet in the wind. The bandages were snatched away; and Arad, blinking in the sun, had a glimpse, behind gilded iron bars socketed in a small window just over the gate to the judge advocate's palace, of a tall girl in black and silver, smoking a cigar. . . . So. This had been a sham execution intended to weaken them into confessing some breach of neutrality which would justify the king in seizing ship and cargo.

Following the execution came the trial. This was in a long black-beamed, whitewashed hall, and court was presided over by Ignacio Borgues, the benevolent judge advocate. On his right was the lean *fiscal*, or commissary of the army, who needed the wheat; and on his left O'Reilly, the Spanish frigate captain, who needed the ship. O'Reilly was in a plumed and tasseled chapeau, a black wig, a thick coat stiff with embroidery, but the green scabbard at his side was empty. O'Reilly was irascible, passionate, impulsive. If he wore his sword, he was liable at a moment's notice, and for any or no reason, to pink important people, his aide whispered to Bill Williams. To escape petty embarrassments brought about by a good officer, the governor had ordered O'Reilly to lay aside his sword, except on the day, and at the hour, indeed, in the very heat of battle. The valiant seaman carried a crutch-headed cane in place of the discarded weapon.

Ignacio Borgues had his hands full of ship's papers, and several times was seen to shake his head dubiously. O'Reilly and Colonel Longa buzzed around him like bees in a tar bucket.

"Why did you not go to Valparaiso?" old Borgues asked benignly.

Captain Arad replied that the patriot blockading squadron had forced him past there. "You don't blame me for not wanting to fall in with My Lord Cochrane, I suppose," he added.

"El Diablo," Ignacio Borgues uttered mildly.

"The devil, yes, in the shape of a sea robber, a pirate. My family and I have suffered from these Cochranes enough already. I am no friend to frigates," Arad stated in a menacing voice. He went on, "Naturally, I make an exception of the Brandywine."

The Court exchanged glances with his advisers. The hearing ended abruptly. Captain Arad and Bill Williams were given the freedom of the port, but permission to return to the Water Witch was withheld. They were informed that the crew, in any case, were all in prison, chiefly for safekeeping.

From a taproom on the water front, the two released traders glared at the yellow-banded frigate with her insolent black ports and gun muzzles.

"The damned hornet," Arad said to Williams. "This is not the first time I've got athwart her hawse. She's the British frigate Leander, condemned and bought in by this O'Reilly evidently, brought here and sold to Spain on a private speculation. I thought I knew the cut of her jib. She took my father's ship Ranger into a vice-admiralty court in the West Indies in 1809. I was a boy then, but I don't forget smothering a good few days in the dark on her stinking cable tiers. I tasted the cat on board her, too, for being insolent to a junior officer. I can show you the marks on my back now. I never could stomach frigates after that."

"Well, let's freshen the nip," Bill Williams said, and drew a bottle from his stocking. "Pst. I vowny, there's fleas in this establishment."

"Both male and female," Arad muttered gloomily. They drank.

"I can tell you something about this scupper mouth of an O'Reilly," Bill Williams said, wiping his lips. "I was shipmates with him in the year 1805. The English grand fleet under Lord Cornwallis was cruising in the chops of the British Channel, watching the French fleet in Brest. You haven't forgotten, captain? Well, this O'Reilly was a Frenchman then. He was captain of my ship—the Bonne Citoyenne. We got separated from the Rochefort squadron in a gale of wind, bore up for Brest, stood in for Ushant on a dark night, and found ourselves in the middle of the British fleet when morning came. It was a pokerish place, captain."

"I can believe you. If you'd made sail, I suppose the lookout frigates would have nailed you, or managed to alarm the inshore squadron somehow. What did he do?"

"He? This old snaggle tooth had his wits about him. He shortened sail, joined the lee line of the lee division—that was commanded by Sir Charles Cotton—too fine a gentleman to be a seaman, sir—and we stayed two days with the fleet. They mistook us, it turned out, for the Montague seventy-four, that had been expected from Tor Bay. This beggar of an O'Reilly followed all the British evolutions—he'd been an Englishman once—he answered all signals with the others, only he lagged a little, so as to guess the meaning of the signals from the ships' actions. Well, on the second day the fleet stretched into Ushant to relieve the inshore squadron, and when the general signal was made for all captains to repair on board the admiral's ship, we dropped out of line, drifted out of gunshot carelesslike, up studdings'ls and French colors and ran into Brest."

"That was clever."

"The rogue is slippery," Bill Williams said, scratching his Roman nose. "He's got an eye for a tune too. I was a boy then, but I could play a fife, and many an hour I've spent playing The Girl I Left Behind Me to him in his cabin. The Topsail Shivers in the Wind—that was a favorite of his too. He's forgotten me now, but he still has a leaning to a flute. He saw this one sticking out of my pocket when we were coming out of the hearing, and asked me aboard to play to him."

"Aboard this frigate?"

"Aboard this very frigate, captain."

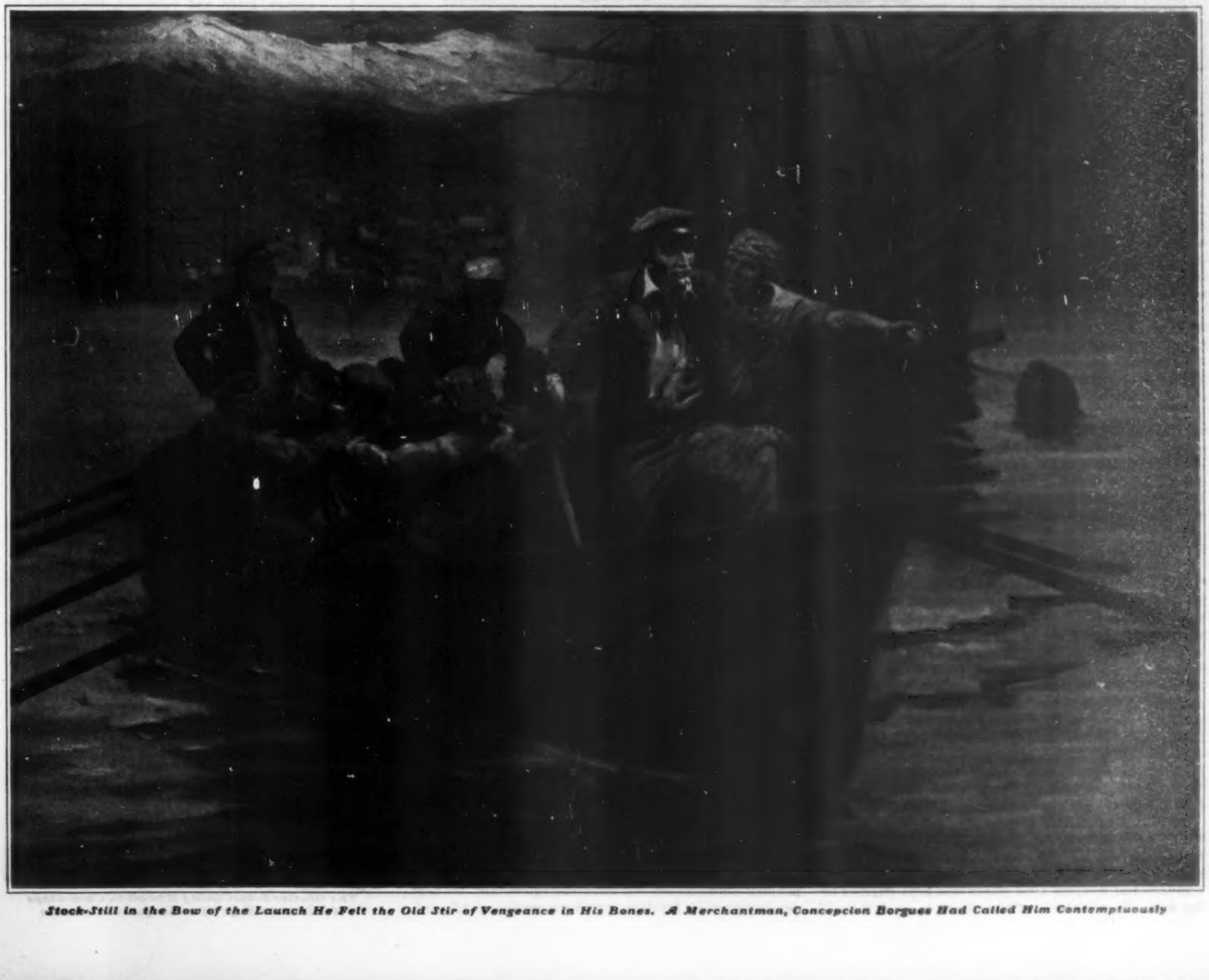
"Accept the invitation. And find out what this bullfighter is doing here, lurking in our shadow."

The bullfighter, Rodrigo Feroni, had passed and repassed half a dozen times, with his hand on the gilt handle of his stout sword. His breeches of light blue satin were faded, his scarlet Spanish mantle was a rag, and there was a hungry look in his deep eye. Bill Williams conferred with him and returned.

"It appears, captain, that a lady wants a word with you," Bill Williams whispered. "Doña Concepcion Borgues, the daughter of the judge advocate. Doesn't that beat Vermont mountains? Captain, don't you go. I wouldn't give a stub nail for what light a Spanish jade like that could shed on a predicament like ours."

"Mr. Williams, you go aboard the frigate and tip O'Reilly a stave on the flute. I'll follow the bullfighter."

(Continued on Page 77)



Stock-Still in the Bow of the Launch He Felt the Old Stir of Vengeance in His Bones. A Merchantman, Concepcion Borgues Had Called Him Contemptuously

Volcanoes Packed in Ice

AN EXPLORER'S ADVENTURES IN ALASKA

As Told to Barrett Willoughby

Father Hubbard Begins the Descent Into the Crater of Katmai. This Cliff Edge is Some 3000 Feet Above the Lake at the Bottom

"I'VE climbed every prominent peak in the Alps, had my hair singed off in the crater of Vesuvius, seen the Yellowstone, the Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, and stood in the thunder of Niagara, but the only time I was ever stricken dumb by the magnitude of a natural wonder was when I first looked down into the weird and terrible beauty of Katmai, the largest active crater in the world."

Beside an Alaskan camp fire I sat listening to a powerfully built young man who is one of the most fearless trailsmen in the North. There was a radiant vitality about his lean, bronzed face, and a spiritual clarity in his brown eyes. Yet his flannel shirt, high laced boots, the hunting knife at his belt and the Springfield by his side made it difficult for me to realize he was a priest—Father Bernard R. Hubbard, noted exploring Jesuit, lecturer and authority on volcanoes and glaciers.

From Cassock to Trail Clothes

THE Glacier Priest, as he is internationally known, is the head of the department of geology at Santa Clara, the oldest university in California; but with the closing of each scholastic year he takes off his cassock and biretta, puts on trail clothes, and goes off to investigate some untrodden wilderness. During the past three summers he has been blazing trails across Alaska's most spectacular and dangerous regions of fire and ice. He adventures casually, accompanied by his aid, Roderick (Red) Chisholm, engineer and former star football tackle, and a couple of university students. On his back is a ninety-pound pack consisting, for the most part, of cameras and scientific instruments. With his rifle he shoots the game which forms the chief food supply of his party.

He was the first to penetrate the vast Taku ice sheet which the Indians call the Spirits' Home. He went through the Vale of Desolation into the hitherto unexplored regions north of the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, where, so tradition had it, there lived giants who kept grizzlies for lap dogs. He was also the first explorer to reach the wild heart of Kodiak Island, which the Aleuts call "the haunted country where the half dead live, and idols come to life." Joyously, confidently, the Glacier Priest ventures into the unknown, certain that when he gets there he will be perfectly at home.

His scientific findings in these strange outlands banish many of the picturesque native traditions, but he replaces these with vivid accounts of the natural marvels he encounters, and substantiates his statements with photographs and moving pictures, some of which he has risked his life to obtain.

When I speak of Mt. Katmai—he continued—I use superlatives deliberately. The newest, as well as the largest active crater in the world, it stands in its remote valley on the Alaska Peninsula, ringed about by seven other smoking volcanoes. Very few people have seen it.

HUBBARD PHOTO. FROM P. & A. PHOTOS, INC.

Rivers of Ice That Flow, Invisibly Slow, But Follow All the Laws of Gravity Governing Water

It came into being on June 6, 1912, when its smooth, glaciered top suddenly blew off in the most stupendous cataclysm of Nature that has occurred during man's existence on earth. Its detonations were heard 800 miles away. Its dust darkened the skies over the Sahara Desert, 12,000 miles distant. Its explosion exceeded in magnitude the famous eruption of Krakatao near Java which, in 1883, threw out four cubic miles of ejecta. Katmai belched forth five and a half cubic miles, and though it stands some hundred miles inland, it covered the North Pacific Ocean with pumice for hundreds of miles.

Because few natives live in this region, there was no loss of human life. But Katmai's eruption has no equal in the destruction of plant and animal life. Actually millions of dead birds littered the sea. Innumerable brown bears and herds of caribou smothered to death under a blanket of ash, in some places twenty feet deep. And the ash fall killed every green growing thing within an area larger than that of New York State.

We are struck with wonder at Kilauea, Hawaii's great crater, with its 500-foot walls, but Katmai's walls are 3700 feet deep. Were it possible to slice half a mile from the height of Mt. Vesuvius, invert it and fit the plug into Katmai's crater, there'd still be room to spare—and there'd be only about 500 feet of Vesuvius left in Italy.

A bewildering stretch of snow and volcanic desolation lies between tidewater and this spectacular mountain. We beat our way across it for days, battling a continuous blizzard. It is a land that would make a Münchhausen look to his laurels—skeleton forests rising bone-white from pumice and ashes; streams running red as blood with oxide of iron; rivers of quicksand; slopes of ash-covered mud. The day we reached the foot of the mountain the weather cleared. The air was like elixir. Under a blue sky and a warm August sun we struggled up the snow-and-ash-hung flanks of Katmai.

It was one of the high moments of a lifetime when we finally gained that soaring height, and stepped to the crumbling edge of the crater. As I looked over, the vastness of the abyss stunned me like a blow. Breathtaking immensity. Incredible width. A circling wall of brilliant colors that dropped down, down, interminably down to the blue of impossible depths. I gazed, speechless, unable to comprehend. Then I became aware that my dog had leaped up on me, and was standing in the circle of my arms, trembling, whining, as he looked at the sight below.

The Paint Pot of the Gods

GRADUALLY details of the huge bowl grew clear. Three miles across. Nine miles in circumference. Rock walls, more than half a mile deep, that were a vivid mosaic in yellow, violet, orange, green and vermilion, emphasized by bold lines of black, and studded with glaciers glinting like jewels in the sun. At the bottom, in the very heart of the earth, lay a

HUBBARD PHOTO.

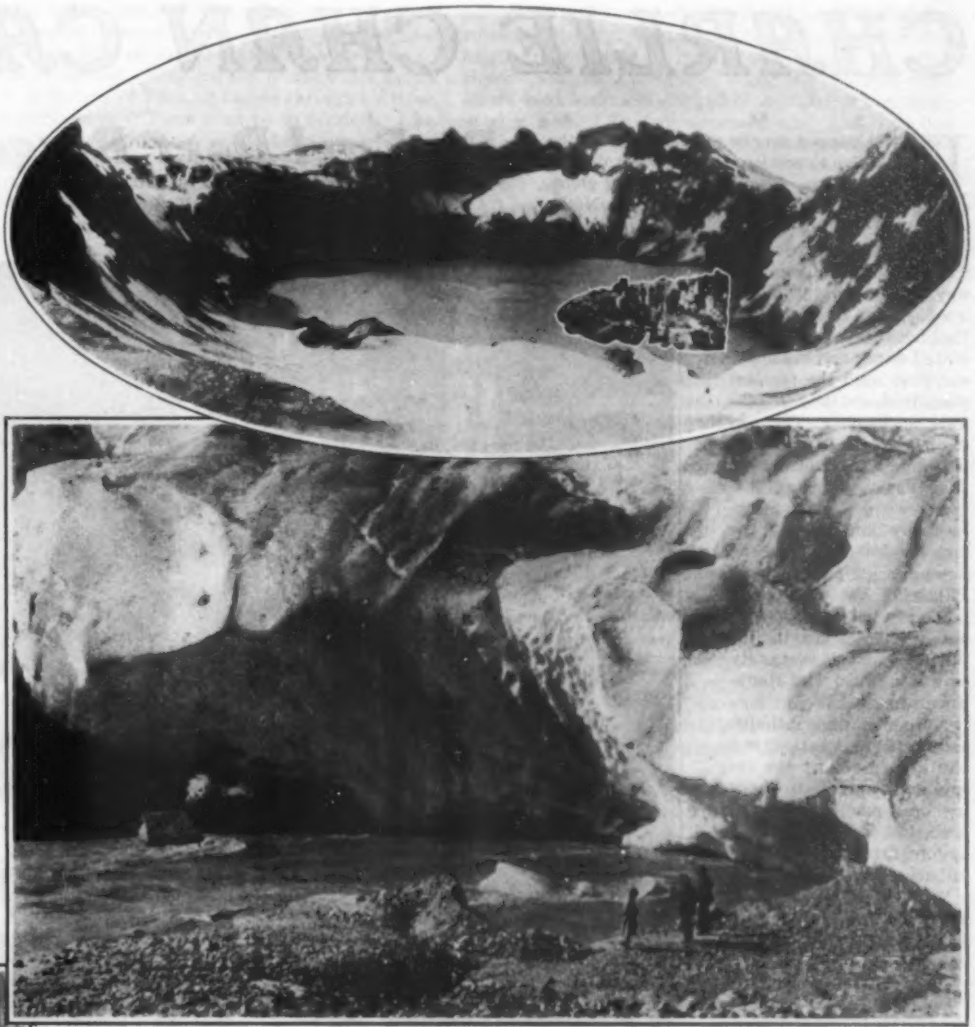
The Glacier Priest Going Ahead to Chop Steps Around the Edge of a Dangerous Crevasse mile-and-a-half-wide lake—a weird, living blue. In the center a dome of white welled up spasmodically and ebbed away in circles that shimmered through every shade of blue. At intervals an ebullition of yellow turned the dome to iridescent emerald, which flickered out in widening ripples of malachite that finally lapped the inclosing walls. Then, startling, vicious, a snakelike streak of orange darted from the wall to serpentine across the turquoise surface and pierce the giant bubble at the center. Always there was the grating sound of bowlders bounding down from the rim to splash into the changing waters; and the roaring of avalanches that leaped from innumerable perpendicular snow fields into the aquamarine depths.

Because of the crater's stupendous proportions, the last thing to claim my attention was the evidence of Katmai's subterranean activity. Far down, vents in the shore of the lake were steadily sending up columns of smoke. These fumaroles appeared to be emitting puffs no larger than smoke from a cigarette, but later I ascertained that these pillars were more than 200 feet high!

The authority on Katmai is Dr. Robert F. Griggs, who led the expedition of the National Geographic Society into this section in 1916. He admits that words, and even photographs, are utterly inadequate to convey to those who have not seen it, the colorful grandeur, the awesome immensity of this crater.

Tobogganing Without a Toboggan

I KNEW no one had ever taken moving pictures of Katmai, and so far as I could learn, no one had ever descended to the bottom of the crater. So, being a geologist by profession, and curious by nature, I determined to go down and try my luck. After lowering my camera to a narrow rock shelf perhaps 100 feet below, I strapped my ice pick to my wrist, and by means of hand-and-foot work I had learned in the Alps, eased myself down to it. Here a rift began in the crater wall—a crack packed with snow and large stones. I got into it and found that the hot sun had loosened the mass until it was anything but safe. With every step rocks shot out from under my spiked boots. On either side snowslides roared past en route to the lake. I managed to avoid disaster by jabbing my pick into the crumbling stone, and finally reached the end of the rift, some 1200 feet down from the rim.



P. & A. PHOTO

A Glacier Stream Running Out From Under the Mendenhall Glacier Near Juneau. The Sterile Moraine of Gravel is Seen in the Foreground. In Oval—Panorama of Katmai With Lower Manhattan, Photographed to Scale, Superimposed

Father Hubbard at the Edge of an Active Fumarole in the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes

But the lake was still about 2500 feet below me. Clinging to the perpendicular wall, I looked about to see what I should do next. I was hanging a little above a glacier which sloped down to my goal, but between me and that desirable ice mass lay one of the *Bergschrunds* dreaded by all Alpinists--a yawning gap reaching down to blue darkness, and varying in width from twelve to thirty feet. Several yards to one side, a single snow bridge spanned the abyss. I edged carefully along until I reached it, but the instant I stepped out on it, the rotten snow gave way. I saved myself by leaping backward and sticking my pick in an ice slope.

After considering the situation, I decided to negotiate that gap in the Alpine way. Climbing back up the ice slope for about fifty feet, I sat down on the glazed surface, and with this take-off, slid down the incline with such velocity that I sped through the air above the twelve-foot *Bergschrund* and lit with considerable force on the slanting glacier. That's real tobogganing! The boys, watching from above, thought I was going to avalanche right on down into the lake, but I stopped myself by using my ice pick as a brake.

I've seen thousands of glaciers during my travels in Europe and America, but this was the first time I'd ever been on one inside a smoking volcano. In fact, this is the only place in the world, perhaps, where one can find such a phenomenon.

The ice at this point, so high above the steaming fumaroles, seemed safe enough, but I descended carefully, testing every inch of the way for covered crevasses. When I reached the foot of the glacier I looked about me. I was a pygmy, an alien, in a fantastic, subterranean world that might have been born in an opium smoker's mind. The crystal-clear ice on which I stood jutted out over the lake shore—mud, stained every color of the rainbow. On either side the earth panted and sighed through giant fumaroles which puffed columns of yellow smoke toward the rim of the crater half a mile above my head. Smells of sulphur and brimstone were in the air. The edge of the lake was cold, because of the continual avalanches of snow, but the seething center was undoubtedly hot. The great dome-shaped bubble rose there, thickly, like a bubble in a pot of boiling mush. The concentric waves, which had appeared but ripples from above, heaved and sank like a stormy yet oddly solid sea. But they did not break, for this was not a water lake. It was a thin solution of mud kept in continual agitation by volcanic action below.

Katmai Resents Intruders

IMAGINE a canoe ride on those circular rollers of Katmai! Such a thing may not be possible a year or even six months hence, because the floor of the crater is continually changing. The most notable evidence of this is the disappearance of the crescent island, forty acres in area, which was reported rising near the middle of the lake some ten years ago.

Quick changes are characteristic of this place. I had no sooner climbed back to my waiting companions, than the sun was suddenly blotted out. Swift clouds tore themselves to shreds across the saw-toothed rim of Katmai. Through the chill of rushing mists we began a hasty descent to our base camp in the valley below. The ash-covered snow proved to be so dangerous in the fading light that, even though I knew this to be one of the world's windiest spots, we were forced to make a temporary camp on an exposed slope of the mountain. Too exhausted to cook anything, we munched some hard-tack, drank a cup of sulphur water, and, as dusk closed in, crawled stiffly into our sleeping bags.

Hardly had I closed my eyes when I felt myself pelted by a shower of stones. "Hey, fellows!" I shouted to the boys, who were forever skylarking at bedtime. "Let's cut out the rough stuff tonight!"

(Continued on Page 96)

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IX

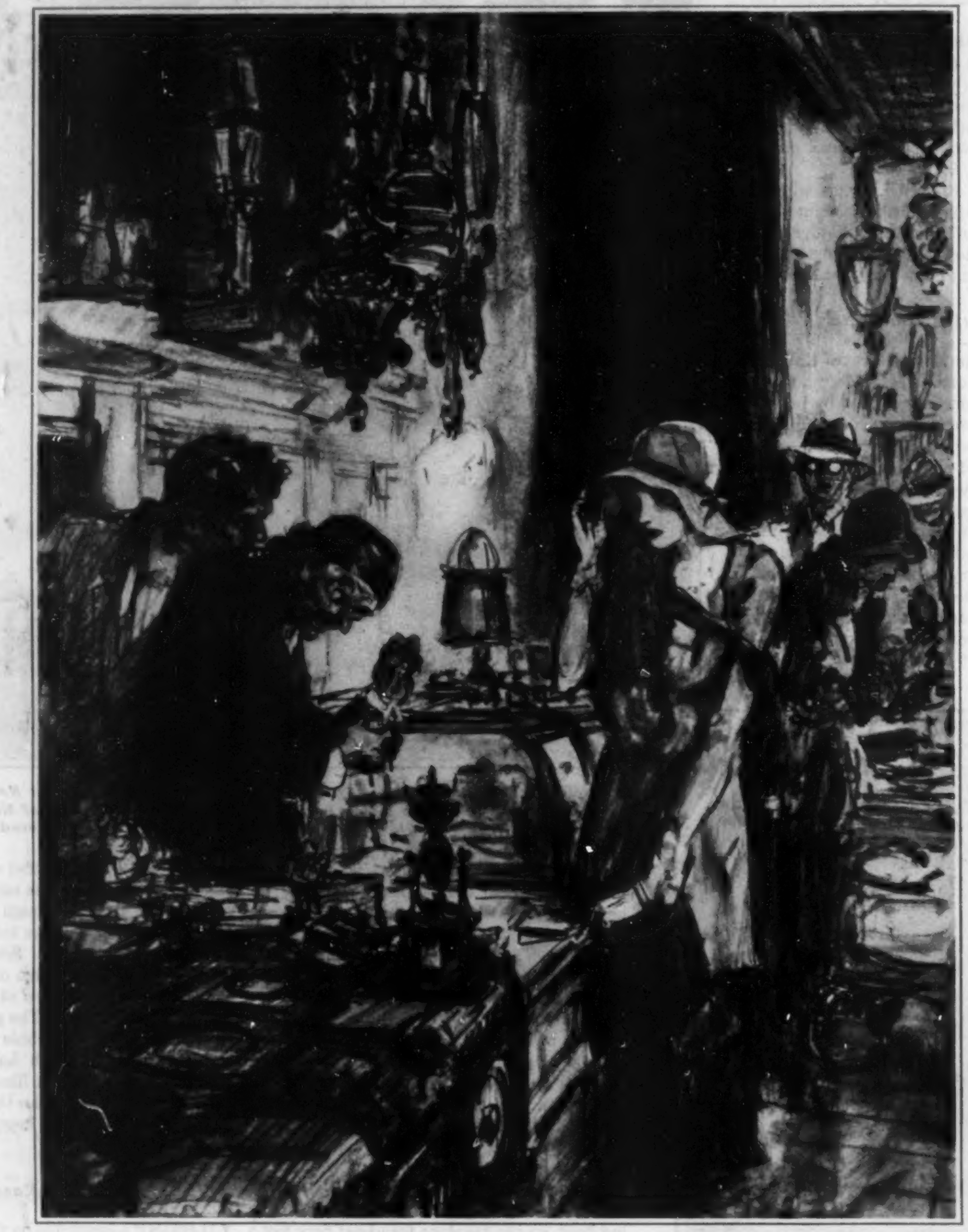
LOFTON stepped over to the desk, leaving the detective to ponder this somewhat disconcerting news. Two of his traveling group of suspects had broken away from the fold. Nothing had been discovered that connected the Fenwicks with the London murder in any way, or with that of Honywood, either. None the less, Duff felt that every member of the Lofton party was under suspicion until the problem was solved, and the Fenwicks were not immune. The man did not look like a murderer, but experience had taught the inspector that few murderers do. He was exceedingly annoyed by the high-handed conduct of the pompous little chap from Pittsfield. Yet what could he do about it? He had no authority to dictate the actions of anyone in that party save Honywood, and Honywood was dead.

A commotion about the lift attracted his attention, and the next moment the resplendent commissary of police was marching toward him. How well that dazzling uniform fitted into the colorful background of the Riviera.

"Ah, inspector, you do not arrive above!" the commissary cried. "I wait, but you do not appear!"

Duff shook his head. "There was no need, Monsieur le Commissaire. I know only too well the keen eyes of the French police. May I congratulate you on your conduct of this case? I have investigated, and I am struck by the intelligence you have shown."

"That is so kind of you to say," the commissary beamed. "Me, I have learned much that I know from a study of Scotland Yard methods." His chest expanded. "Yes, I believe what you say is correct—I have done well here under the conditions. But what conditions! Impossible even for the most brilliant mind. The stupidity of the servants—monsieur, I could easily weep—footprints trampled upon, fingerprints destroyed. What is it there remains that I can do?"



"He Said 'Jim Everhard' as Clearly and Distinctly as a Radio Announcer"

"Fortunately, there is nothing more you need to do," Duff assured him. "It is a case of suicide, commissary. I can guarantee that."

The Frenchman's face lighted with relief. "It is a thing I am most 'appy to hear. A woman—she is in it, of course?"

Duff smiled. "Yes," he said, taking his cue neatly, "the dead man's wife. He loved her passionately and she deserted him. Heartbroken, he tried to go on alone. It was no use. Even here in your charming and cheerful city, he perceived it was no use. Hence the pistol, the body on the walk."

The commissary shook his head. "Ah, the woman, monsieur. Always the woman! What suffering, what sorrow, is she not responsible for? Yet, could we do without her?"

"Hardly," ventured Duff.

"Never!" cried the commissary with vehemence. "I shudder to think ——" He paused. "But I fear we get beside the point. The Doctor Lofton tells me why you are here, inspector. I accept your word of the suicide. Who should know better than you? So I will report it and the affair closes itself."

"Very good," Duff nodded. "Then I take it that the party may continue its tour at once?"

The commissary hesitated. After all, one must not treat the affair too lightly. "Not quite so fast, monsieur, if you please," he said. "I go now to the room of the *juge d'instruction*. With him rests the final decision. Presently I shall call you with the telephone and inform you what that is. The arrangement is satisfactory, inspector?"

"Oh, quite," Duff answered. "Once more, my heartiest congratulations."

"You say too much, monsieur."

"Not at all. I have been impressed—deeply impressed."

"How can I thank you? How indicate my pleasure at this meeting?"

"Do not attempt it, monsieur."

"Again I accept your advice. *Bon jour*, inspector."

"*Bon jour*," repeated Duff, with a Yorkshire accent. The glittering commissary strode away.

Lofton came up to Duff at once. "Well?" he inquired.

The detective shrugged. "It will be all right, I fancy. The commissary was glad to be convinced. But he has to report the matter to the examining magistrate before a final decision can be made. I am to await a telephone call. I hope it comes soon, as I am eager to put through one myself for San Remo the moment I know what our plans are to be."

"I shall be somewhere in the hotel," Lofton told him. "Naturally I want to hear about it as soon as you get the call. There's a train de luxe at 4:30 this afternoon, and I hope very much we can be on it."

An hour passed before the word came through from the commissary that they could go on whenever they pleased. Duff hastily scribbled a note for Lofton, gave it to a bell boy and then stepped up to the desk.

"Please get me the Palace Hotel at San Remo on the telephone," he said. "I wish to speak with Mrs. Walter Honywood, or Miss Sybil Conway, as she sometimes calls herself."

This, it appeared, was viewed by the staff as considerable of an undertaking. An excited discussion took place behind the scenes. Duff sat down in a near-by chair and waited.

After many minutes a bell boy came to him breathless with news. "A lady in San Remo has the wire," he said.

The detective hastened into the booth that was pointed out to him. "Are you there?" he cried. His deep distrust of Continental telephones moved him to shout at the top of his voice.

An answering voice, faint, far-away, but musical, sounded in his ear. "Did someone wish to speak to Miss Conway?"

"Yes, I did—Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard."

"I cannot hear you. Inspector what?"

"Duff—Duff."

"Perhaps you speak too loudly. I still can't hear you."

Duff was perspiring freely and he suddenly realized that he had been bellowing. He spoke in a lower tone and more distinctly:

"I am Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard. It has been my duty to investigate the murder of Mr. Hugh Drake, of the Lofton travel party, in London. I am now in Nice, where I have happened upon the unfortunate death of your husband, Mr. Walter Honywood."

"Yes." The voice was very faint.

"Madam, I am deeply sorry."

"Thank you. What did you wish to say to me?"

"I am wondering if you know anything that may throw light on his death?"

"Doctor Lofton told me it was suicide."

"It was not suicide, madam." Duff's voice was now very low. "Your husband was murdered. Are you still there?"

"I am here"—very faintly.

"I feel certain the murder has some connection with that of Mr. Drake in London," Duff went on.

There was a pause. "I can assure you that it has, inspector," said the woman.

"What's that?" Duff cried.

"I am telling you that the two are connected. They are, in a manner of speaking, the same murder."

"Good Lord!" the detective gasped. "What do you mean by that?"

"I will explain when I see you. The story is a long one. You will come to San Remo with the Lofton party?"

"I certainly will. We are leaving here at 4:30 this afternoon and should reach your hotel about two hours later."

"Very well. The matter can wait until then. Mr. Honywood wanted the whole affair kept quiet for my sake. I imagine he feared it would hurt my career in the theater and that I'd be distressed on that account. But I have made up my mind. I mean to see justice done at any cost to myself. You see, I know who murdered my husband."

Again Duff gasped. "You know who ——"

"I do, indeed."

"Then, madam, don't let's take any chances. Tell me now—at once."

"I can only tell you that it was a man who is traveling with the Lofton party around the world."

"But his name—his name!"

"I do not know what he calls himself now. Years ago, when we met him in—in a far country, his name was Jim Everhard. Now he is traveling with the Lofton party, but under another name."

"Who told you this?"

"My husband wrote it to me."

"But he did not write you the name?"

"No."

"Did this same man kill Hugh Morris Drake?" Duff held his breath. It was Drake's murderer he had to find.

"Yes, he did."

"Your husband told you that too?"

"Yes, it is all in the letter which I shall give you tonight."

"But this man—who is he?—that is what I must discover, madam. You say you met him years ago. Will you recognize him if you meet him again?"

"I shall recognize him instantly."

Duff took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. This was magnificent.

"Madam, are you still there? Mrs. Honywood?"

"I am still here."

"What you have told me is very satisfactory." Duff was always given to understatement. "I shall arrive at your hotel at about half-past six this evening. I am not certain of the exact moment. With me will be the entire Lofton party." A thought of Fenwick flashed through his mind, but he dismissed it. "There must be no accident. I beseech you to stay in your rooms until I communicate with you again. I shall arrange for you to see every member of the party, preferably from a point where you yourself will remain unseen. When you have made your identification, the rest will lie with me. Everything will be made as easy for you as possible."

"You are very kind. I shall do my duty. I have made up my mind. At any cost to myself—and the cost will be not inconsiderable—I shall help you to bring Walter's murderer to justice. You may rely on me."

"I am relying on you and I am eternally grateful. Until tonight, then, Mrs. Honywood."

"Until tonight. I shall be awaiting your call in my rooms."

As Duff left the booth he was startled to find Doctor Lofton standing just beside it.

"I got your message," Lofton remarked. "We're booked for the 4:30 express. There's a ticket for you, if you want it."

"Of course I want it," Duff answered. "I'll pay you for it later."

"No hurry." Lofton started to walk away, then paused. "Ah—er—you have talked with Mrs. Honywood?"

"I just finished."

"Could she tell you anything?"

"Nothing," Duff replied.

"What a pity!" Lofton said casually, and moved on toward the lift.

Duff went to his room as near to elation as he ever got. A difficult case—one of the most difficult he had ever been called upon to face—and another seven hours would solve it. As he sat in the dining room at luncheon he made a cautious study of the men in Lofton's travel party. Which one? Which one could smile and smile, and be a villain still? Lofton himself? Lofton was traveling with the party. With, the woman had said, not in. Was that significant? Possibly. Tait, who had experienced that terrific heart attack just as he entered the parlor at Broome's Hotel? Not out of it—not by a long shot. A man could have a weak heart and still gather the strength to strangle another man of Drake's advanced age. And Tait had about him the look of far countries. Kennaway? A mere boy. Benbow? Duff shook his head. Ross or Vivian or Keane? All possible. Maxy Minchin? He hardly seemed to fit into the setting, but the affair was quite in his line. Fenwick? The detective's heart sank. Suppose it were Fenwick—well, what of it? He'd go after him, even to the ends of the earth—to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, wherever that was—he'd go after Fenwick and bring him back.

At 4:30 that afternoon they were all aboard the train de luxe, bound for San Remo. Duff had confided in no one, so he alone knew what was waiting ahead. He went from one compartment to another, making sure once more—though he had counted them at the station—that no one was missing. After chatting with a number of the others, he entered the compartment occupied by Tait and Kennaway.

"Well, Mr. Tait," he began amiably, dropping into a seat, "I trust that for your sake the exciting part of your tour around the world is now ended."

Tait gave him an unfriendly look. "You needn't worry about me," he said.

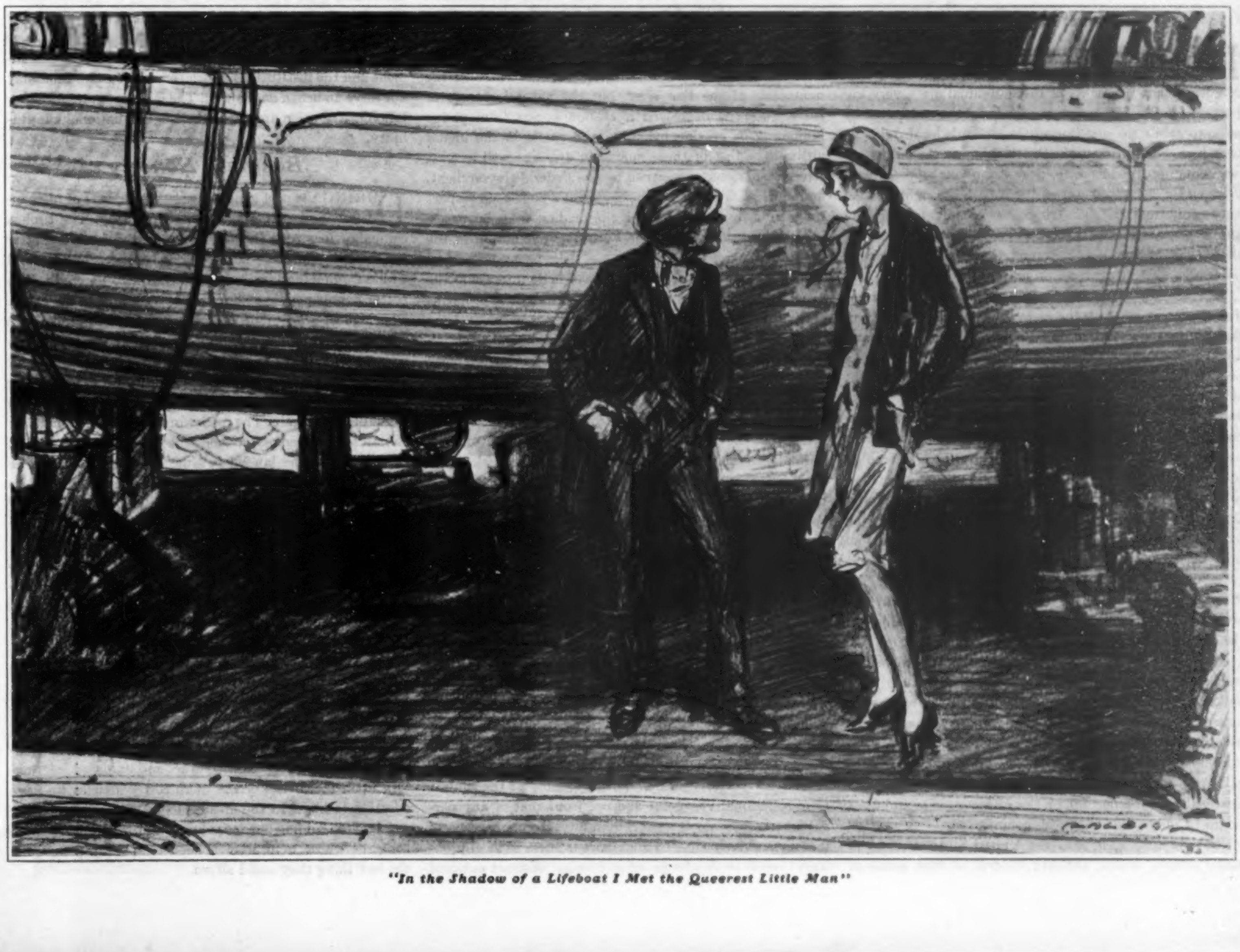
"How can I help it?" Duff smiled. He sat for a moment in silence, staring out at the passing scene. Wooded hills and richly cultivated plains swept by, a tiny seaport with a chapel, a ruined castle. Beyond, the blue and sparkling Mediterranean. "Rather pretty country along here," the detective ventured.

"Looks like the movies," growled Tait, and picked up a copy of the New York Herald's Paris edition.

Duff turned to the young man. "First trip abroad?" he inquired.

Kennaway shook his head. "No, I used to come over in college vacations. Had a grand time in those days—I didn't know my luck." He looked at the old man and sighed. "Nothing to worry me; nothing on my mind but my hair."

(Continued on Page 47)



"In the Shadow of a Lifeboat I Met the Queerest Little Man"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 23, 1930

Pedestrian Rights

IN ALL discussions of the traffic problem much is said of the legal rights of the pedestrian. Under our system of government the rights of the individual are a very important feature, and in cases of injury to the pedestrian by an automobile the question of the walker's legal rights is, of course, highly essential. But looking at the subject of accidents in a broader way, prevention is what we are all after rather than legal status. What both the right-minded automobilist and the pedestrian desire are safety, protection and a reasonable opportunity to proceed. Common sense should come before legal determination, and engineering is more of a solution than any court.

It is useless to debate the point of whether in an accident walker or driver is the more to blame. The pedestrian may be careless almost to the point of criminality, but many a driver is absolutely malicious in the way he usurps the pedestrian's right to crosswalks and also the walker's right of way over right-turning motor vehicles at controlled intersections. There is real force to the argument behind greater pedestrian control, but the pedestrian cannot be expected to give up his freedom of movement until he is offered an equivalent value in definite protection and convenience.

The difficulties of reaching such an adjustment or equivalence are great. Thus any change in street or highway construction which tends to separate vehicle and pedestrian is to be urgently welcomed. This is so obvious, so self-evident, that it is distressing in the extreme to realize that thousands of miles of hard-surfaced modern highway are being built through rural districts without making any provision for sidewalks, even through settlements.

A recent study of thirty-six states shows that only seven have any provision for state aid in building such sidewalks, and in these seven the provision, with one exception, is rarely exercised. Yet a very large number of pedestrians are killed at night while walking along unlighted rural highways. Frequently they have no alternative except to walk in the ditch. This is a condition which seems to us inexcusable, and reflects upon the common sense and good judgment of the state highway commissions.

Nor is it quite clear why the United States Bureau of Public Roads, which, through control of vast sums of Federal-aid money, is able to influence the type of highway building, does not bring sufficient pressure to remedy this crying evil. It is no excuse to say that state legislatures and Congress will not appropriate the money. If there were the same eagerness on the part of the highway authorities to prevent accidents as there is to get more miles of concrete laid down, the money could be found for preventive measures. If there is enough money to build highways, there is enough to build them safely for all concerned.

Water Conscious

THE actual beginning of work preparatory to the construction of the Boulder Dam on the Colorado River symbolizes, as perhaps nothing else could, the pressing reality of the need for water in the desert states. Men require water, wherever they live, east or west, and take it pretty much for granted. It is not a subject which plays much part in the news in regions where rainfall is plentiful, but in desert or arid regions the opposite is true. Easterners may take very little interest in Boulder Dam, but the Census figures are inexorable. Because of the lure of climate, the discovery of oil, and for other reasons, a great migration of population to California, and in lesser measure to other Far Western states, has taken place in the past decade, and these great populations must have water.

Although spectacular, the Boulder Dam is only one means of supply. It is a costly, ambitious and many-sided project. Designed not only to provide water but to protect against floods and to generate power, it bristles with technical, sectional and political issues. Yet despite powerful opposition and many strange questions, the legislation was driven through, a feat made possible only because of a real insistence on the part of a large population for more water.

But Boulder Dam will take years to build and cannot solve the whole problem, at that. The strange combination of a great population in a given region together with aridity must compel a unity of action on the part of the city and valley peoples of California such as the world has never seen before. There are large quantities of water in the mountains of the Far West, but the natural storage of these waters is destroyed if erosion occurs from undue lumbering or grazing by sheep and cattle in the higher altitudes. Most of these mountain areas as well as vast stretches of desert are owned by the Federal Government, and a modification of the Government's policies in respect to grazing, lumbering and homesteading may be necessary to protect the great and growing population in the lowlands.

All this may seem at first glance of little interest to the people of the East and the Central West. Yet these problems and struggles over Far Western water conservation have more than a little bearing upon many a political situation and maneuver in Washington. They penetrate to the very heart of numerous administrative line-ups in the Government itself. But, more than that, they strike a chord of unity among all sections that harbor large populations. It is true that the Central West, the South and the East have a normal rainfall. But the task of supplying their cities with water is only a shade less pressing than that of the desert areas. In the next twelve years New York City will spend nearly half a billion dollars for additional supply, or more than twice as much as in the last twenty-five years. Adequately to provide all the cities of the country with water in the next few decades will afford no less of an outlet for skill, imagination and genius than the automobile and electrical industries have furnished in the recent past.

Cityward

ALTHOUGH the Census figures for population are by no means complete at this writing, enough has been published to demonstrate clearly that the most striking fact to be brought out by the decennial Census of 1930 is the further trend cityward. This is looking at the subject from a national viewpoint and not from that of any particular region, state or local community. In many respects it is natural for people to take more interest in local problems than in those of a broad and rather abstract national character. The relative growth of Los Angeles and Detroit or the degree to which Chicago crept up on New York arouses more feeling than the exact rate of general urbanization. Surely no one denies that the growth in population of any given town, city or state is a subject of legitimate concern. Size is not everything, but there is sheer pretense in failing to recognize its genuine appeal.

Of the thousands of local situations, possibly the most surprising is that of New York City. The general expectation had been that a distinct moderation in the growth of the metropolis would be disclosed, this idea evidently having been based on knowledge that Manhattan Island was actually losing population. The figures showed a great loss in the old city of New York, but this was so much more than made up for by the tremendous gains in the other boroughs that the city as a whole shows an increase of more than a million and a quarter in the ten-year period. Other striking regional or local gains which had been expected were those in California and Michigan, as well as that of the Southwestern region of the country in general. It is rather invidious, however, even to call attention to these changes, because there have been others all very important in their way.

But no regional or local shift can possibly equal in significance the general urbanization which is under way. This takes many forms, the least consequential of which is the aggrandizement of the very large cities, such as those in the first ten. Of far more interest is the growth of suburbs, and of still greater moment has been the rise of the small city in general, both of the suburban and non-suburban character.

We live in a country which is changing more rapidly than we realize, but there is no occasion to be alarmed or pessimistic. If people continue to move from farm to city they do not have less to eat on that account, but rather more. The farm itself is being industrialized and almost urbanized, what with modern machinery and automobiles. Certainly it is less isolated than before. On the other hand, city life and the citification of the rural areas have their dangers. The human abilities, the forms of government and the institutions which served a rural nation may not serve an urban one so well. The Census figures of population distribution are a real challenge to national adaptability.

Business Honesty

DURING the past generation our standards of mercantile honesty have been raised mightily. The tireless campaign for truth in advertising waged by the Better Business Bureaus has borne heavy fruitage. The Federal Trade Commission has some good work to its credit. The better newspapers have done yeoman service in the cause. The highest-grade journals of national circulation have reared a great industry upon a foundation of merited confidence. They have made it possible for the most distant customer to buy unfamiliar merchandise, whether it costs a dollar or a thousand dollars, without fear of getting the worst of the bargain. The reader in London who bought by cable a high-priced motor car, sight unseen, to meet him at the dock when he landed in New York, knew that if he were not entirely satisfied the seller would not rest until he was. Such confidence upon the part of buyers is typical of our national merchandising.

It is the slippery little people—those who resort to every variety of sharp practice before they wind up in the bankruptcy court—who give a black eye to certain lines of business. They sit up nights devising new ways in which to get the better of their customers, while their honest competitors, with no more working capital, build slowly and surely, and often become merchants or manufacturers of more than local importance. Each has his reward after his own kind. Business need not be big to be honest, but it must be honest to grow big and stay big from generation to generation.

Eventually we shall be better equipped with public agencies which will supply us with exact and unbiased information upon the merits of the more costly articles we have occasion to buy. In the meantime we cannot go very far wrong if we confine our more important spending to those concerns whose reputation is such that sharp practice is the last thing they could afford.

TWO PRESIDENTS

By George Wharton Pepper

IT HAS been my good fortune to come into personal contact with nine Presidents of the United States. Colonel Roosevelt was the first of these with whom the contact was more than occasional and formal. In the case of Mr. Taft, as the result of many associations both before, during and after his presidential term, the relation rose to the dignity of a friendship. Mr. Harding was the first with whom I had an official relation. He and Mr. Coolidge were the Presidents during whose Administrations I served in the Senate. Naturally, my opportunity to judge these men and to estimate their worth was greater than in the case of any of the others.

I first met Mr. Harding in Chicago immediately after the adjournment of the Republican National Convention of 1920, which nominated him for the presidency. Senator Watson, of Indiana, introduced me to him when I called to pay my respects. Harding had a certain charm of manner, which was not assumed, but was the manifestation of a genuine interest in his fellowmen. He held out his hand to me and said, with a certain quiet earnestness, "I hope to see you often and I want you to think of yourself as one of us." I had been a supporter of Gen. Leonard Wood for the nomination and I had been prejudiced against Harding. His bearing, his greeting and the short talk that followed did much to remove the prejudice. From that moment until the day of his death I counted him as a friend. The thought, of course, never crossed my mind that within eighteen months I should be sitting in the Senate and seeing him frequently on public business.

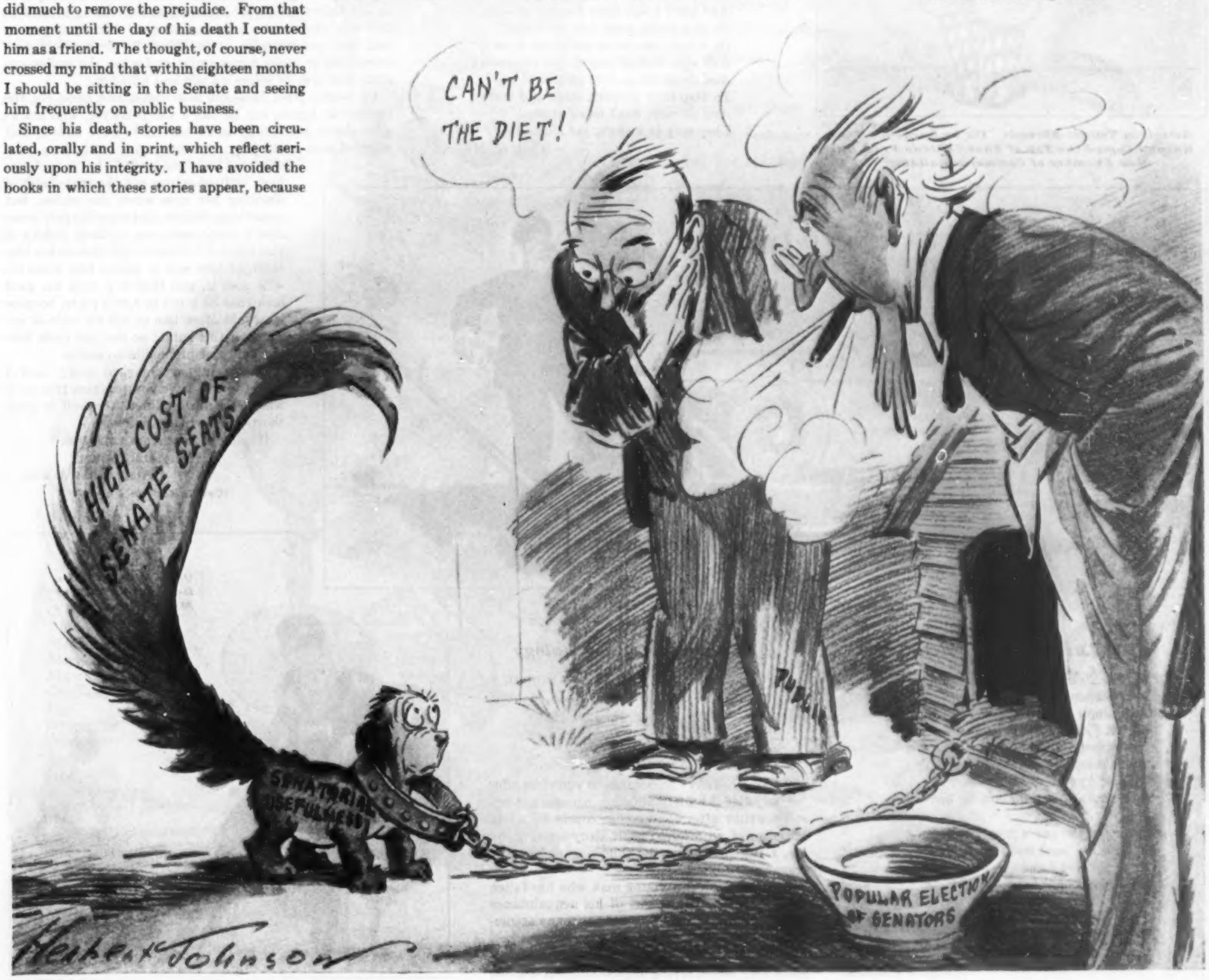
Since his death, stories have been circulated, orally and in print, which reflect seriously upon his integrity. I have avoided the books in which these stories appear, because I think time can be better employed than in reading attacks upon the dead. Therefore, I am not in a position to engage in controversy about him, even if I were disposed to do so. What I have here set down is mere matter of fact recorded in the form of personal recollections.

Mr. Harding's friendliness manifested itself even in unimportant correspondence. Within a month after his inauguration he wrote to me as follows:

> The first day you find yourself traveling toward Washington I wish you would run in and give me the satisfaction of a brief interview. The matter is not urgent, but I would like to see you some time within the next couple of weeks. The appointment can be arranged any day most convenient to you.

I had not the least idea what was in his mind. When, however, I sought the interview which he had suggested, I found that something had intervened which made it unnecessary. I learned afterward that the President, of his own motion, had intended to tender me the office of Solicitor General, but that Senator Penrose had objected. This was not surprising, as I had never enjoyed Penrose's confidence. I have been told that he had successfully interposed a similar objection when President Taft proposed to offer me an important judicial position. Penrose, I suspect, had never forgiven me for appearing with Senator Edmunds before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections in opposition to Quay's claim to a seat. The incident occurred before the constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of senators and at a time when senators were elected by the legislatures of the several states. The legislature of Pennsylvania had failed to elect Quay to succeed himself, but after the legislature had adjourned, Governor Stone had appointed him. The contestants urged that the vacancy thus sought to be filled had not occurred during a recess of the legislature and that the governor was, therefore, without power to appoint. This undoubtedly sound view was adopted by the committee, notwithstanding an able argument in Quay's behalf by John P. Elkin, then Attorney General of Pennsylvania and afterward a justice of the Supreme Court of that state. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, voted with the minority. As we left the committee room, the old gentleman, mistaking me for Elkin, congratulated me on presenting an argument which exactly coincided with his views. He was not a little embarrassed when he found that he had congratulated the wrong man. The Senate sustained the committee and Quay

(Continued on Page 102)



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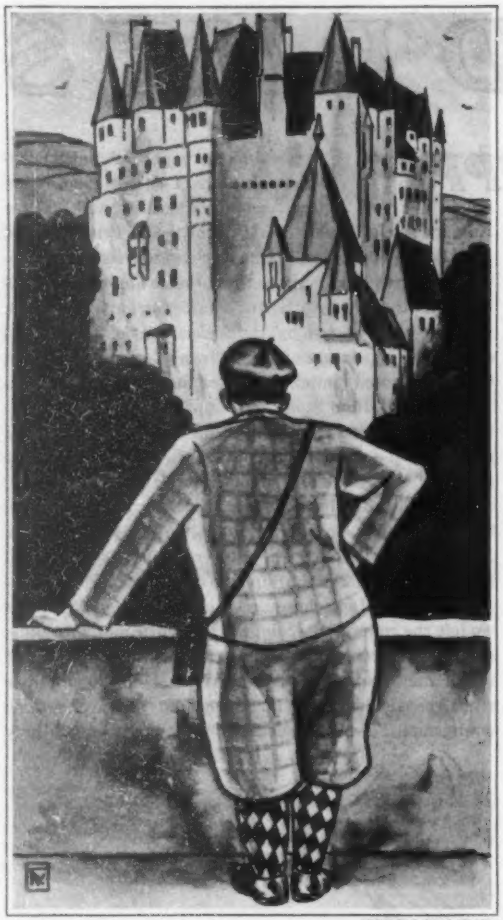


DRAWN BY D. EARLE NELSON

American Tourist Abroad: "I'll be Darned if They Haven't Copied the Top of That Château From Our New Chamber of Commerce Building"

Murmurings

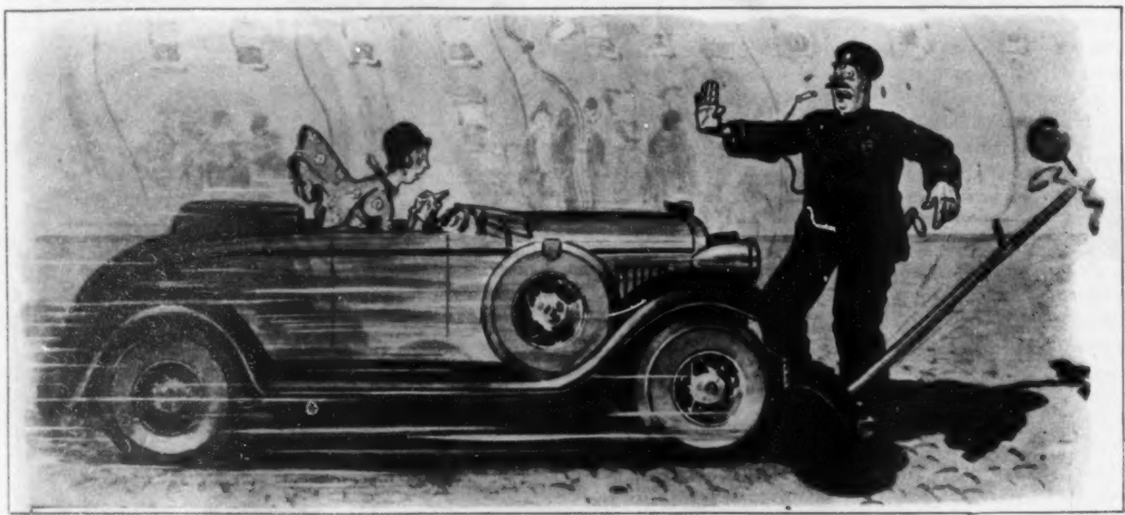
THE life of a popular song nowadays is only two months. After that a crooner is sure to find it.

The first thousand dollars is the hardest. With that you can make a down payment on almost anything.

Behind the Scenes

I OFTEN wonder silly things
About the lives of queens and kings.
When they get into bed at night
I wonder if they douse the light?
Or do they read a bit before
They go to sleep? And do they snore?
And if they do read—kings and queens—
Do they read books or magazines?
And do they wind their bedroom clocks?
And do the kings lay out their socks?
And when kings travel far away,
Do they call queens up every day?
And do they send out greeting cards
Containing rimes by would-be bards?
And do they entertain their cousins,
And aunts and uncles by the dozens?
And do their relatives deplore
The silver, linen, walls and floor?
And do the queens say, "Goodness knows
Just where on earth my money goes!"?
And when kings want a snack at night,
Do they sneak down and get a bite?
Do kings' sons go on dates and dances,
And sigh through puppy-love romances?
And do the kings have certain places
To keep their neckties, shoes and braces?
And do—aw, don't let's fret about it—
They may be human, but I doubt it.

—*Albert G. Miller.*



DRAWN BY PAUL CARRUTH

Lady Palmist: "My! What a Short Life Line"

The Last of the Mohicans

TAKE care, for she will chain you tight
With marmalade and candlelight,
And people coming in for tea
At five. And if she possibly
Can manage, she will have it so
You'll think you cannot come or go
Without apprising her of where
And why you want to take the air.

She'll fashion you a proper noose
Of pots and pans and orange juice
And rugs and furniture, until
She bends you to her velvet will
So utterly you'll quite forget
That you were once inclined to fret
At shackles. Peace will be your one
And only prayer from sun to sun.

—*Margaret Fishback.*

A Knowledge of Psychology

1642 ELM STREET,
PUNXWEGO, N. Y.
June 16, 1929.

SUCCESS SHORT-STORY INSTITUTE,
GILA CITY, ARIZ.

GENTLEMEN: In regards to your free offer to judge if I am qualified to become a short-story writer after taking your course by a free criticism of an original short-story scenario by me, I beg to submit the following short-story scenario as follows:

Alec Jameson is a young man who has fallen in love with a young girl of his acquaintance named Agnes Halsey. This girl has many attractions, mental and physical, to recommend her, such as golden hair, good teeth and blue eyes, and a very sweet, loving disposition; but it is not any of these qualities that makes Alec fall in love with her, but something that seems very foolish to him, although he cannot help himself; and that is that she has a habit of shutting her eyes when she smiles.

Alec Jameson tries to analyze why it is that this habit of Agnes' is so attractive to him, because there doesn't seem to be any sense to it; but he is unable to find any reason why it is so attractive. He tells himself he is foolish to be attracted by this habit and not by Agnes' many mental and physical other attractions, but that does not do any good and he finds himself trying to get up funny sayings and jokes to make Agnes smile, so she will shut her eyes when she smiles at them; and he is even watching her all the time to see if maybe she won't smile sometimes when he is not expecting it.

Well, things go on in this way for some time and Alec keeps on falling deeper in love, and finally he and Agnes are married.

But when Alec and Agnes have been married about a year Alec suddenly finds that this habit of Agnes' no longer attracts him, but he is beginning to get fed up on it. This feeling of Alec's gets worse and worse until finally Alec gets to hating Agnes on account of this habit of hers and wondering will he have to sit watching her grin and bat her eyes, as he calls it, all his life. He tells himself he is a fool to let this habit of Agnes' affect him so much, but he cannot help it and in spite of Agnes' many mental and physical attractions he gets to hate her worse and worse.

To make matters worse he finds himself constantly saying funny things to make Agnes smile and shut her eyes as he did before they were married, and torturing himself in this way like certain religious fanatics. Finally it gets so bad that one morning at breakfast he deliberately says something to make Agnes smile, and when she smiles and shuts her eyes he seizes a knife and kills her.

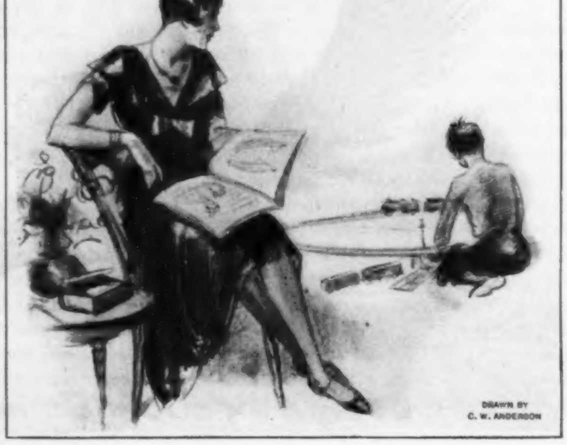
Of course Alec Jameson is arrested and tried for the murder of Agnes, but he has a sharp lawyer, who knows a lot about psychology and is careful to have nobody but married men on the jury; and every man on the jury has a wife that has some kind of a habit, as Agnes had; only of course not the same habit of shutting her eyes when she smiles, but something similar; and when the jury hears Alec's story each one of them thinks of this habit of his wife's, and this makes him think of how sore it makes him when his wife does it, and that it is only his good luck that he is not in Alec's place, because he would often like to kill his wife on account of this habit; so the jury finds Alec not guilty of justifiable homicide.

This is a psychological story, and I would like to have your opinion free on it whether I am qualified to enroll in your short-story-writing course.

Hoping to hear from you soon,
Very truly yours,
ALEXANDER JAMES.

(Continued on Page 75)

"Oh, Eddie Will You Do Something for Me?" "Not if it's Upstairs"

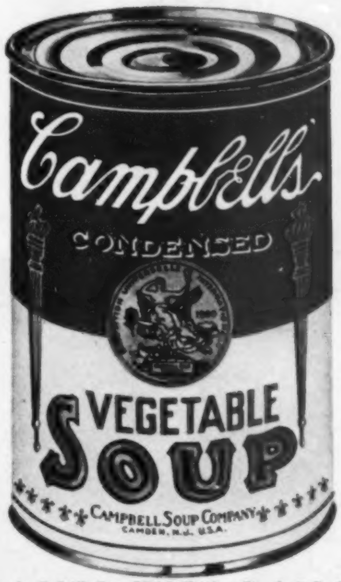


DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

This soup-luncheon is a great summertime favorite!

When you can enjoy a delicious, substantial luncheon or supper with next-to-nothing to do in preparing it, you welcome it with enthusiasm. Especially now when your one greatest desire is to keep out of the hot kitchen.

Do you realize that thousands and thousands of women every day sit down to a soup-luncheon? A meal that is supplied in the one hearty, substantial soup — Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It's so popular everywhere that people are already calling it America's favorite lunch!



15 vegetables — the very pick of the gardens. Invigorating broth. Body-building cereals. Fresh herbs and tempting seasonings. All your life you have liked vegetable soup. But until you've tasted Campbell's you haven't enjoyed soup made with so many different vegetables and blended with the professional skill of great French chefs. It's a revelation in how irresistible vegetable soup can be!

Remember that there are 20 other choices in the famous Campbell's Soups. Look for the Red-and-White Label. 12 cents a can.

Will you move a little faster,
Mr. Clock, you're like a snail,
I'm dying for my Campbell's,
So I'll step upon your tail!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Your choice . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
(Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

The Wrong Side of the Tracks

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

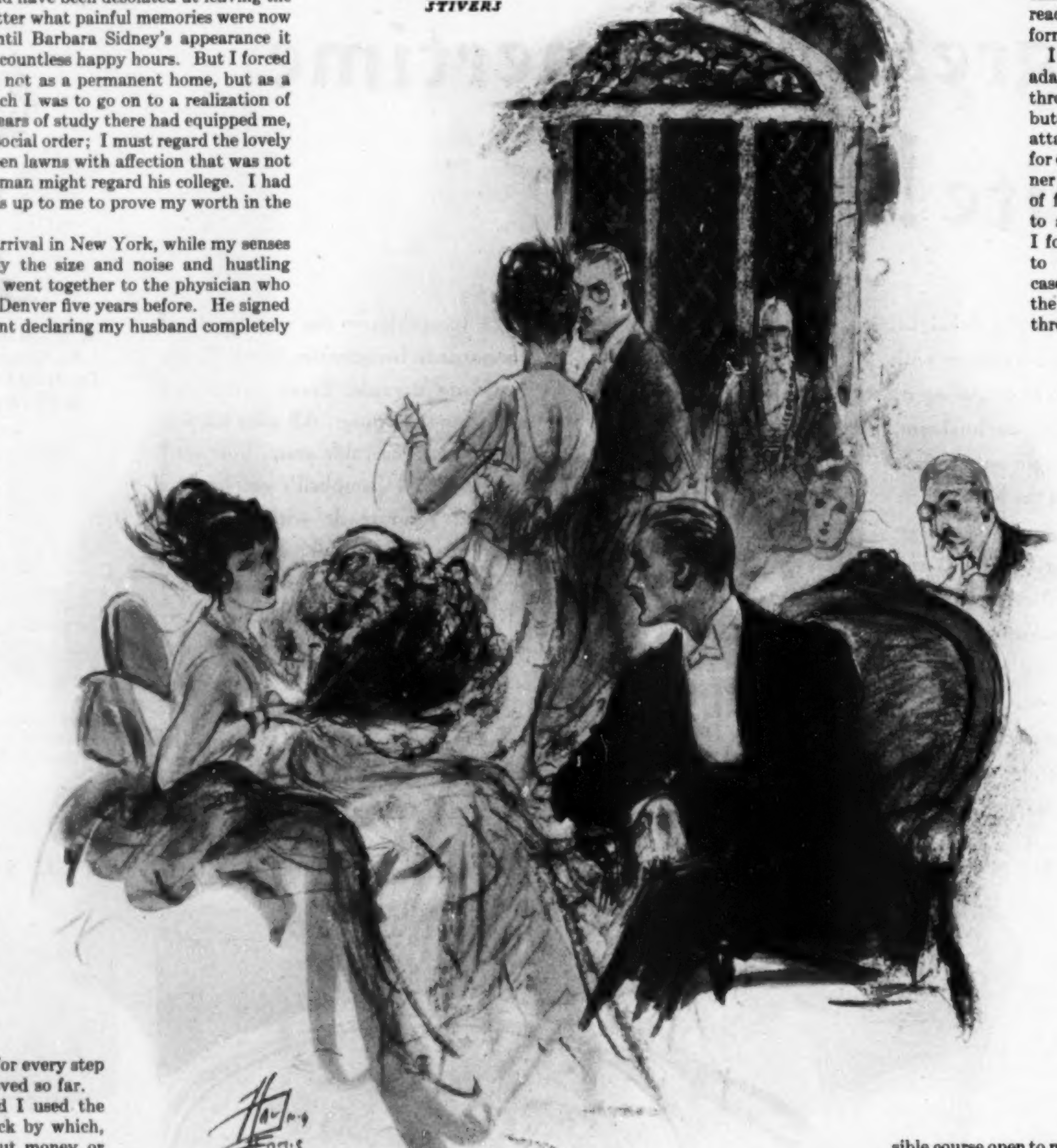
IV

IF I HAD been able to allow myself the luxury of sentimentality I would have been desolated at leaving the ranch; for no matter what painful memories were now associated with it, until Barbara Sidney's appearance it had been the scene of countless happy hours. But I forced myself to think of it, not as a permanent home, but as a springboard from which I was to go on to a realization of my ambition. Five years of study there had equipped me, I felt, for the highest social order; I must regard the lovely low house and the green lawns with affection that was not too binding, just as a man might regard his college. I had graduated; now it was up to me to prove my worth in the world outside.

The day after our arrival in New York, while my senses were still confused by the size and noise and hustling crowds, George and I went together to the physician who had examined him in Denver five years before. He signed the necessary statement declaring my husband completely cured, and this was turned over to the Lemars' lawyers, who, in consequence of my premarriage agreement with George's parents, now negotiated the settlement of a substantial independent fortune upon us. This tangible evidence of my success reassured me.

Moreover, the knowledge that I was now rich in my own right gave me a self-confidence which only a person who had always been poor could properly estimate.

I am afraid it gave me too much confidence, or, as Elsie would have said, it "went to my head." In my approach to the citadel of New York society I relied for the first time entirely on money and neglected to employ the technic which had been responsible for every step of success I had achieved so far.



He Leaned Nearer: "Forgive My Cheek, But Just What is it Our Hosts are Trying to Get From You?"

I now see that had I used the same method of attack by which, as a little girl without money or friends, I had wedged my way across the tracks into the charmed circle of Fording, I might have done well. In those early years I had relied, in dealing with my elders, upon their fondness for giving advice and for helping someone who confessed frankly that she needed help. This gave them a delightful feeling of power and superiority, and resulted in their affection for me. With my contemporaries, it had been a question of being able to give them something they wanted. My brief career in New York was a violation of both these principles. I asked no one's advice; I took for granted that all people wanted were expensive entertainments.

The mere size of the city was against me; the polo crowd, through which we rented a house on Long Island for the summer, was one small part of the whole. They were friendly enough in a casual sort of way, and no doubt if I had selected any one of the wives and asked her for guidance, I would have received valuable help. But through my reading of society journals I had fixed on another set of names as of higher position, and I made no effort to become friends with any of the women I met. By the time I had discovered that the names which appeared so frequently in print were usually those of the climbers, of whom the firmly intrenched made fun, it was too late. Nor did our fortune cause any stir. There were too many strangers constantly arriving with as much or more money, for anyone to be excited about our wealth. We were asked to subscribe to hundreds of charities, and anyone with a house to sell came to us, but with this exception we made little more impression than if we had been poor.

For the winter we rented a furnished house in town and took a box at the opera, so that I might hear at first-hand the music which I had trained myself to appreciate during my years of self-education on the ranch. It was even hard to fill the box with desirable guests. Other newcomers, less presentable than we, had no such difficulty, but it was George who gave me the clew to this.

"If I were in business in New York—had extensive connections with some banking house, for instance—some member of the firm, probably some younger man of excellent family, but little money, would take us up and see to it that we got to know the right people. But as it is, no one has anything to gain from us."

I refused to accept this and gave several elaborate formal dinners, issuing invitations so far in advance that I was certain to have enough guests, but they were failures. In part, this was due to the fact that at this period every class was obsessed by a desire for gayety. Dancing had become a craze, night clubs flourished, and business men even came uptown in the afternoons to dance before dinner. Nowhere could I find the social pattern which my eager reading of society novels had formed in my mind.

I was not quick enough to adapt myself, or willing to throw overboard all the attributes which I had labored to attain. I had taught myself, for example, how to give a dinner with exactly the right blend of foods and wines; I refused to alter my menus even after I found that my guests failed to appreciate them and, in cases where we were going to the theater or opera, rushed through the many courses and gulped down our prize vintages with no more savoring than if they had been water.

It was a bewildering year; George, who had grown accustomed to continual parties in California, insisted upon filling up the house with all sorts of people—men he had known at college, men he met at the clubs where he had been put up—and I had no way of knowing when they were of the élite and when they weren't. Naturally, we had a good many hangers-on who were delighted to find free food and liquor and a generous host who would foot all the bills.

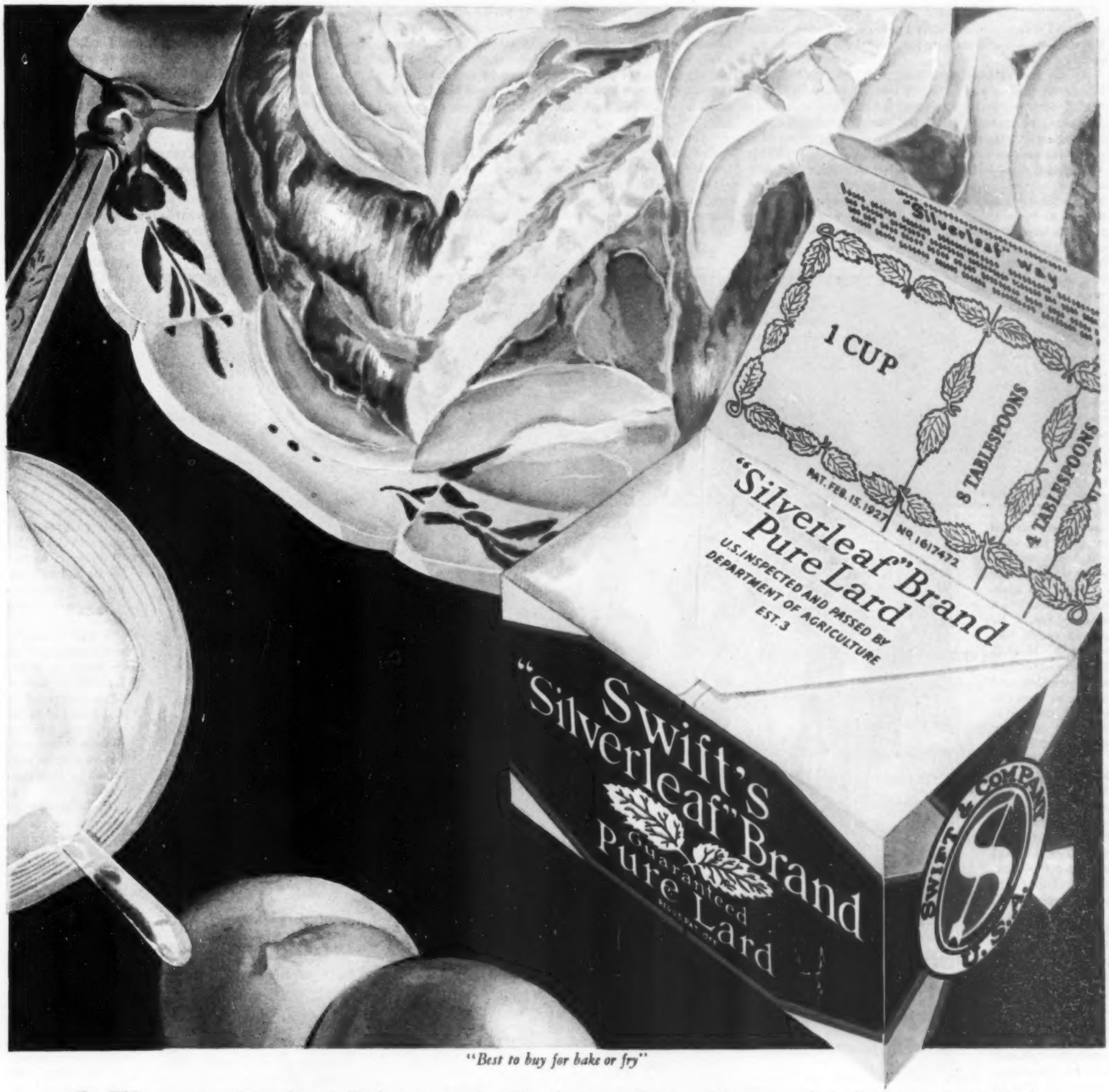
When spring came I faced the fact that I had made no progress at all, and that most of our acquaintances were a hindrance to any social standing. I had made a good many mistakes; the only sensible course open to me now was to profit by them and start all over again the next year. I resolved to pocket my pride and employ one of the women who, I had heard, made a profession of guiding the socially inexperienced. But in the meantime I could not bear the prospect of another summer on Long Island. The group there with whom George played around was so small and intimate that I felt too consciously an outsider.

I wanted to go to Europe; I was always acutely embarrassed when people casually compared restaurants in London or dressmakers in Paris of which I had never heard, and I wanted, moreover, to utilize my laboriously acquired knowledge of French and Spanish. My husband had the masculine preference to remain where he was, and suggested that I go alone, taking a companion and my maid.

But one of my fixed determinations was never to do anything which might possibly give rise to gossip; this I recognized as an old-fashioned principle, but one which, for a parvenue, was imperative. So I cast about for some way of persuading him to accompany me.

So far as I knew, the only inducement sufficient to alter a routine which he enjoyed would concern Barbara Sidney. I had heard from a mutual friend, but had not told George, that she and her husband were being amicably divorced and that she was to marry a middle-aged man of great wealth. I learned from this same source that Barbara expected to spend the summer in France. This part of my information I mentioned casually at dinner one night.

(Continued on Page 28)


"Silverleaf" way
1 CUP
8 TABLESPOONS
4 TABLESPOONS
PAT. FEB. 15, 1927 NO. 1617472
"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
U.S. INSPECTED AND PASSED BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE EST. 3
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Guaranteed Pure Lard
SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

NO compromising here! Either you subscribe whole-heartedly to *biscuit dough* for shortcake—or this page is not for you. People who like it made of cake just speak a different language.

You know the good, old-timey kind. Biscuit dough baked to a delicate brown, split the moment it comes out of the oven, hot and fragrant. Lavish piling of juicy, sugary fruit between the layers and on the top. You know how cream lingers a moment on the crusty, luscious surface, then slithers down to mingle with the fruit's sweet syrup. You know how your fork slips through the whole feather-light concoction.

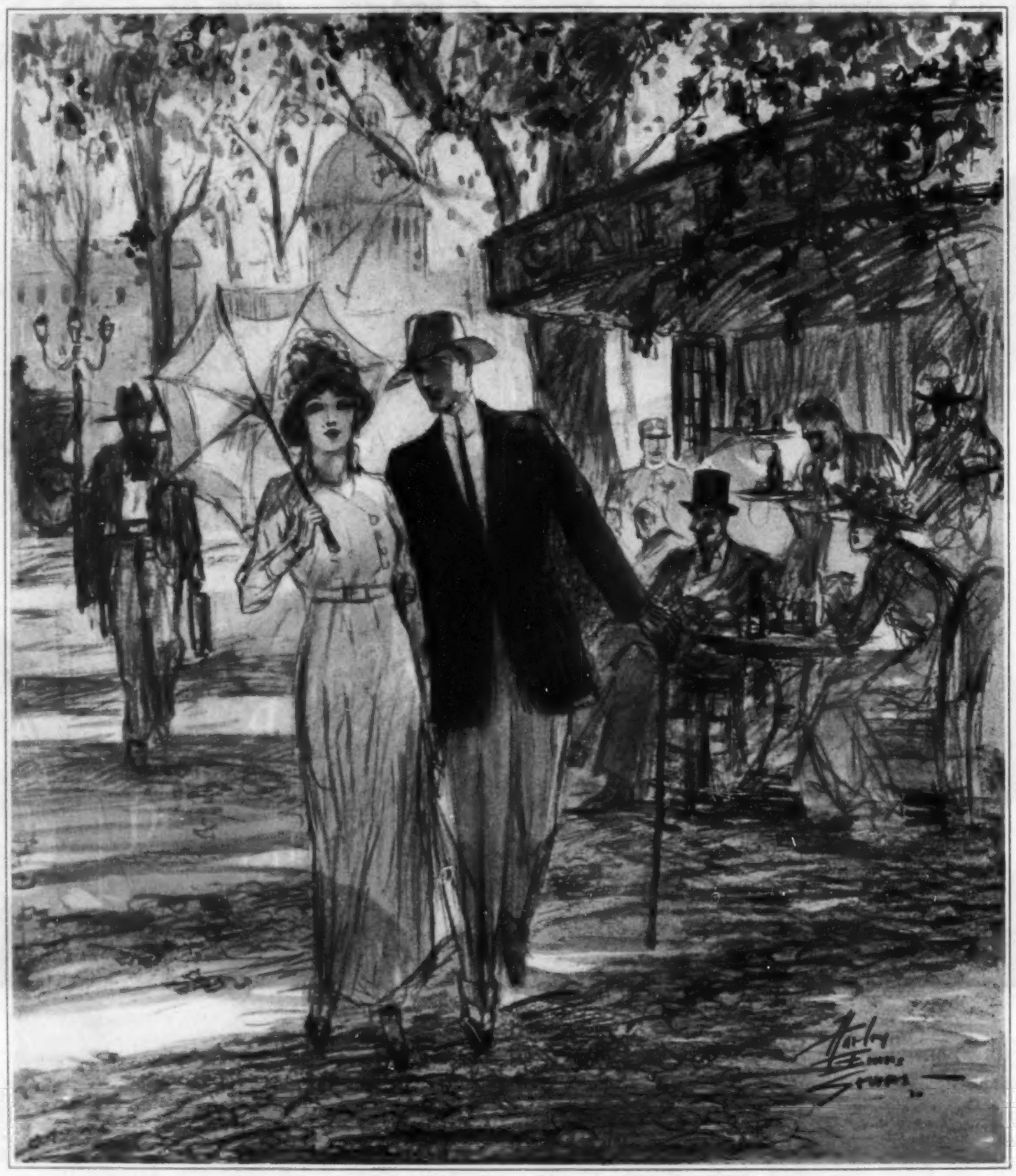
There's not a doubt about it—more and bigger old-fashioned shortcakes are needed in the home. They're easy to make. But take one precaution. Always use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard in the dough. Its sweetness and purity insure the results. "Silverleaf" comes in the convenient half, one and two pound cartons, all scored for measuring, and in the 2, 4, and 8 pound pails. Ask your dealer for "Silverleaf" today.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

(Continued from Page 26)

Then I waited a week before I again broached to George the subject of accompanying me; this time, as I had foreseen, he agreed.



The City Itself Had Such Beauty and Fascination for Me That it Was Almost Unendurable

At the end of May we sailed. Our suite de luxe was filled with flowers and books; I tried to conceal the fact that this was my first crossing and assume the nonchalance of a seasoned traveler, but I felt like Columbus himself, starting on a voyage of discovery. To my delight, we were put at the captain's table with a titled Englishman and his wife. Sir Robert had been connected with the diplomatic service and was more cordial to Americans than most of his compatriots. Lady B——, whom I would have dismissed as inexcusably frumpy, had it not been for her position, was, fortunately, a friend of the former owner of our ranch in California. At last I could use the knowledge I had gained from that indirect association. During the voyage we talked of gardening and poetry and horses, and before we landed she paid me a compliment which, although it contained the patronizing note I was to learn later was always present in British praise of Americans, warmed my heart and made my long struggle seem worth while.

"I did not know any American woman could be so—so much like one of us. Most of them are either mad about clothes and balls, or are the stupid domestic sort who talk only of their children."

Then Sir Robert added, "Mr. and Mrs. Lemar are coming to stay with us in the country, I hope." And when we fixed actual dates for this visit, I felt my cup of happiness begin to fill.

George was gratified, too, and for the first time since his loyalty had been deflected by Barbara, he deferred to my judgment about our plans. I rewarded him by suggesting that we send a wire to her asking her to dine with us the night after our arrival in Paris, where we were to stay for a month before going to London.

The first twenty-four hours I was in a state of exhilaration which lifted me out of all mundane considerations. The city itself had such beauty and fascination for me that it was almost unendurable. And to find that I was surrounded by people to whom I could talk in their native tongue doubled my joy.

Barbara's message saying she'd meet us at our hotel and would bring a friend made George wonder audibly who in the world would be with her. He never knew, any more than he knew that I had bribed her to stop seeing him, that I had advance knowledge of his identity.

She introduced the large, rather coarse-looking man whose proprietary attitude had already revealed the situation, as her fiancé, Mr. Greaves. Whether it was due to George's disgust that she could contemplate marrying such a gross creature merely because of his wealth, or because Barbara herself, although still handsome, showed the signs of late hours and reckless living, I did not find important. I only know that when we left them, at three in the morning, after a tour of noisy restaurants more or less similar in character, George took hold of my arm and held it tightly as we went up in the elevator to our spacious rooms, and said:

"You're a grand girl, Ruth."

And knowing, even better than he, all that lay behind the words, they were music to my ears.

Our weeks in France were ideal; George had not been over since he was a boy, and we devoted ourselves without shame to sight-seeing. I felt as if it were the first holiday I had ever had; here there was no social ax for me to grind; we took excursions into the country, spent two days at Chartres, walked in the forest of Barbizon, and, except for inevitable trips to dressmakers and milliners, spent all our time together in the most enjoyable companionship we had known for years.

Only when we spoke of our approaching visit to England did I become apprehensive. I even hesitated to open a note which arrived from Lady B——, fearful lest she should be canceling her invitation. I had learned that she had a distinguished position in London; suppose she had inquired about me and found out that, far from being prominent in America, I had never really been accepted anywhere! Suppose she had been told that my mother had been a seamstress and my stepfather a saloon keeper!

Then, when I forced myself to read her message, and found it contained a cordial reminder of our promise to stay with them and a schedule of trains, I could have wept with relief and gratitude to her. This mood proved the best possible preparation for our visit. Lady B——, as English ambassadress in several countries, had acquired the habit of command, and since her own daughters were difficult to rule, she found my willingness to sit at her feet most gratifying.

The lack of comfort and luxury in their house astonished me, but I was careful to repress my feelings, and even learned eventually to speak slightingly of ostentation as a characteristic of the *nouveau riche*.

At the station we found a carriage drawn by two splendid horses, and a cart for our baggage. When we turned into a beautiful park, with wonderful old trees and the smoothest lawns imaginable, I expected the drive would lead up to an old castle at least. But the stone house, covered with ivy, was neither as large nor as impressive as places I had seen on Long Island, although it had a mellowed look of age which I admired. Both of our hosts were in the hall to greet us; they told the butler to show us to our rooms and said tea would be ready when we came down.

I was immediately perplexed as to what to wear; Lady B—— had on a shapeless skirt and jersey of faded blue, and sensible shoes, but my new Paris wardrobe contained no such garments.

Claire solved the problem for me by whispering that I would do well not to change from my dark traveling clothes. She had spent some time in England as a governess and knew its customs far better than I did. She informed me that there was only one bathroom, which must be used by the eight guests as well as the family, but that she would secure it for me in plenty of time, so that, for dinner, I could be ravishing.

"And the best jewels tonight, madame."

I trusted her judgment; so, after taking off my hat and freshening up, I joined George, and together we went down to the drawing-room.

There were only a dozen people there, but I felt extremely shy and did no more than bow when Lady B—— named them. This was also fortunate, for the English belief that all Americans, upon introduction, wring your hand and say in nasal tones, "Pleased to meet you," was shattered.

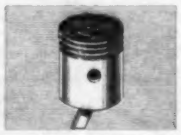
The timidity which caused me to sit near the tea table and listen while the others talked was interpreted as reserve. Moreover, when I did speak, the intonations of my voice, which I had acquired from the Bostonian teacher in high school, although unlike theirs, were not disagreeable.

(Continued on Page 62)

Why did you pick the oil you now use?

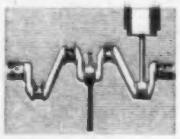
Because of the crude it was made from? Then it may be a deficient oil!

A DEFICIENT OIL

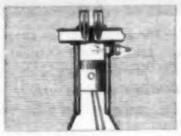


—may pile up hard carbon deposits on cylinders, pistons and valves.

—may oxidize. This results in valves gumming and sticking.



—may lack proper oily character to keep down wear in your engine.



—may lack heat resistance—"use up" too quickly, and thus cost more to use.

Perhaps you picked an oil for your engine because it was made from some particular crude. But—did you know *this?* Oil scientists know that a dozen oils of widely different quality can come from the same crude!

WHAT IS A DEFICIENT OIL?

To be a full-duty lubricant an oil must contain four essential properties to meet four definite needs in lubricating your engine. These properties must be blended in exactly the correct proportions for your particular engine. They are:

Carbon Control — keeps down carbon in your cylinders.

Heat Resistance—makes your oil last longer.

Oily Character—protects moving parts from wear.

Oxidation Control—prevents gumming and sticking of valves, and clogging of passages in oiling system.

If any of these properties are lacking in an oil—or present in incorrect proportions, that oil is a deficient oil.

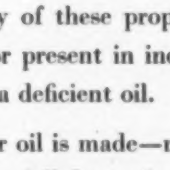
Motor oil is made—not found. And the only way a *full-duty* oil can be made is to start with the needs of each type of engine, not with some particular crude. Engine study is the only foundation for a full-duty oil.

More automotive engineers use Mobiloil than any other oil—they know engines and they know the importance of correct lubrication. More motorists use Mobiloil than any other oil—they know that it gives better results. Ask for the grade of Mobiloil made especially for your engine as recommended by the Mobiloil Chart.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN



Mobiloil

Your Mobiloil dealer cordially invites you to hear the famous Mobiloil concerts each Wednesday evening . . . WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.

Beneath its charm lies satisfaction .

DO what you will, there's *always* extra work around the table—extra careful sweeping, extra brushing—until such useless labor teaches you that beauty *must* be practical. And you get a Congoleum Rug for your dining room.

For the beauty of Gold Seal Congoleum carries no penalty of drudgery. Congoleum is a declaration of independence from needless work. Easy as Congoleum is to look at, it is hard on dirt. No grease, grime, spots or crumbs can ever get beneath its shining, sanitary surface. And you *never* have to take a Gold Seal Congoleum Rug out and beat it. A light wipe with a damp mop and it is gay as new. A lovely thing —when you lay it, or next week, or after many months of service have proved its worth.

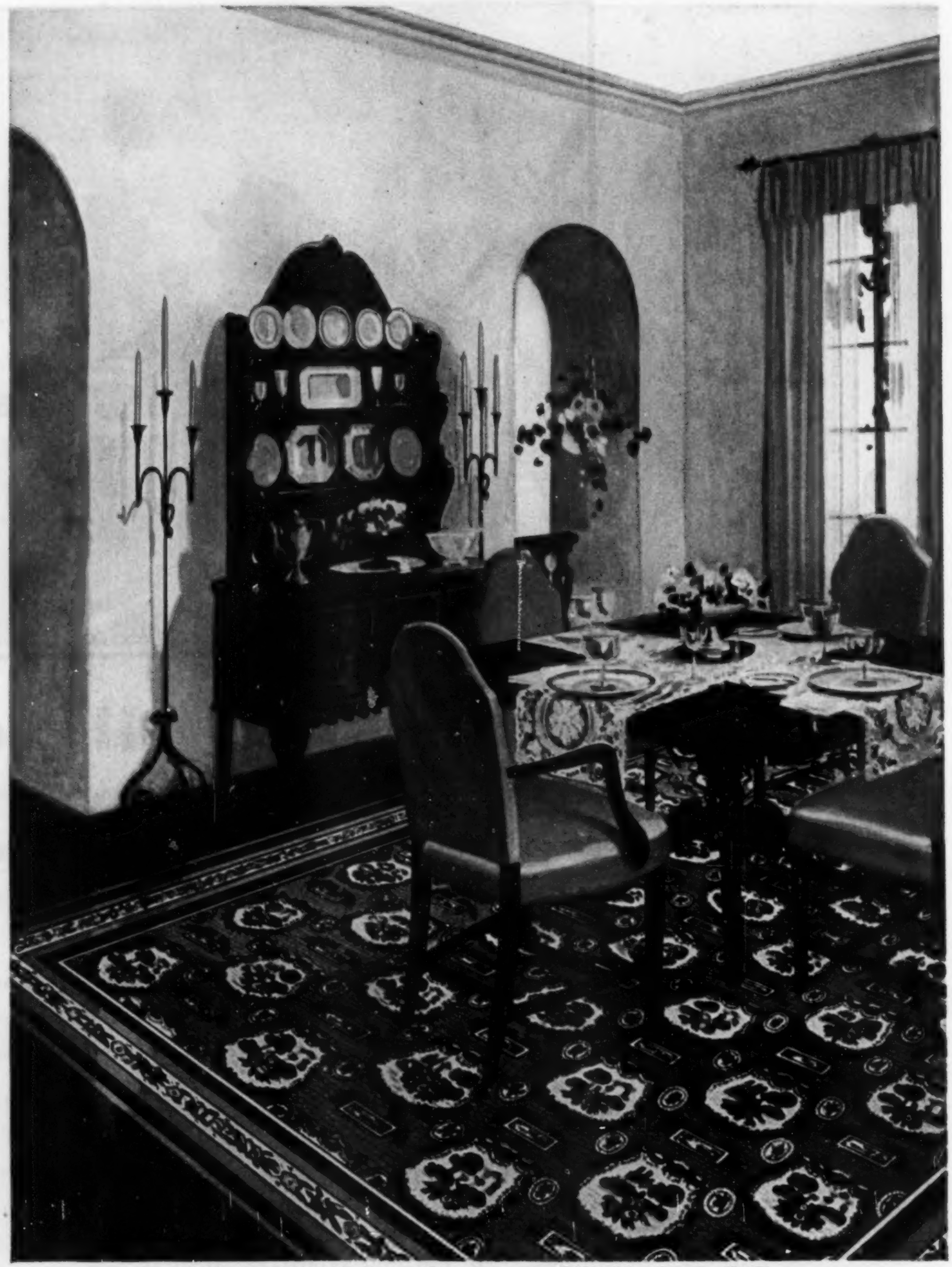
If its price seems too low, remember that enormous production makes this possible. For a galaxy of brilliant patterns and the ability to stand wear have made Congoleum Rugs the choice of millions of up-to-date women.

But be certain you get genuine Gold Seal Congoleum—whether rugs or all-over floor-covering. Avoid possible disappointment by being *sure* that the Gold Seal is pasted on the pattern.

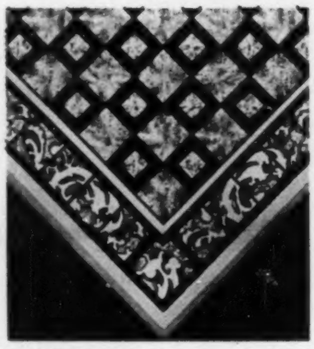
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
In Canada — Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

HEAVY WEIGHT
THIS IS A
GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
RUG
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

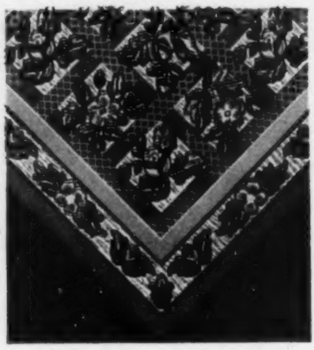
Should you require it, final proof that you need genuine Gold Seal Congoleum is the number of its imitators. Only the genuine, made by the largest and oldest manufacturer of smooth-surfaced rugs, has the Gold Seal pasted on every rug and can be called Gold Seal Congoleum.



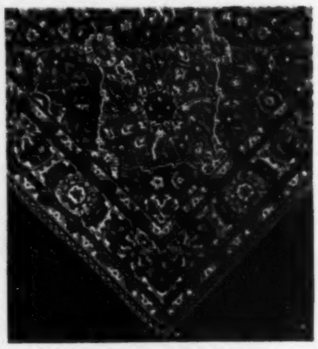
"ARCADIA"—A delightfully distinctive dining room pattern. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 618.*



"SPARTA"—Tiles in lustrous marble effects set off by bright blue insets. A very new and smart kitchen rug, that looks well in other rooms too. *Gold Seal Rug No. 624.*



"DIXIE"—A harmony in jade and tan, with an appealing floral motif in squares and border. For bedroom, sun-porch or living room. *Gold Seal Rug No. 617.*



"PERSAN"—The glamour of the Orient is in its soft colors. Like the true Oriental rug, it harmonizes with practically any color scheme. *Gold Seal Rug No. 612.*

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MY WAR DIARY—By Benito Mussolini

COPYRIGHT BY KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, LONDON

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

On Guard in a Trench. Half of the Men Sleep While the Others Keep Watch. Above—An Alpinists' Machine-Gun Crew in Readiness for an Attack

8TH DECEMBER, 1916.

YESTERDAY at nightfall we moved to the farthest forward trench in our line. It was raining hard. We got into a muddy hole. Not much firing. Great expenditure of rockets. The Austrians are from thirty to fifty yards away from us. They were working hard last night. One heard the clink of their picks and the knocking of their hammers. No rain this morning, but the horizon is gray. The guns are at work, but without engaging themselves too heavily. In the shelters abandoned by the Austrians on the reverse slope of the Debeli we found some ironshod clubs. Our trench has such a curious tracing here that we are exposed both to frontal and flank attack. But there is a kind of tacit agreement come to between us and the Germans by which we do not fire at one another. We see them and let our rifles lie idle; they see us—and we show ourselves a long way too much!—and they do not fire.

Here we are stuck fast in these muddy holes, motionless, in waiting on our destiny.

The rain of the last few days has rather lowered the level of the Bersaglieri's morale. We are all soaking wet; we have only one blanket and a greatcoat; we are without our packs and we shall not get them again till we go back to rest. Not a strip of blue sky to be seen; a uniform dun sky, the color of a monk's frock, and drizzling.

War slang:

Spazzola—hunger.

Fifhaus—an armored underground refuge.

Our trench surrounds the field of the last battle of November. We have collected and buried the Austrian corpses from the twelve-inch-shell holes. We sprinkled a little quicklime round them.

9TH DECEMBER.

Drizzling. However, it looks as if the horizon was going to clear at last. The daily symphony of heavy shells is beginning. The Austrians are firing a little with field guns. Drumfire from our guns.

Last night an Austrian prisoner gave himself up of his own accord to the sentry of the 7th Company. He said that our fire a few evenings ago occasioned serious losses to the Austrians. The prisoner is the only survivor of a post on which there was a direct hit. The three others were killed. One of our patrols went to the advanced post and came back with three Tyrolese packs and seven rifles.

Afternoon. A melancholy ray of sun. An Austrian shell fell into one of their own trenches. They immediately sent up three rockets to give warning of the mistake. The stink of unburied or badly buried corpses. Fine weather? A ray of sun has burst through the thick curtain of cloud which has been depressing and mortifying us for several days. The artillery takes advantage of it. One of our eleven-inch shells cuts a gap of at least ten yards in the wire of their trench. They bombard us with shrapnel. One man of the 7th Company wounded, but not seriously. The sky is clearing, and our hearts are clearing too. The concert goes on. A heavy shell has made a direct hit on some of the advanced shelters. Some men put out of action.

10TH DECEMBER.

Last night, from two to three A.M., worked at digging a communication trench between our front lines. In the darkness, which was but faintly lit by the moon behind the clouds, the battlefield of our last advance presents an extraordinary sight. There is nothing to be seen on the gashed and torn-up ground but every kind of wreckage and ruin. Gusts of the smell of corpses. The Germans work unwearyingly every night from six P.M. to six A.M. A hundred hammers strike the boring bars and the hundred mines explode in the night. This work makes no great impression on us. We know that nothing will resist the action of our artillery. A gray sky this morning. Ten A.M.; a somewhat weary resumption of heavy shell fire. The concert becomes more lively as the horizon clears.

Jamiano, which was reached and abandoned in our November advance, is not more than five hundred to seven hundred yards away from us as the crow flies. A twelve-inch shell which goes over regularly every fifteen minutes makes a noise like the drone of a tramcar. An afternoon of thin, implacable rain! Silence in the trench. One or two men hum, but in a low voice, without conviction. A few intermittent shots from the artillery increase the melancholy. The Austrian attack of the other night on Hill 208 has been referred to in the G. H. Q. bulletin in these terms: "On the Carso yesterday artillery activity continued. In the evening, the enemy, after a violent artillery preparation, attempted two successive attacks against our lines on the northeast of Hill 208 south, but was sharply repulsed."

11TH DECEMBER.

Last night we came back from the advanced posts to camp. It was raining hard. Wet through to the bones, we patiently waited for relief. In the act of giving up my apartment to the newcomer, the unknown guest, I was asked by him:

"Where are the Germans?"

"There, twenty yards off."

"Do they shoot with guns?"

"No, because we are too near them."

(Continued on Page 33)

McClelland Barclay

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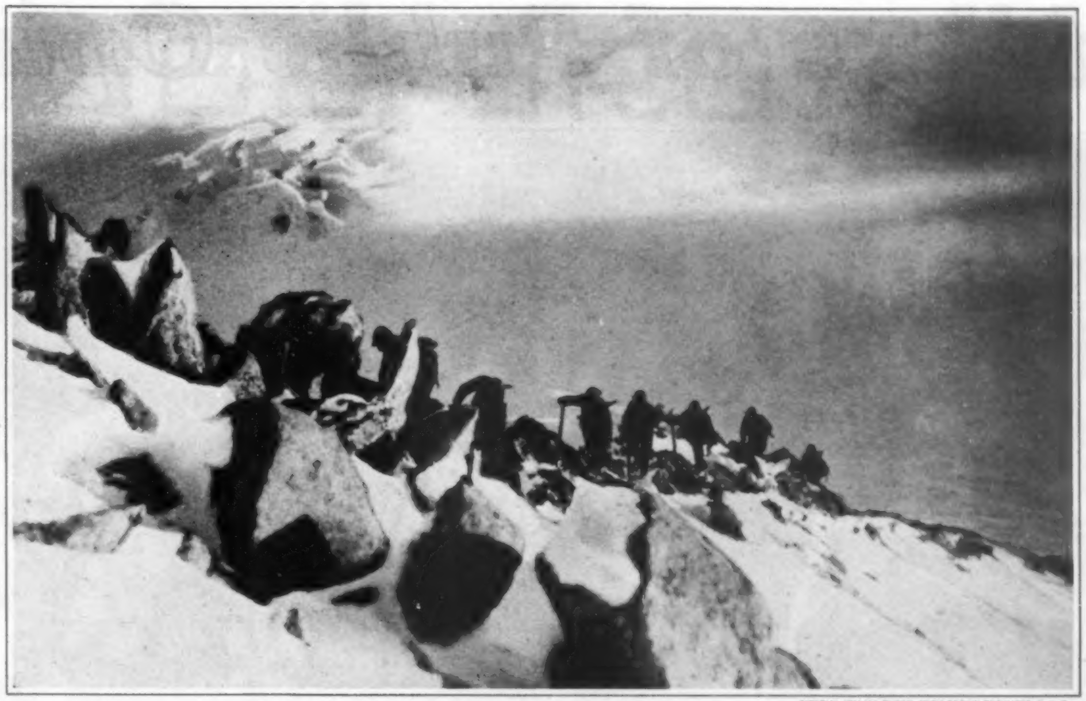
(Continued from Page 31)



OFFICIAL ITALIAN PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Advance Pickets Breaking the First Trail Over Glacial Heights

"With bombs, then?"

"Not with bombs either."

Midnight. The rain has stopped and the furious wind is making the clouds gallop. A violent Austrian surprise attack against our line has just stopped. I was dozing. I was aroused by the strident bursts of the trench mortar bombs.

Then the rifle fire began. Very violent. It was like the ticking of a gigantic typewriter. There are some Bersaglieri with me in the new hole.

One of them says to me: "Are they letting us have it?"

"It seems so! Good and hard!"

The enemy artillery fire increases in violence. Shrapnel rains down on the shelters and then there is a regular hail of splinters and stones. The silence of waiting.

A shout pierces the air close by: "Stretcher bearer! Stretcher bearer!"

Now our artillery has come into action. It is an infernal din.

"Get your arms, my lads, and stand by!" I order my companions.

A lieutenant goes by, running from shelter to shelter and shouting: "Bersaglieri stand to, but don't leave your shelters!"

The storm of artillery fire continues with a devilish crescendo. One can no longer hear the rifle fire, for the explosions drown it. The bursting of the heavy shells makes the hill rock. We keep quite still and go on waiting.

It's all over. A man wounded in the head, but not seriously, goes by. He is walking, without boots, in the mud, as he hops down toward the dressing post. Three stretchers with men wounded in the leg. Another man carried pickaback. One wounded in the arm, two seriously wounded. They go by without a groan.

"Sergeant, there's a man down here who's stopped moving. He's lying with his face to the ground."

"Is he dead?"

"I don't know."

"Turn him over and bring me his identity disk."

"He's dead. It's the Roman."

A group of Bersaglieri has gathered round the dead man. He was knocked out by a shrapnel bullet as he was coming out of the shelter. Roll call of the squad. Nobody wounded in my platoon. In the other companies some men have been put out of action.

A stormy morning. A squall. The guns are silent. Sunny at noon. We all go out into the sun, in spite of the shrapnel. We dry ourselves a bit. In the afternoon their guns fire here and there. As I write they are firing on our third line, but the shells are falling into the lake, sending up columns of water. From the place where I am I can see a little stretch of sea. A question which the Bersaglieri often put to me is: "How far are we from Triest?"

The lieutenant who commands my company has been promoted captain. I sent him my congratulations.

"We ought to have a little cask of cognac to wet his new star," comments a Bersagliere who used to live at Triest before the war.

15TH DECEMBER.

Last night one of the mule drivers, who are our talking newspapers, spread round the news: "There's peace in the newspapers!"

I thought that this had to do with the communications of B.-Hollweg. The news did not cause excessive excitement among us. Although they know I read the newspapers, nobody asked me any questions. This indifference is symptomatic. There has been talk of peace too often for a certain skepticism not to exist among the soldiers.

"I shan't believe anything," one of them said, "until I see the white flag flying over the trenches."

An interminable night, with squalls of rain. Some bombing in the advanced posts.

A little shelling this morning.

The Austrian artillery fires at random. That is my impression. One shot here, another there. A shell on the trenches and a shrapnel on the Doberdo road, which often ends in the lake. This does not disturb the usual coming and going. Usual and inevitable.

18TH DECEMBER.

Some talk about the German peace. The presumed condition that Italy must restore the freed territory to Austria arouses general indignation. I bet that if we were to have a referendum there would not be found ten soldiers inclined to accept this condition.

"After all this blood and all these sacrifices!"

Now that the regiment is all together again, I find some comrades whom I have not seen since September last year, when, on arrival on the Jaworcek, we were divided up among the different battalions. A welcome meeting is that with Sergeant Sapper Modesto Tudori, of Tirano, Sondrio, who had understood the necessity of the national war. He is a workman who will have nothing to do with German peace.

"We all desire peace," he says to me, "but a just and lasting one."

As I write, the Austrians have begun to bombard us.

Trench life wears one out, for it is a prison of mud. Our jailer is the Austrian artillery, which imposes silence and immobility on us. If the trenches are covered over, the imprisonment is complete. One sees the sun through a grating—that is, through a loophole. That we should have adapted ourselves to this kind of war is a marvelous proof of the individual and collective qualities of the Italian race.

A lieutenant tells me that the Duke of Aosta has paid a solemn tribute of praise to our brigade for its conduct during the two nights of enemy counterattacks and for its work in strengthening the position. A Bersagliere of my company—one Silvio Filippi, of Colle Val d'Elsa—who is now on winter leave sends me the following postcard:

"Being on leave, I do not fail to send you my most sincere greetings, having remembered you in the company of all my friends, and they were very surprised to hear that you were in the trenches like any other humble soldier. I did not fail to give your greetings to Meoni, who was very glad to get them.

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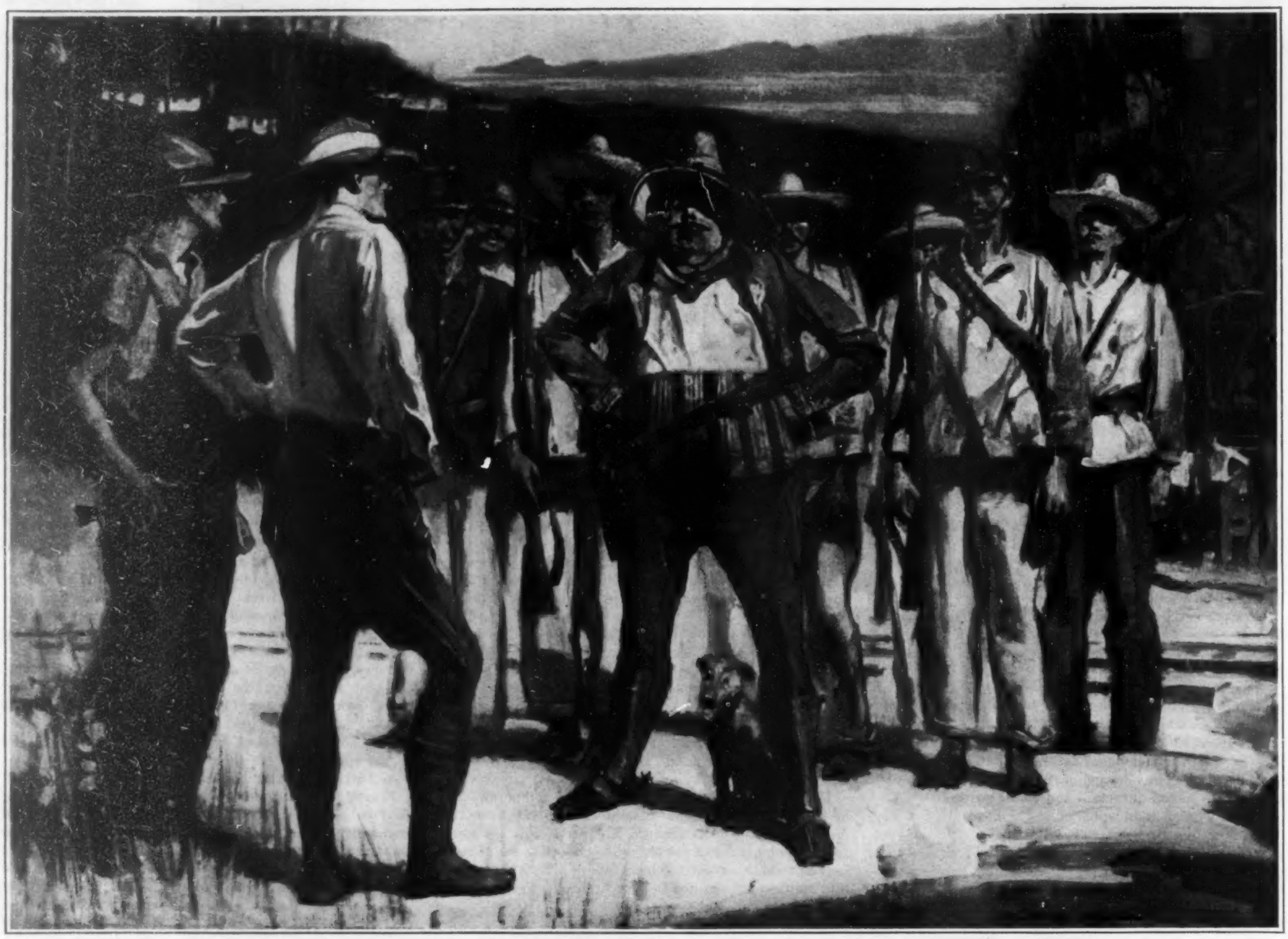
The Italian Army Holding Winter Maneuvers in the Alps

(Continued on Page 121)

Muddlers of Public Opinion



The Revolutionary General—He'd Been Sensibly Driving Track Spikes Two Short Weeks Before—Issued an Ultimatum—Issued it in Person

By A. W. SOMERVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

THE editorial brass hat of a great metropolitan newspaper stretched comfortably and yawned widely. The dead line was passed, the edition had gone to press. He would have a few moments now in which to marshal his thoughts, to review the speech—"address" would be the better word—he was to deliver in a few days. Molders of Public Opinion was his theme. Somewhat threadbare, perhaps; a trifle overworked, of course; but sure-fire stuff. The obligation of the press to the people of the nation! These were words on which to build. A little humor to lighten such a tremendous theme? Why not?

Came the interruption. "I got it, boss!" breathlessly from the interrupter. "It's a shut-out!"

"What?" demanded the boss.

"Toodles," answered the other. "Got a signed statement! Here!" There were between one hundred and one hundred and fifty typed words above the scrawled signature. A bare synopsis of the indignation and senility of an old fool. Worse, a rich old fool. The paper reeked of sordidness and folly. Nothing was there even faintly touching splendor; nothing of courage, nothing of pride—nothing but shamefulness.

Toodles, a rich old man, had been supposedly double-crossed by his little Sugar Plum. The love knot of a wealthy, tottering sucker and a mercenary young female was full of snarls. The whole business had been handed to the reading public in smeary, juicy headlines; there seemed to be no end to the statements either principal could utter. And no end, either, to what the newspapers could make of such statements. But now—so claimed Toodles—all the differences between himself and his Sugar Plum were settled. They loved each other once more; they were happy.

Mary

"This has got to go in!" from the brass hat. "Tell Phillips to hold the presses if he has to. Move!"

The reporter disappeared. The chief pressed a button; another man bobbed in.

"Jim," said the brass hat, "got to run a new headline and a new column. On Toodles. See?"

Jim glanced at the typed statement, grinned.

"Easy," he answered. "What you want out?"

The editor considered the line-up of the paper.

"Cut out that Central American mess," he ordered. "It's a fair job of writing, but not much news."

"O. K.," said Jim.

"Throw your feet out," said the editor. "This is real news, old-timer!"

II

"NOW, here's the layout," declared the head of a great corporation. "You'll have nine miles, half swamp, half lowland, to the headland. North from Porto Robacco." He traced a line on the map before him. "Then forty miles of jungle to the foothills, and then better than twenty miles of mountain, a rise of nearly six thousand feet to the divide. Then you drop four thousand feet in fourteen miles to the valley. We use thirty-six-inch gauge, maximum curvature twenty degrees, compensated grade of 1½ per cent. Now, I'm not asking for a formal bid, but I would like to know approximately."

"That's pretty hard to do," answered Uncle Pete Pendleton, the king-pin of Pendleton, Herd & Co., Railroad Contractors. "Some jungle work runs as low as fifteen thousand a mile, some as high as forty. Mountain work with twenty-degree curves and compensated 1½ per cent grade line will run between forty and fifty thousand dollars a mile. That's first-class work, eighty-five-pound rail, creosoted ties, finished cuts and fills. As to a swamp, I just wouldn't be fool enough to name any price."

"What do you want to do?" inquired the business man after a pause. "Fifty thousand a mile! Get rich and retire?"

"Say, lemme tell you something about these tropics," retorted Uncle Pete. "They've got the worst form of government ever conceived by man. Revolutions every time fifteen mozos get drunk together. Nothing stable; everything depends on influence. And for every dollar I make per mile of track, I'll spend fifty cents for hospital bills, decent food, graft. I've been through it before and it ain't no pink tea!"

"You're not afraid of the job, are you?" asked the other.

"Say, listen, my friend," said Uncle Pete angrily. "I've got men who can put a bridge over the longest river in

(Continued on Page 36)

DODGE BROTHERS

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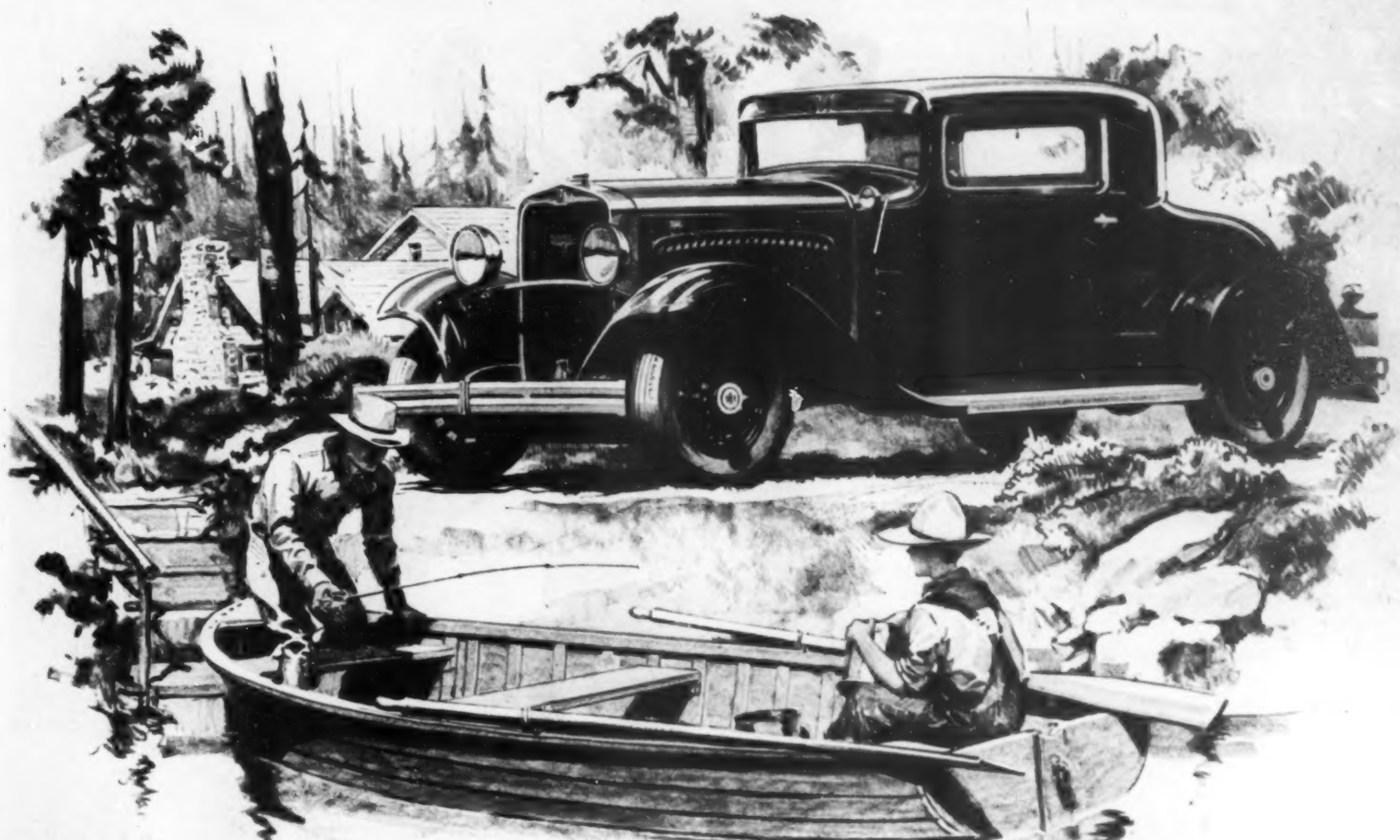

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(Continued from Page 34)

Tophet, see? Put your money up for a preliminary survey and I'll tell you to a thin dime what your railroad will cost. Talk turkey!"

They talked turkey.

III

DUDLEY came in from nowhere; he had a trick of going off and coming back with information of value. Dudley was a lean-faced, stony-eyed party; a hard-bitten gent if ever there was one. Tough. He was the chief construction man on the job; only Uncle Pete ranked him. The field notes of the pioneer survey men lay before Uncle Pete.

"When I tell you what I run into," said Dudley, "your eyes 'll bug out like bananas!"

"Fire," said Uncle Pete.

"Listen closely," from Dudley. "There's a stand of pine two miles off our proposed right of way, about even with the headland, that we can cut ties and piling out of till the cows come home. Seventy or eighty foot piles, boss!"

"This isn't a joke?"

"I know pine when I see it."

"I'd like to see it too," said Uncle Pete grimly. "Five hundred seventy-foot sticks is the cure for this lousy swamp."

The two men went inland and, as Dudley had predicted, they found the stand of pine. A small forest of pine, straight as pillars, virgin growth. All they would ever need.

"This is a gold mine," said Uncle Pete. "A gold mine! How it came here I don't know. I've never seen enough pine north of the El Capitan fit for a bonfire. Have you?"

"Never like this," admitted Dudley.

"We'll put a creosoting plant right on this headland," said Pendleton. "It's worth fifty thousand if it's worth a nickel. How did you know they had pine here?"

"Give Mose the credit," from the lean-faced gent. "He was gettin' some firewood from the Caribs; they gave him some pine knots. Boss, that nigger was so homesick he like to bawled. A pine knot meant home to him. He brought it to me; I talked to the Caribs. That's all."

Uncle Pete was silent for a moment.

"Funny how things work out, isn't it?"

"Yeah," admitted Dudley.

They ordered the machete men to start back for camp.

"Mr. Pendleton," said Dudley as they went toiling through the jungle, "do me a special favor, will you?"

"Sure," said Uncle Pete.

"This is the idea," said Dudley. "Mose is sick. Dysentery. Been sick ever since he got here. He ought to go back to the States; a couple of months in the swamp will finish him."

"Leave it to me," said Pendleton.

The next day he sent for Mose.

"Mose," said the king-pin, when he appeared, "I hear you don't feel so good. That right?"

"Who, me, Mistah Pete?" asked Mose, as though astounded.

"Yeah, you!" said Uncle Pete harshly. "We're gonna give you a vacation till you feel better. Back to the States, Mose."

"'Scuse me, Mistah Pete," said Mose, digesting the news, "but who is gonna do de cookin' an' de lookin' aftah Mistah Dudley?"

"Oh, we'll get someone," replied Uncle Pete. "Mr. Dudley'll make out. He'll miss you, Mose, but he'll get along."

"Ah reckon," said Mose ponderously, "dat it would be de bes' thing, Mistah Pete, iffen I stayed right heah an' kep' mah eye on Mistah Dudley. Yas-sah, Mistah Pete."

"But you're sick, Mose," said the king-pin patiently. "Mr. Dudley and I both want you to get well. We just can't afford to lose a good cook like you, an all-around handy man. See? You go back to the States, get well."

"Ah is de pictuh of health, Mistah Pete," declared Mose.

"You look it! You're a dead nigger, Mose, if you stay down here."

"Ah could whip me a bobcat!" announced Mose.

"No more argument, Mose; you go down to port tonight!" ordered Pendleton.

"Ah jes' cain't do dat, Mistah Pete," mumbled the Negro. "Ah jes' cain't. Mistah Dudley—he ain't got no sense. Ah jes' got to stay heah."

"Aw, hell," exploded Uncle Pete, "stay here then!"

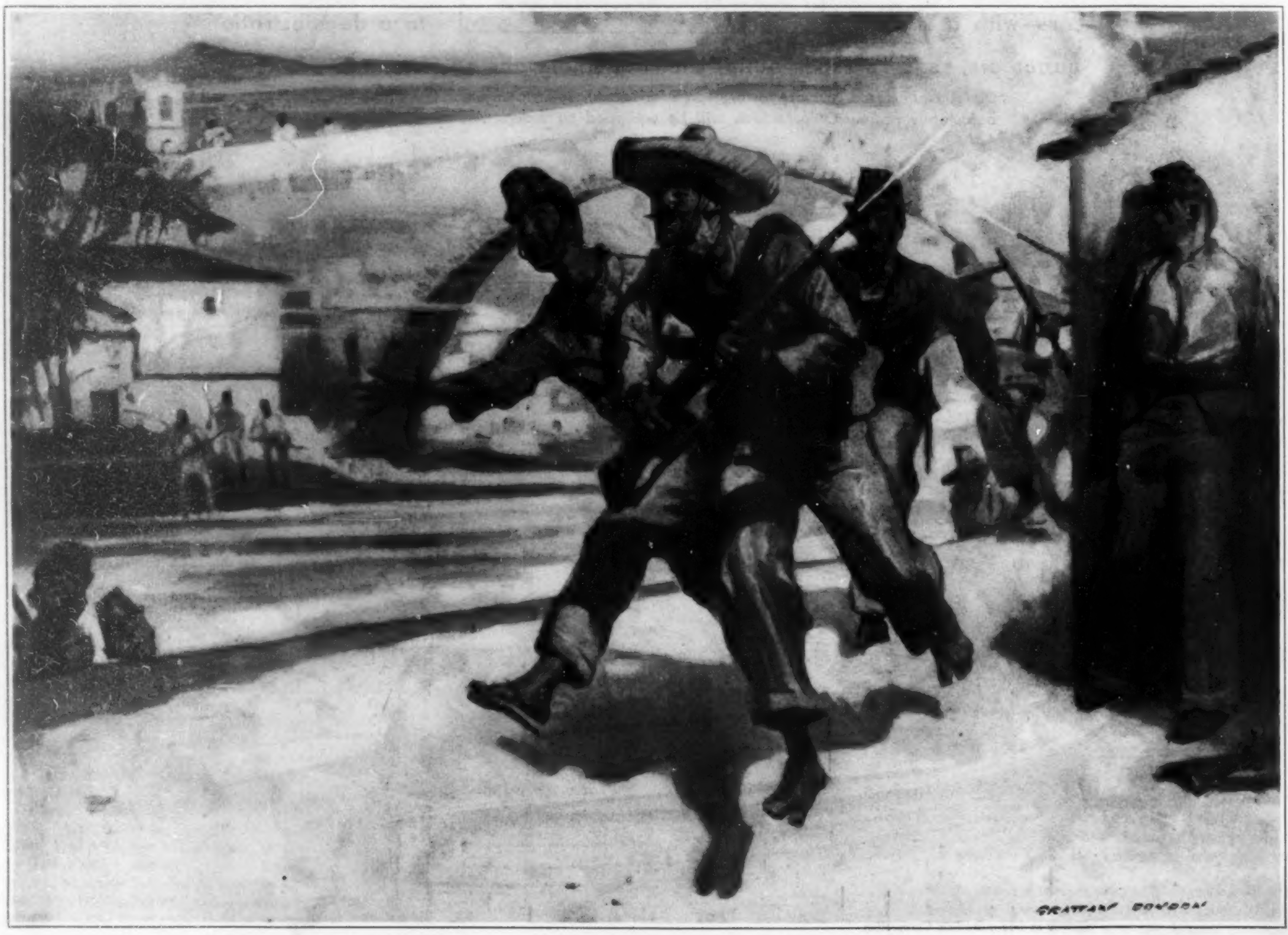
IV

NINE miles north of Porto Robacco the shore jutted out to form a headland; it was even with this headland, a half mile or so inshore, that the swamp ended. Dudley conceived the idea of unloading a pile driver and a drag-line on this headland; thus he could work south in the swamp and north through the jungle. Had he worked out of Porto Robacco he would only have been able to work the swamp north.

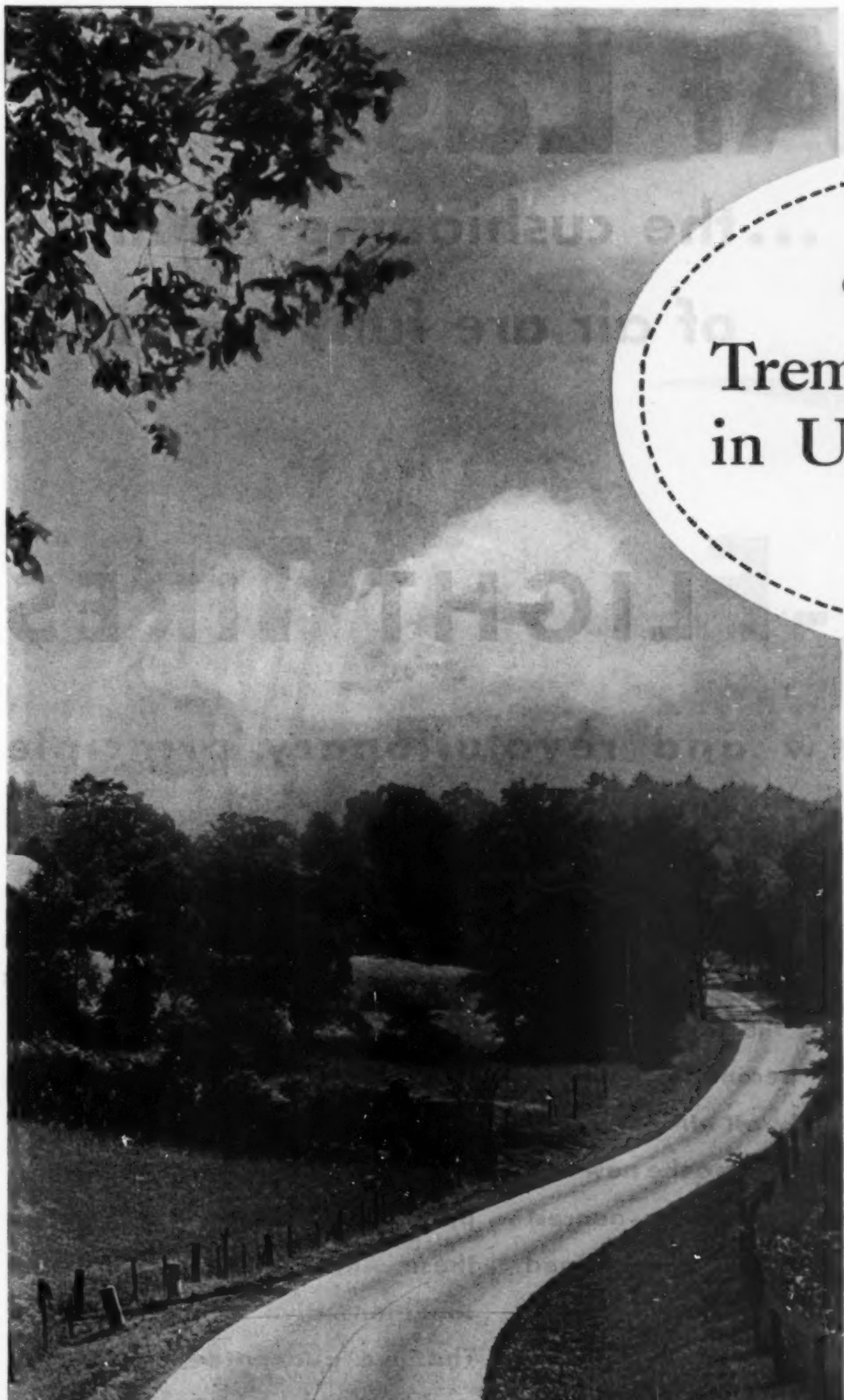
The unloading of the two machines on the headland was a masterpiece of industry and ingenuity, knocked down and boxed though they were. Dudley knew more tricks than a performing dog. They hove the steamer to a mile off the headland and dropped the machinery and materials overboard or lowered them into scows or lighters—one or the other, depending on size. They beached their equipment and hauled it ashore by means of a Spanish windlass, aided and abetted by a five-ton crab. Some fifty native divers were employed throughout this work. Caribs, they were called.

It was a tremendous task, yet not enough work for Dudley. In addition, he constructed at Porto Robacco a homemade pile driver. The idea was for this second pile driver to work north and meet its mate somewhere in the swamp; thus they would carve a fat hog and have the swamp licked in half the estimated time. This homemade machine was

(Continued on Page 125)



It Was Precisely at Noon That They Were Served With a Nice, Tasty Little Revolution



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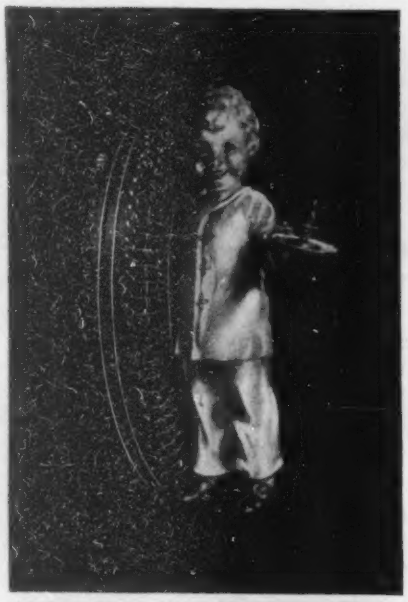

TIME TO RE-TIRE

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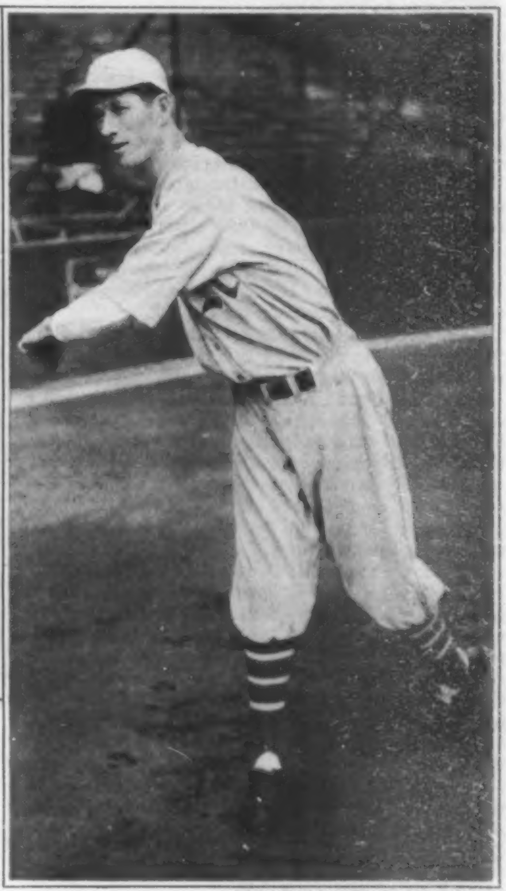
THE PITCHERS' ARMS

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

Babe Ruth

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Howard Ehmke



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Lefty Grove

By William E. Brandt

INTO Connie Mack's office, a little round room high up in the ball-park tower, stepped a well-dressed stranger, a young man of average height and wiry build. His name was Otto Rettig. He had served with distinction in the war. He more recently had been pitching amateur and interclub games for the Montclair Athletic Club.

He wanted a tryout with the Athletics. He came properly introduced and recommended, but with no background of professional pitching in the minor leagues.

"When would you be ready to pitch?" inquired Mr. Mack.

"Any time at all."

"All right. You can pitch for us this afternoon."

From his beginnings as a manager back in the 90's, Connie Mack has been given to pranks like that. Just last fall, when he became the first manager ever to win four world championships, he served a stunner to the 50,000 souls gathered in Wrigley Field, Chicago, for the first game of the world series between his team and the Chicago Cubs.

Instead of nominating for pitching duty one of his strong-arm squad, Grove, Walberg, Earnshaw, he picked Howard Ehmke, a veteran with a notoriously sore arm—Ehmke, who had pitched only fifty-five innings all season, and was credited with only seven of the team's 104 victories.

A Sore Arm Plus a Brain

EHMKE'S appearance in the box was a shock. What he did there astounded not only the beholders but everybody at all interested in baseball everywhere the news penetrated. For Ehmke won, and won by outpitching Charlie Root, Chicago's No. 1 mound ace. The sore arm, and the brain behind it, held the Cubs scoreless for eight innings, then checked them in the ninth, when an error started them on a rally which gave them their only run. In winning, Ehmke set a world-series-strike-out record which none of the most eminent masters-of-arms, Mathewson, Johnson, Alexander, ever equaled in baseball's autumnal grand tourney.

Ehmke did it without the blazing speed which has come to be considered the *sine qua non* of successful pitching. So this year professors of pitching as they toddle the nation's baseball campuses get a nod and a smile from the boys, instead of the glassy eye. There is more to pitching than mere speed. Ehmke proved it. So did Rettig. Rettig was not put on the spot after long pondering and careful weighing of probabilities on the part of Connie Mack, as was Ehmke last fall. Rettig got there because he came as a sudden answer to Connie's problem of the moment.

The date was July 19, 1922. The visiting team that day was St. Louis. That summer the Browns were hot. At the moment they led the league. Eventually they lost the pennant to the Yankees by the margin of just one game.

The ace of the Browns, Urban Shocker, was to pitch against the A's that afternoon. The A's, in 1922, stood for abysmal, abandoned, atrocious and often annihilated. Their pitching staff was weak. It was smart tactics for Connie to save what pitching strength he had for some other day, when the almost unbeatable Shocker would not be pitching.

So a total stranger toed the mark against Shocker, with the press box aflutter and the stands abuzz. As the innings ran on the flutter became a hush of amaze. The buzz became a series of roars. The final score stood, "Philadelphia, 6—St. Louis, 3."

Rettig, in fact, beat Shocker, which in that day and age was equivalent to a Singer midget knocking out Dempsey. For Rettig had no speed at all.

In the clubhouse after the game I cross-examined Frank Bruggy, Athletics catcher, a resident of Elizabeth and cognizant of baseball's "Who's Who in Northern New Jersey." Mr. Bruggy was evasive. He stood somewhat in the position of Rettig's discoverer. He hinted at dark mysteries.

Then I asked Ralph Foster Perkins, the catcher who caught the game. He, too, began weaving and dodging, then nudged me into a corner and murmured:

"Listen. I'm not knocking this fellow. He certainly made those Browns look silly. It was great. But just for your own information, just so you don't turn too many somersaults in your paper—well, he has as nearly nothing as any pitcher I ever saw. No speed, no curve, no slow ball except that some were slow and some hardly moved. Just nothing, that's all."

"Then how come?"

Perk's view was that Rettig threw the Browns out of stride. Their batting eyes and swings, attuned to sizzling speed, darting curves, flopping knucklers, swung way ahead of the Rettig "zero ball."

At the moment it sounded derogatory to Philadelphia's lion of the hour, gorgeously headlined and lavishly photographed. But Rettig's toe never trod the pitching slab at the Athletics' park in another game. Three days after he beat Shocker the A's left for a Western trip. When they came back there was no Rettig.

King of Diamonds for a Day

THE zero ball fooled Cleveland July twenty-sixth, though the Athletics lost, 2–0. But in Detroit on the thirty-first, Rettig allowed five hits and five runs in two and a third innings. Then in St. Louis, on August fifth, he faced the Browns again and walked the first two batters. That was the end.

The breaks of the game salvoed an ironic farewell to their pet of a fortnight before. Rettig left the box with none out and two on bases in the first inning. The first ball pitched by the pitcher who succeeded him was the start of a triple play. Sisler lined it to shortstop and the two base runners were thrown out before they could scramble back to their bases.

Rettig has become a baseball legend. On his one great day he was a great pitcher. He fooled the batters. He kept cool. He fielded his position expertly. Perhaps the defeat he gave the Browns was the one that lost them the pennant.

Ehmke's Cub conquest will be a legend, too, as soon as it gets old enough. Both cases, otherwise as far apart as the poles, prove that there is more to pitching than speed. "Speed plus" is the standard equipment. Speed alone will get you by if you are Rube Waddell or Walter Johnson. It won't if you are anybody else, not even if you are Lefty Grove, whose fireballs have been the mark to measure speed by ever since he came to the big leagues five years ago. Lefty had to learn his "plus" to become a league-leading pitcher.

In 1913, when Walter Johnson won thirty-six games, his curve was just a wrinkle. He knew where to pitch to the batters, but he didn't need the knowledge. That's what the batters said.

Waddell, his team mates attest, did not even know who was at bat. Nor cared. Pitching, to him, was simplicity itself. He threw the ball over the plate. They swung. That's all. Whenever he could get the ball over he was unbeatable.

The Waddell saga abounds with tales illustrative of this super-southpaw's prodigious arm power. Once, in St. Louis, on the day he was to pitch, enemy batters with malice aforethought talked him into a wager as to how far he could throw a ball. For twenty minutes Rube stood at the farthest corner of center field, throwing baseballs toward the grand stand. The enemy chuckled to see him wasting on the desert air the muscle power that was designed to be used that afternoon against them.

A wild cry from the visitors' bench marked the appearance on the scene of Connie Mack. Rube obediently reported to his manager, who was giving an imitation of Æneas watching the sack of Troy.

"Why, what's the matter, Connie?" inquired Rube.

"You ought to know better than that. You shouldn't do that on the day you are going to pitch."

"Aw, Connie, don't be superstitious," chided Rube, then proved there was nothing in it by going to the box and shutting out St. Louis with two hits.

In exhibition games it was sometimes Rube's whim to call in his outfielders and give them front seats around the infield while he struck out the side in the ninth. Most of the Waddell stories deal with Rube's social activities, which were those of a wayward schoolboy promoted overnight to the job of Czar of all the Russias. He enjoyed pitching, but for real fun he considered baseball a poor third to fishing and hunting.

His flair for the rod and gun nearly deprived baseball history of its greatest southpaw strike-out king while his career was still in its early flowering. The Pittsburgh club of the old National League found him unmanageable. His propensity for going fishing on the days the Pirates desired him to pitch for them finally led to his suspension. Connie Mack made a deal with Pittsburgh. Connie could have Waddell, Pittsburgh said, if he could find him.

Connie went personally to Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, in the mountains. He cajoled Rube into going along with him. But first there were a few pecuniary details to be fixed up. Rube conducted Connie along Punxsutawney's main street. Every store they entered Connie paid a bill. At the express office Rube owed thirty-five dollars for carrying charges on a hunting dog. Finally they headed for the depot.

Babe Ruth Learns About a Waste Ball

WADDELL is the name used by excitable training-camp reporters whenever an unusually speedy left-handed youngster explodes his stuff on Southern diamonds. The simile has never come true as to actual speed continued over a stretch of nine innings. It is frequently true in regard to the pitcher's lack of anything besides speed.

Such rookies are classed as throwers, to distinguish them from pitchers. Waddell was a thrower, but to date the only southpaw thrower of this century who ever wrote his name large in baseball records.

Very likely from Waddell dates the tradition that all left-handers are more or less goofy. A right-handed pitcher seldom attains fame as an eccentric, the most noted exception having been Arthur L.—Bugs—Raymond, spitball pitcher of the New York Giants near the close of this century's first decade. Bugs, while a Giant, wore out a series of keepers. This bodyguard was usually another player, who stood in the multiple relationship to Bugs of elder brother, Dutch uncle, trainer, dietitian, psychoanalyst, sparring partner, second, and first-aid surgeon.

Scouts never chalk up demerits against southpaw prospects for odd behavior, but if a young right-hander chases fire engines and flies kites, it counts heavily against him. Conversely, if a left-handed youngster eats three meals a day instead of drinking them, goes to bed around midnight, speaks in a well-modulated voice and dresses like a self-respecting citizen, ye scout is inclined to the conviction that he can't be much of a southpaw.

A right-handed pitcher with imagination is regarded as a turned-around southpaw. Southpaws are likely to turn around in almost any direction. The world's greatest living slugger is a turned-around southpaw, a left-handed pitcher who deserted the ranks of the hit killers to go over to the enemy, the hit makers.

The name, of course, is Ruth—George Herman Ruth, the Babe himself. In his beginnings, back in 1915, he qualified true to most of the traditions of baseball. He had the Waddell speed-and-then-more-speed pitching system, though under the tutelage of Bill Carrigan, Boston's catcher manager, he learned about batters' weaknesses. He likewise developed his curve and change of pace. He became a sterling mound ace with world-series laurels hung over his pitching shoulder before the demand for his now-famous specialty product caused him to devote his entire attention to the manufacture of home runs.

Babe always had Waddell ingenuousness. He recalls with a chuckle the day he found out what a waste ball is. A pitcher is said to waste one when he purposely pitches wide of the target so the catcher can make a quick throw to some base.

Carrigan ordered a waste ball. Babe fired the ball over the middle of the plate, waist-high. The batter bounced the ball off the left-field wall. Babe never made that mistake again.

Protecting Their Shins and Their Averages

LIKE Waddell, Babe was always hazy about just who was up at bat and about names and faces in general. He still is. On September 29, 1927, with Horace Lisenbee pitching for Washington, he elevated a home run into the Yankee Stadium right-field bleachers. Later in the same afternoon he did it again, against a different pitcher. These wallops were momentous, for they made his season's total to date just fifty-nine, tying his own previously established world record for homer hitting by one player in one season.

In the clubhouse after the game a well-dressed young man of average size and weight stepped up to where Babe was pulling on a sock.

"Hey, Babe, how about signing this spheroid for me?" he said, with a grin, holding out a baseball and a fountain pen. "I ought to have something for a souvenir of this afternoon. How about it, you big bruiser?"

The Babe, signatory of countless baseballs, saw nothing unusual in the request except the stranger's impudent manner and words and his intrepidity in gaining the inner fastnesses of the locker room. Babe would very likely have put the man in his place by a spirited rebuff if he had not been still aglow with the thrill of his record-tying homers, achieved in the season's waning moments.

He decided the stranger must be tipsy. He retorted with a mere grunt and autographed the ball.

"How did that nut get in here?" he growled when the stranger had gone. "This clubhouse is getting as private as a fish bowl."

Co-Yankees near by uttered sounds of merriment.

"That's one guy you ought to know," one of them told Babe. "That was Lisenbee."

Babe thus proved he is still a pitcher at heart. Lefty Puckledarby, standing on the pitching rubber staring hard at Hymen Blott, the batter, is not admiring the set of Hymen's profile or the drape of his knickers. All lost on Puck is Hy's scowling face, his tense elbows and knees. If Hy were an albino suddenly appearing in the batting order of the all colored Homestead Grays, Puck might notice that the batter seemed a little pale around the gills.

Hymen Blott, the man, is of no interest to the pitcher. Hy may be a great looker in the estimation of his loved ones, a Phœbus Apollo and a glass of fashion, but to old Puck he is just a low-ball hitter who has been known to chase a curve around behind his ankles, a killer of a knee-high fast ball, but not so apt in swatting pitches that cross the plate above the level of the waistline.

That's how Puck has Hy down in his book. Some pitchers keep actual books, vest-pocket ledgers in which they store their findings and deductions about the important batters. Lee Meadows, for fifteen years a name of power in National League pitching, made no secret of his bookkeeping. The fact that he kept a real ten-cent book, that is. The book's pages, of course, were secret. For a book with a circulation of exactly one and no one-hundredths, it paid its author tremendous royalties, for Meadows' pitching fame has lasted even to the present day, more than a dozen years after his arm got sore and deserted him.

"I haven't had a real fast ball since 1915," he attested once, when the subject of control pitching was on the table.

Most pitchers keep their books under their hats. The books get sly on the subject of the great hitters. Of Wagner, Cobb, Ruth, Simmons and a few others, each at his scintillant perihelion, it has been written: "His weakness is a base on balls." It means that, when well, the man can hit anything he can reach.

Cy Williams, home-run expert who has divided his seventeen years' career between the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Nationals, is in all the books as sure death to anything over the middle or outside half of the plate. Cy's batting stance crowds the plate. In Cy's heyday the pitchers sought to make him hit a ball just a little off the inner rim of the plate.

They pitched so close to his vest that by wearing a pillow over his heart he could have set a new world record for getting hit by pitched balls as additional luster to the National League home-run championship he won in 1923. One day with tie score and the bases filled, Burleigh Grimes, then of Brooklyn, pitched a fast ball right through the middle of the plate, waist-high. Cy stood motionless. "Strike three!"

"Where were you on that one?" clamored Cy's team mates as he trudged to the bench for his drink of water.

"Gosh," retorted Cy, "that's the first good ball I've seen all season. I was just paralyzed, I guess."

A new pitcher, without a book as yet, has to lean on his team mates. Jimmie Bishop, recruit sent to the Eastern League for experience, began getting it the first day.

"The first visiting batter was a left-hand hitter," runs his story. "The third baseman came over and whispered, 'Pitch inside to this bird.' I did. He crashed a double over first base.

"Then up came a right-hand hitter. 'Keep it outside for this baby,' advised the third baseman. I did. He also crashed a double over first base.

"Then the first baseman came over. 'Say,' he said, 'd'ya want to get me killed? That third baseman is just protecting his shins and his fielding average. He likes to stand on a dime all afternoon. He's the guy wrote that book, How to Play Third on Ten Cents a Day. Now you listen to me. This next batter hits left-handed. Pitch outside ——'

"'Oh, yeah, so he'll hit to third, huh?' I said. 'Well, it looks like I got a side-stepping infield back of me here. I guess I'll just use my own judgment from here on.'"

Pitching science has been reduced to print oftener than any other branch of baseball mechanics. Every baseball man has his own notions about it.

"Keep your curve ball low and outside and turn his cap around a couple of times," was Gavvy Cravath's sum-up of the whole art and mystery of it. But Gavvy was no pitcher. Before becoming a manager and thus qualified to advise twirlers, he was the National League home-run champion in 1913 and in five of the next six years.

The pitchers' ideas about it are more complex. Grover Cleveland Alexander, a league-leading pitcher in 1913, 1915 and 1916, a world-series hero of 1926, and with his name in big-league box scores as late as this year, is the leading apostle of change-of-pace pitching, his word taking weight from his fullness of years and fame.

"I don't mean just alternating a fast ball and then a slow one," expatiates Alexander the Great. "I mean pitching at a different speed each time, so that no two pitches throughout the entire nine innings come up to the plate at the same speed. Throw your best ball without any strain. Then put on the flourish and hand them a slow one. Once in a while put on all the flourish and let her go with all your speed too. Don't let the batter ever know how fast it's coming. Don't let the batters get stepping in time with your rate of speed. If they step with you they can hit the fastest thing you throw."

Doing Things to a Baseball

THIS system gave baseball terminology the "mediocre ball," neither fast nor slow. Of yore, when the pitchers were allowed to do things to the ball before pitching it, there prevailed the spitball, the shine ball, the emery ball, the mud ball, the finger-nail ball, the coffee-grounds ball, the paraffin ball, and some more of lesser fame.

These represented tricks to make the ball sail—that is, swerve from its straight and narrow path. Jack Chesbro, who won forty-one games for the New York Highlanders in 1904, was the first great pitcher to apply moisture to the ball with malice aforethought. Ed Walsh, of the old Chicago White Sox, was the greatest spitballist of them all, throwing almost nothing but wet ones.

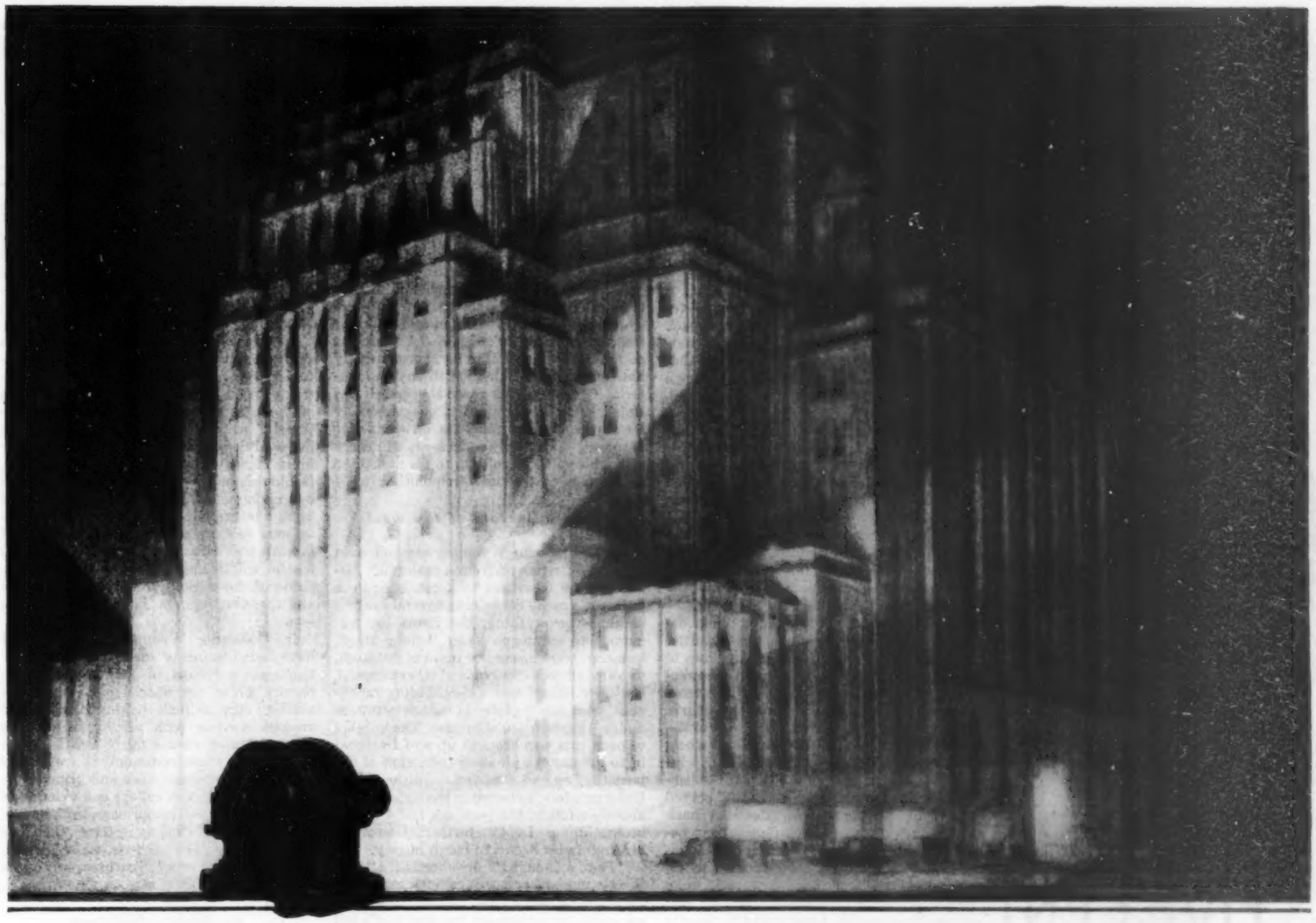
Russell Ford roughened a spot on the ball's cover with emery paper. Bradley Hogg packed coffee grounds into the seams. Others molded mud on the seams to alter the spherical outlines and play tricks with the air resistance. Hod Eller, Cincinnati world-series ace of 1919, shined one side of the ball with paraffin.

That was the Golden Age of pitching. Batters approached home plate in fear and trembling. Their eyebrows curled and their polls stood on end at the crazy antics of the approaching ball. Small wonder that the batters took counsel together and devised counter stratagems, like the one the Giants used against Marty O'Toole, Pittsburgh's $22,500 Beauty.

Marty was a wet. His fashion was to stick his fingers in his mouth and apply the damp tips to the cover of the ball. So the Giants smeared oil of mustard on the ball, completely ruining Marty's enjoyment of the afternoon.

The Golden Age ended in December, 1920. The baseball lawgivers ruled out all the trick deliveries, dealing the pitching profession a blow from which it has not yet recovered. The Era of Swat, in which we now live, dates from this prohibition law. Babe Ruth is only one of many forethinking pitchers who shifted to the enemy, the hitters.

(Continued on Page 130)



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WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

OUT-OF-DOORS

Comedian of the Wild

HIS true name is wood rat. Just why, it is difficult to say, because I have met him more frequently in brushy, rocky, sage-clad, barren, chaparral-clothed or purely desert regions than in typically wooded sections. However, he seems equally at home in any type of country.

Throughout most of his western range he is known as the pack rat, trade rat or mountain rat. My own favorite name for him, and the one most widely used, is pack rat. The early Westerner, instead of stating that a man carried something, said that he packed it. Thus, a man did not carry a gun. He packed it. Similarly, he packed, not carried, tobacco, pipe, knife, food or anything else, as the case might be. The bushy-tailed rat interested the Westerner because of the animal's propensity for carrying, or packing, various objects round in its mouth. Hence he became known as the pack rat.

He is a beautiful little creature, with blue-gray fur and a bushy plume of a tail—not at all ratlike. Seeing him, one would think that he would prove as light-footed as the squirrels which he resembles. Not so.

Having a leaning for prowling about deserted, or even occupied, miners' shanties and mountain cabins, he seems at times to be bent upon making all possible commotion, upsetting objects, pushing things from shelves and rafters, poring through débris.

One of my first clear recollections of the pack rat has to do with a night when, round my fifteenth year, equipped with blanket, frying pan and rifle, with a fish-line wrapped round my hatband, I stayed overnight in a tumble-down, deserted shack in the mountains of Colorado. Just beneath the low roof two sections of rough-sawed board had been suspended by wires, presumably to serve as a receptacle upon which the former occupant could store food or bedding out of harm's way. Shortly after dropping asleep on the floor I was roused by what seemed to be a mule or a team of horses exercising upon the roof.

A Pack Rat's Daily Dozen

Tales of bear and panther attacks flooded through me. It was with considerable trepidation that I scratched a match and investigated. The sound ceased. The two suspended boards were deserted. But there was a hole some three inches in diameter in the roof immediately above them. At intervals throughout the night the playful pack rat entered and raced back and forth upon the boards with utmost enthusiasm. I believe they enjoy the sound, because I since have had many similar experiences. Once while we were spending a few weeks in a homestead cabin in Wyoming, a pack rat resorted nightly to the roof and there galloped for five-minute periods, the sound resembling a minor cavalry charge.

The noisiness, however, is but an incident in the pack rat's career as a practical joker. His proclivity for carrying off objects that interest him is both annoying and amusing, as the case may be, to those who live in the Western hills. And almost anything seems to interest a pack rat. He will collect and deposit in various caches any bright or unusual object. He seems to have a veritable passion for hoarding things that to him are useless, but which, alas, often are valuable to humans.

Many are the tales of pack-rat activities that seem beyond the bounds of credibility. Yet because of the curious incidents which my personal observations have revealed, I should hesitate to condemn as rank falsehood almost any tale, no matter how preposterous it might seem on the surface.

One time I stood with a friend in the barn of his little ranch when a pack rat whisked behind a discarded door that leaned on its side against the wall. We investigated and discovered a cache containing more than a bushel of objects collected and stored there by the pack rat. Strange to relate, every object, except for a little trash, was of metal.

There were rusty bolts, nuts, a hinge or two, many hundreds of bent and rusted nails, a small broken file, half a pair of shears, screws, bits of wire, the rims of a pair of glasses, empty cartridges, various parts of a discarded alarm clock, and so on indefinitely, including several small objects which my friend had missed and believed that he had lost or mislaid. A pack rat seldom is so consistent in his choice, usually not confining his collection to any one material. Also, in this case, the hoard was simply a cache, apparently collected solely for amusement, as there was no semblance of a nest. Ordinarily a pack rat will carry such objects as he collects to his nest or to some point that he uses frequently.

Junk Collectors of the West

One summer in Wyoming another man and myself removed from a makeshift furnace in the basement of a ranch house a pack rat's cache containing several bushels of almost everything, the items too numerous to catalogue here. Among them, however, were a score or more of potatoes, two broken pocketknives and other items. A few days later I met a neighboring ranchman who was taking in a few summer dudes—Eastern vacationists. The subject of pack rats was brought up and I started in to itemize the amazing collection of objects that we had removed from the cache. Unfortunately, I started in the order named above—namely, the potatoes and the two broken knives. I got no further. One of the visiting dudes began to laugh hugely.

"That's enough!" he chortled. "You Westerners are pretty ingenious in springing jokes on us. I know! I'm supposed to ask what the knives are for, and you'll tell me the pack rats had them to peel the potatoes. I won't bite. I can see that one myself!"

He went off into roars of mirth, in which I joined, too surprised and amused to continue itemizing the objects found in the cache. He credited me with being a monumental joker, whereas I had stated a mere truth, and a not unusual one at that.

A View Across Shoshone Reservoir Along the Cody Road to Yellowstone National Park

The tales of pack-rat activities are numerous and varied—of cartridges disappearing mysteriously in dangerous country, causing men to suspect their partners of purloining them with a view of deserting with the hard-won gold or fur catch; of food disappearing in similar fashion in times of famine, giving rise to similar dark suspicions. Some of the tales end in tragedy. No doubt many of them are true.

Where pack rats nest among the rocks in country where cactus is available, they customarily block the entrances to their retreats with the leaves of prickly pear or bits of cholla cactus. They collect great quantities of sticks and make bulky nests. In moist areas they build nests in the lower limbs of heavy brush, clear of the ground, fashioning bulky obstructions often several feet in diameter. In arid regions they build upon the ground. Last year in a mountainous section of the Mohave Desert I found a nest some eight feet wide by fifteen feet in length and almost three feet high. Some of the sticks were surprisingly large and the nest was the biggest that I have seen.

In Colorado, Wyoming and Idaho I have found scores of surveyors' or miners' monuments—heaps of stones erected in regular order—in which pack rats were nesting; the animals having blocked the various crevices with prickly-pear leaves until the monuments fairly bristled with thorns. They nest commonly in crevices of sand rock, limestone, lava and granite formations from desert valleys below sea level to high mountain peaks near timber line. Indians and Mexicans esteem them as food. Coyotes, foxes, weasels, snakes, hawks, owls and many other creatures prey upon them, yet they persist in goodly numbers.

For Value Received

Frequently they are known as trade rats, because of the fact that quite often when purloining some object from a human they leave another article in its place. This is such a common trait, in fact, that many credit them with great intelligence and cunning, asserting that the animals believe that such substitution will prevent the discovery of the theft. Others credit them with sturdy honesty, believing that the trade is effected through the animal's wish to give value received.

All that, of course, is mere tommyrot. The pack rat at most times is carrying a stick to add to his nest, a piece of cactus, a bright-colored stone, a cartridge, a bit of tin or what not. Upon chancing across an object of even greater interest he simply drops the article he is carrying at the time and goes on his way with the other—hence his trading habits.

An old miner in Montana related to me that he had once treasured a box of cigars, smoking one every few days. One morning the cigars were missing, and in their place was an even number of small sticks, identifying the culprit as a pack rat. He felt the loss keenly and went on to tell me that he had worked out a ruse. He painted each stick a bright crimson. The pack rat, returning to view his handiwork, was entranced by the bright color and decided that he had made a bad trade, so he traded back. The next morning the man woke to find the cigars back in the box and the sticks gone. Naturally, it strained my credulity too far, and I was on the point of smiling. Then I recalled the man who had laughed so hugely at my matter-of-fact recital of having found the potatoes and broken knives in a pack-rat cache; so I preserved an unsmiling face and agreed with the old miner that the pack rat was a remarkable animal—which he is.

—HAL G. EVARTS.

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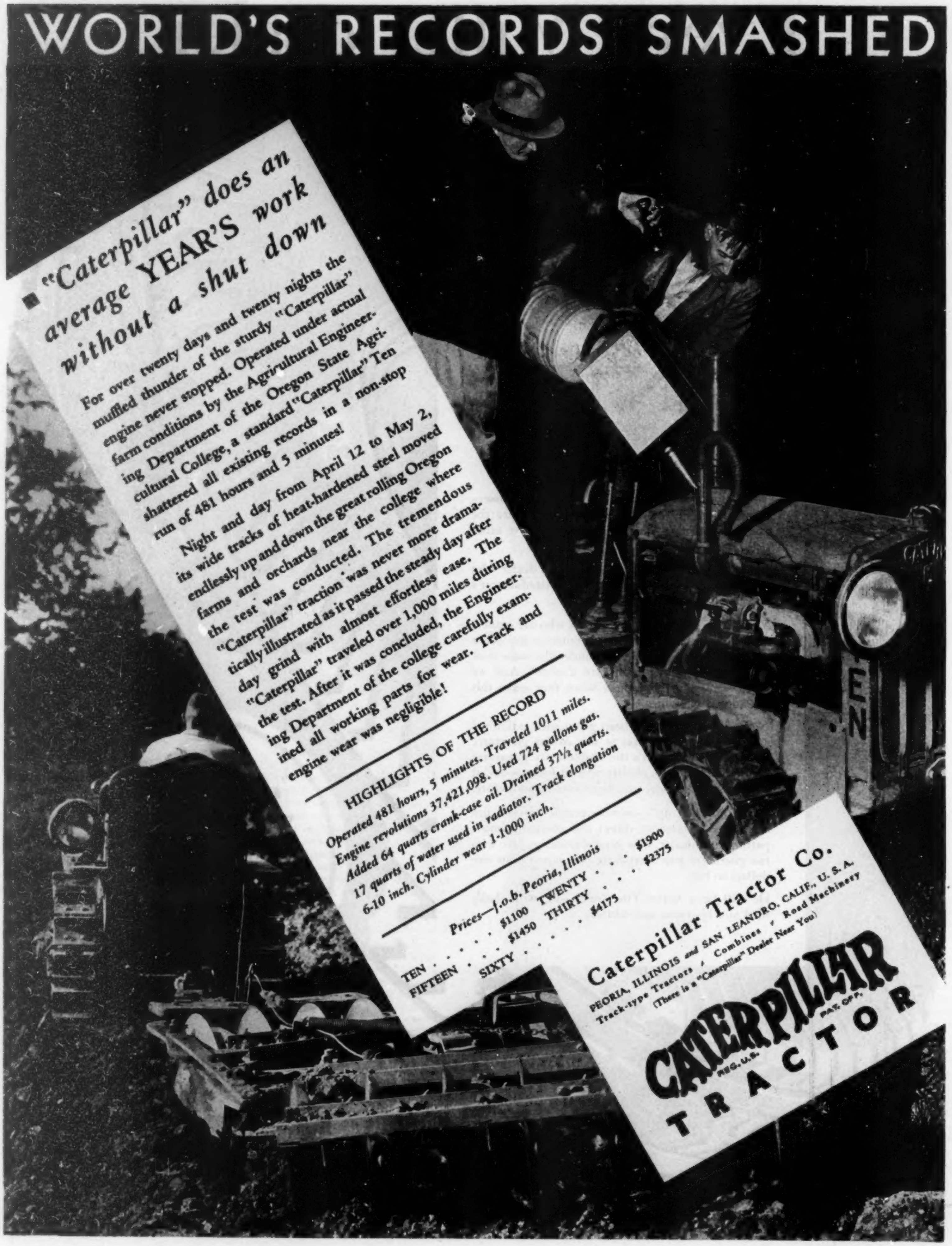

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CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

(Continued from Page 21)

"This is different," Duff suggested.

"I'll sign a statement to that effect any time," smiled the boy.

Duff turned back to the old man with an air of determination. "As I was saying, Mr. Tait," he remarked loudly, "how can I help worrying about you? I saw one of your attacks, you may recall, and, my word, I thought you were gone—I did indeed."

"I wasn't gone," Tait snapped. "Even you must have noticed that."

"Even I?" Duff raised his eyebrows. "Quite true. I'm not much of a detective, am I? So many points I haven't solved. For example, I don't yet know what you saw inside Broome's parlor that brought on such a severe heart attack."

"I saw nothing, I tell you—nothing."

"I've forgotten," the inspector went on blandly. "Have I asked you this before? On the night Hugh Morris Drake was murdered, did you hear no sound, no cry—you know what I mean?"

"How should I? Honywood's room was between mine and Drake's."

"Ah, yes; so it was. But you see, Mr. Tait"—the detective's eyes were keenly on the old man's face—"Drake was murdered in Honywood's room."

"What's that?" Kennaway cried. Tait said nothing, but the inspector thought his face had grown a trifle paler.

"You understood what I said, Mr. Tait? Drake was murdered in Honywood's room."

The old man tossed down his newspaper. "Perhaps you're a better detective than I thought you," he remarked. "So you've found that out, have you?"

"I have. And under the circumstances, don't you want to alter your story a bit?"

Tait nodded. "I'll tell you just what happened," he said. "I presume you won't believe it, but that won't matter. Early on the morning of February seventh I was awakened by the sounds of some sort of struggle going on in the room next to mine at Broome's Hotel. Honywood's room, it was. The struggle was extremely brief, and by the time I was fully awake, all indication of it had ceased. I debated with myself what I should do. I'd been trying for some months to rest, and the thought of becoming involved in a matter that did not concern me was very distasteful. No thought of murder, of course, came into my mind. Some sort of trouble—yes, I sensed that. But everything was quiet by that time, and I determined to go back to sleep and forget it.

"In the morning I rose at an early hour and decided to breakfast outside. After I'd had my coffee—it's forbidden, but no man can live forever—I went for a walk in St. James's Park. When I arrived back at Broome's, I met a servant at the Clarges Street entrance who told me that an American had been murdered upstairs. He didn't know the name, but it came to me suddenly that I knew it. Honywood! That struggle! I had heard Honywood murdered and had made no move to help him, to apprehend his assailant. I had already had one great shock, you see, when I came up to you at the parlor door. I stepped across the threshold, certain that Honywood was dead upstairs. He was the first person I saw. That shock, added to the previous one, was too much. My heart went back on me."

"I see," nodded Duff. "But you told me nothing of the struggle in Honywood's room. Was that sporting of you?"

"Probably not. But when I saw you again I was weak and ill. My one thought was to keep out of the thing if I could. You had your job; you could do it. All I wanted was peace. That's my story. Believe it or not, as you like."

Duff smiled. "I am rather inclined to believe it, Mr. Tait. Subject, of course, to what the future may reveal."

Tait's look softened. "By Jove," he remarked, "you are a better detective than I thought you were."

"Thank you very much," answered Duff. "I believe we are already at San Remo."

As the hotel bus rolled through the streets of the town in the dusk, Doctor Lofton spoke a few words to his charges. "We're leaving here tomorrow noon," he announced. "None of you will unpack any more than is absolutely necessary. You understand that we must go on to Genoa at the earliest possible moment."

Presently they drew up before the entrance of the Palace Hotel. Duff secured a room on the first floor, at the head of the stairs leading up from the lobby. There was a lift of the Continental type not far from his door, he noted, as he made a study of his surroundings. Though not a man given to moments of excitement, his heart was beating at a quite surprising rate. The Palace was a comparatively small establishment, not one of the huge show places of the town, but even so there was an air of spaciousness and comfort about it. Dinner, the detective discovered, was only half an hour away. About the lobby and the corridors hung that atmosphere of quiet characteristic of a resort hotel when the guests are dressing for the evening.

Duff had ascertained at the desk that Miss Sybil Conway—it was under that name she had registered—was on the fourth floor. His room, he was glad to discover, was equipped with a telephone. He called Miss Conway's apartment, and in another moment the low, musical voice which must have been so pleasing in the theater was answering him.

"Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard," he half whispered it.

"I'm so glad. The wait has been terrible. I—I am ready to go through with it."

"Good. We must meet at once. The members of the party are all in their rooms, but they will reappear in the lobby presently for dinner. While we are waiting for them, you and I will have a chat."

"Of course, Mr. Duff. I shall bring you a letter my husband wrote me from London. It will explain many things. And after that ——"

"After that you and I will watch the members of Doctor Lofton's travel party go in to dinner. I have selected our hiding place, behind a cluster of palms. For our chat I have planned it this way: There is a small, deserted public parlor just beside my room on the first floor. You understand what I mean by the first floor—the one above the lobby; I believe you would call it the second in America. The little parlor can be locked on the inside. I suggest we meet there. Is your apartment near the lift?"

"A few steps only."

"Splendid. You will come down in the lift —— Stop a bit; I have thought of a better way. I will come and fetch you. No. 40, I believe—your room?"

"No. 40, yes. I shall be waiting."

Duff went immediately into the hall. He was pleased to see that the corridor was in semidarkness, illuminated only by such light as came up from below along the open elevator shaft. He pressed the lift button. Occasional visits to modest hotels in Paris had made him familiar with the whims of the automatic Continental elevator. The cage rose slowly and majestically—thank heaven, for once it was not out of order. He got in and pressed another button—this time for the fourth floor.

He knocked at the door of No. 40, and it was opened by a tall, graceful woman. A blaze of light at her back left her face in shadow, but he knew at once that she was beautiful. Her hair was gold, like her gown, and her voice, heard now over no telephone wire, thrilled even the stolid inspector.

"Mr. Duff, I'm so glad." She was a little breathless. "Here, this is my husband's letter."

He took it and put it in his pocket. "Thanks a thousand times," he said. "Will you come with me? The lift is waiting."

He ushered her into the narrow cage, then followed and pushed the button for the first floor. Slowly, hesitantly, the unsteady car began its descent.

"I have been ill," Sybil Conway told him. "I am finding it difficult to go on with this. But I must—I must ——"

"Hush!" admonished the detective. "Not now, please." They were slipping past the third floor. "In a moment you must tell me everything."

He stopped in horror. From slightly above his head came the sharp explosion of a shot. A small object hurtled through the air and fell at his feet. The woman's face appalled him. He caught her in his arms, for he had seen, on the bodice of her gold silk gown, a spreading, dull red stain.

"It's all over," Sybil Conway whispered. Duff could not speak. He reached out one hand and fought savagely with the locked door of the lift. The imperturbable invention of the French moved resolutely on. A great bitterness was in the detective's heart.

This was a situation that would haunt Inspector Duff to the end of his career. He had seen a woman murdered at his side, had held her dying in his arms, locked with her in a little cage, the door of which would open all in good time. He looked aloft into the darkness and knew that it was no use. When the lift released him he would be too late.

It released him at the first floor. Doors were opening, half-clothed guests were peering out. He carried Sybil Conway to a sofa in the parlor. She was dead, he knew. Running back to the lift, he picked up an object that was lying there. A small bag of wash leather—he did not need to open it. He knew what it contained: Pebbles gathered from some beach—a hundred silly, meaningless little stones.

* * *

AS DUFF left the elevator he closed the door behind him, and almost instantly the bell rang and the cage began to ascend. He stood for a moment watching it slowly rising, the only spot of light in that dark scene. Too late he noted what a target was presented by anyone who stood on the unprotected platform. Like most foreign lifts, it moved along a shaft which was, save for a sparse iron grille work, open on all sides. The platform was surrounded by a similar grille, no higher than the average passenger's shoulder. What a shining mark that gold silk gown, how simple to kneel on the floor of the hallway and fire through the grille from above, just as the lift and its human freight passed slowly out of sight. It seemed so obvious, now that it had happened, but it was one of those things that no honest man, lacking in imagination, would ever see in advance. As he turned away, the inspector was muttering savagely beneath his breath. In his heart was an unwilling respect for his antagonist.

The owner manager of the Palace was puffing up the stairs. He was a man of enormous girth; innumerable yards of black frock coat encircled him. Mountains of spaghetti must have existed, ere he could be. After him came his clerk, also in a frock coat, but thin and with a chronically anxious look. The hallway was filled with excited guests. Quickly the detective led the two men into the parlor and locked the door. They stood staring at the sofa and its pathetic burden.

As briefly as possible Duff presented the situation.

"Murdered in the lift? Who would do that?" The eyes widened in the owner's fat face.

"Who, indeed?" replied Duff crisply. "I was with her at the time."

"Ah, you were? Then you will remain here and talk with the police when they arrive."

"Of course I will. I am Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard, and this dead woman was to have been an important witness in the matter of a murder which took place in London."

"It becomes clearer," the big man nodded. "The poor, poor lady. But such things, you must know, are bad for my hotel. There is a doctor who lives here." He turned to his clerk. "Vito, you will fetch him at once. Though it is, I fear, too late."

He waddled to the door, unlocked it and stood there facing the guests. As a screen he was efficient.

"A small accident," he announced. "It concerns none of you. You will return to your rooms, if you please." Reluctantly the group melted away. As Vito was hurrying by him, the proprietor laid a hand on the clerk's arm. "Call also the city guards. Not, you understand, the *carabinieri*." He glanced at Duff. "They would bring Il Duce himself into the affair," he shrugged.

The clerk dashed down the stairs. Inspector Duff started to leave the room, but the fat man blocked his way. "Where do you go, signore?" he demanded.

"I want to make an investigation," the detective explained. "I tell you I am from Scotland Yard. How many guests are at present in the hotel?"

"Last night there slept here one hundred and twenty," the owner answered. "It is the season's high point. Quite filled."

"One hundred and twenty," Duff repeated grimly. A bit of work for the city guards. A bit of work even for him, who knew that of this great group only the members of the Lofton party need be considered.

With some difficulty he edged by the owner and went aloft by way of the stairs. The third-floor hallway was silent and deserted; he found no sign of any sort about the lift shaft. If ever there was a murder without a clew, he reflected, this was, no doubt, one. Dejectedly he went on up and knocked at the door of Room 40.

A white-faced maid opened to him. Briefly he related what had happened. The woman seemed quite overcome.

"She feared this, sir. All afternoon she has been worried. 'If anything happens to me, Tina,' she said, over and over, and she gave me directions what I must do."

"What was that?"

"I was to take her body back to the States, sir. And that of poor Mr. Honywood as well. There are cables I must send too—to friends in New York."

"And relatives, perhaps?"

"I never heard her speak of any relatives, sir. Nor Mr. Honywood, either. They seemed quite alone."

"Really? Later, you must give me a list of those to whom you are cabling. Now you had better go down to the parlor on the first floor. Tell the manager who you are. They will no doubt bring your mistress back here presently. I will stop in the rooms a moment."

"You are Inspector Duff?"

"I am."

"My poor mistress spoke of you many times in the past few hours."

The maid disappeared and Duff passed through a small entrance hall into a pleasant sitting room. The letter Sybil Conway had given him burned in his pocket, demanding to be read, but first he wanted to search these rooms. In a moment the Italian police would arrive and he would be too late. He went to work with speed and system. Letters from American friends—not many—telling nothing. Drawer after drawer, the open trunks; he hurried on. At last he was conscious, as he bent over a bag in Sybil Conway's bedroom, that someone was watching from the doorway. He swung about. A major of the city guards was standing there, an expression of surprise and displeasure on his dark face.

"You search the rooms, signore?" he inquired.

"Let me introduce myself," said Duff hastily. "I am Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard. The British consul will vouch for me."

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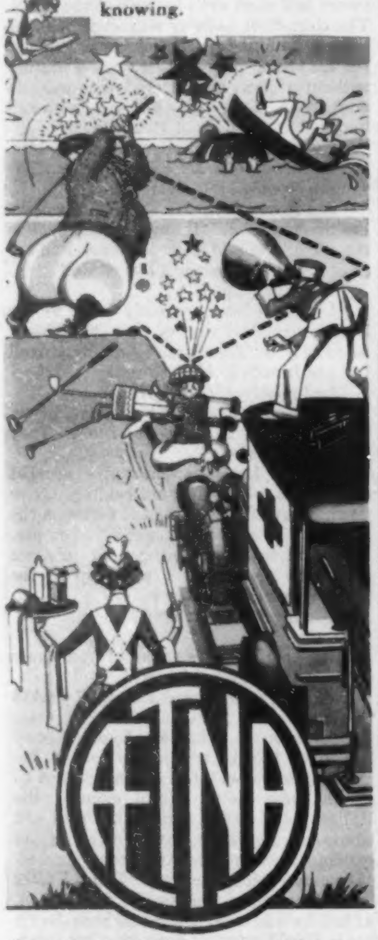

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"From Scotland Yard?" The policeman was impressed. "I begin to understand. It was you who was with the lady when she was killed?"

"Yes," nodded Duff uncomfortably. "I did find myself in that unpleasant position. If you'll sit down ——"

"I prefer to stand."

Naturally, in that uniform, Duff thought. "As you please," he went on. "I want to tell you something of this affair." As briefly as he could, he outlined the case on which he was engaged and explained Sybil Conway's rôle in it. Not sure as yet just how much he wanted the Italian police to know, he was none too explicit. Especially was he careful to say nothing of Lofton's round-the-world tour.

The Italian listened with unruffled calm. When Duff had finished he nodded slowly. "Thank you very much. I assume you will not leave San Remo without communicating with me?"

"Well, hardly." Duff smiled grimly, thinking of the innumerable times he had made a similar remark to other men.

"What did you find in your search of these rooms, inspector?"

"Nothing," said the Scotland Yard man quickly. "Not a thing." His heart beat a little faster. Suppose this policeman, annoyed at his interference, ordered him searched, found Honywood's letter?

For a moment they stared at each other. It was an international crisis. But Duff's appearance of stolid respectability won out.

The Italian bowed. "I shall have the honor of meeting you later," he said. It was a dismissal.

Much relieved, Duff hastened to his room. Without delay he meant to read the letter Sybil Conway had handed him a few moments before her death. He locked his door, drew a chair up beneath a feeble light and took out the already opened envelope. It bore in the upper left corner the crest of Broome's Hotel, London, and it was postmarked February fifteenth. Eight days after the murder of Hugh Drake, the detective reflected, and only a short time before the Lofton party started for the Continent.

He removed the bulky contents of the envelope. Walter Honywood wrote an unusually small hand, but even so, this message to his wife covered many pages. With eager anticipation, Duff began to read:

"*Dearest Sybil:* You will see from the letterhead that I have now reached London on that tour around the world which, as I wrote you from New York, the doctors advised. It was to have been a rest for me, a release, a period of relaxation. Instead, it has turned into the most terrible nightmare imaginable. Jim Everhard is also with the tour! I found this out on the morning of February seventh, a little more than a week ago. Found it out under the most frightful circumstances—under circumstances so bizarre, so horrible—but wait.

"When I went aboard the boat in New York, even the names of the other members of the party were unknown to me. I had not so much as met the conductor. We were called together on the deck for a moment before sailing and I shook hands with all of them. I did not recognize Jim Everhard. Why should I? I saw him, you will remember, only the once, and the light was poor—a dim oil lamp in that little parlor of yours. So many years ago. Yes, I shook hands with them all—with Jim Everhard, the man who had sworn to kill me, and to kill you too. And I never suspected—never dreamed ——

"Well, we sailed. It proved a rough passage, and I did not leave my cabin, except for a few brief strolls on the deck after dark, until the morning we reached Southampton. We came on here to London, and still I had no inkling. There was much sight-seeing during the first few days, but I kept out of it. That was not what I had come abroad for, and London was an old story anyhow.

"On the night of February sixth I was sitting in the parlor of Broome's Hotel when another member of the party came in. A fine old fellow from Detroit, named Hugh Morris Drake, the kindest man alive, and very deaf. We got into conversation. I told him about my illness and added that I had got very little sleep for the past few nights, owing to the fact that someone was reading aloud in the room on one side of me until a very late hour. I said I was reluctant to go upstairs to bed, because I knew I could not rest.

"At that the dear old chap had an idea. He pointed out that, owing to his deafness, the sort of thing that was troubling me would mean nothing to him, and he offered to change rooms with me for the night. It developed that he had the room on the other side of me, so it seemed a simple matter to arrange. I accepted Mr. Drake's offer gratefully. We went upstairs. It was agreed we would leave all our possessions just as they were, unlock the door between the rooms and merely change beds. I closed the connecting door between us and retired in Mr. Drake's bed.

"The doctor had given me a package of sleeping powders to use as a last resort, and as an added guaranty of sleep I had taken one of those. In the unaccustomed silence and with the aid of the powder, I slept as I hadn't slept in months. But I was awake at 6:30, and in as much as Mr. Drake had told me he wanted to rise early—we were expecting to leave for Paris that morning—I went into the other room. I entered and looked about me. His clothes were on a chair, his ear phone on a table, all the doors and windows were closed. I went over to the bed to wake him. He had been strangled with a luggage strap. He was dead. At first I didn't understand—early morning, only half awake—you see how it was. Then, on the bed, I saw a little wash-leather bag. You remember, my dear? One of those bags we gave Jim Everhard—there were two, weren't there? Am I wrong, or were there two wash-leather bags with the pebbles inside?

"I sat down and thought the matter out. It was simple enough. Jim Everhard was somewhere in Broome's Hotel. He had located me with the tour; he had made up his mind to carry out his old threat at last; he had stolen into my room to strangle me in the night and return the bag of stones. Into my room! But it wasn't my room that night. Hugh Morris Drake was in my bed in that dark corner where the light of the street lamps never penetrated. And Hugh Morris Drake had died—died because of his kindness to me; died—if you like irony—because he was deaf.

"It was horrible. But I knew I must pull myself together. There was nothing I could do for Drake. I would gladly have given my life to prevent what had happened—too late now. I must get through the thing somehow. I wanted to see you again—to hear your voice—I love you, my dear. I loved you from the moment I saw you. If I hadn't, all this would never have been. But I don't regret it. I never shall.

"I decided that I couldn't leave poor Drake there in my bed among my things. How explain that? So I carried him to his own room and put him in his bed. There was the bag of stones. I didn't want that. I didn't know what to do with it. It would mean nothing to anyone, save to Jim Everhard and to us. I tossed it down on the bed beside Mr. Drake. I almost smiled as I did so—smiled at the thought of Everhard carrying it all those years and leaving it at last in the wrong place, wreaking his vengeance on the wrong man. Of course, he still has that other bag.

"I unlocked my door into the hall, then slipped back into Drake's bedroom and locked the door between the rooms on his side. The ear phone caught my attention; I had been forced to move it, so I wiped it clean of finger prints. Lucky I thought of that. Then I went from his room into the hall, springing his lock behind me, and so to my own room again. No one saw me. But I remembered a waiter who had brought up a cable for Drake the night before, and who knew about the change of rooms. As soon as he came on duty I rang for him and bribed him. It was easy. Then I sat down to wait for the breakfast hour—another day. My meeting with Jim Everhard.

"I saw him. I knew him this time; the eyes—there is something about a man's eyes that never changes through the years. I was sitting in a parlor of the hotel, waiting for the Scotland Yard inspector, and I looked up. He was standing there. Jim Everhard, with another name now. And traveling with the party too. While the Scotland Yard man was asking questions I tried to think what I had better do. I couldn't very well drop out of the party; I was already in a bad position. My nerves—I hadn't stood the questioning very well. If I dropped out they might arrest me at once. The whole unhappy story might be revealed. No, for the present I must go on, travel side by side with a man who was no doubt now more determined than ever to kill me; who had, in fact, already killed me, after a manner of speaking.

"I decided that it must be done. For a week I slept every night with a bureau against my door, or tried to sleep. Gradually I evolved a scheme for my protection. I would go to Everhard, tell him I had left in a safe place a sealed envelope, to be opened in case anything happened to me. In that envelope, I would give him to understand, was written his name—the name of my murderer—if, by chance, I had died that way. That, I thought, would stay his hand, for a time at least. I prepared such an envelope. But in the brief note inside I did not mention Everhard's name. Even if it happens—even if he gets me in the end—the old story must not come out. The old scandal. It would ruin your fine career, my dear. I couldn't have that. I have been so proud of you.

"I left the envelope only this afternoon with a member of the party I am certain no one would ever suspect of having it. A few moments ago I saw Jim Everhard in the lobby. I went and sat beside him, and in the most casual way, as though I were discussing the weather, I told him what I had done. He didn't speak. He just sat there looking at me. I told him of the envelope with his name inside. The last part wasn't true, of course, but I think my plan will serve its purpose.

"So I am coming on with the party as far as Nice. I am sure he will do nothing before we reach there. The whole affair appears to have shaken him badly—as well it might. The first night our party is in Nice, I propose to slip away in a car in the dark, to come to San Remo and get you. Scotland Yard has given up the chase for the moment, and I doubt if they could stop me in any case. We shall hide until the threat has passed. I am taking it for granted that in the face of this unexpected danger our differences are buried.

"No, my dear, I am not going to tell you the name under which Jim Everhard travels with our party. You were always so impulsive, so quick to act. I am afraid if you knew it and something happened to me, you could not remain silent. You would throw away your splendid career with one grand gesture, expose the whole situation and no doubt live to regret bitterly what you had done. If something should happen to me, for God's sake get out of the path of the Lofton party at once. Disappear from San Remo—your own safety must be your first thought. Motor to Genoa and take the first boat for New York. For my sake, I beseech you. Don't spoil the remaining years of your life. What good would it do? Let the dead past bury its dead.

"But nothing will happen to me. You have only to keep calm, as I am doing. My hand is quite steady as I write this. Everything will come right in the end, I am sure. I shall wire you the date; be ready for me when I come. We'll go away for a second honeymoon. Everhard and the events of the long ago will fade back into the shadows where they have remained so many years.

"With all my love, forever.

"WALTER."

(Continued on Page 50)

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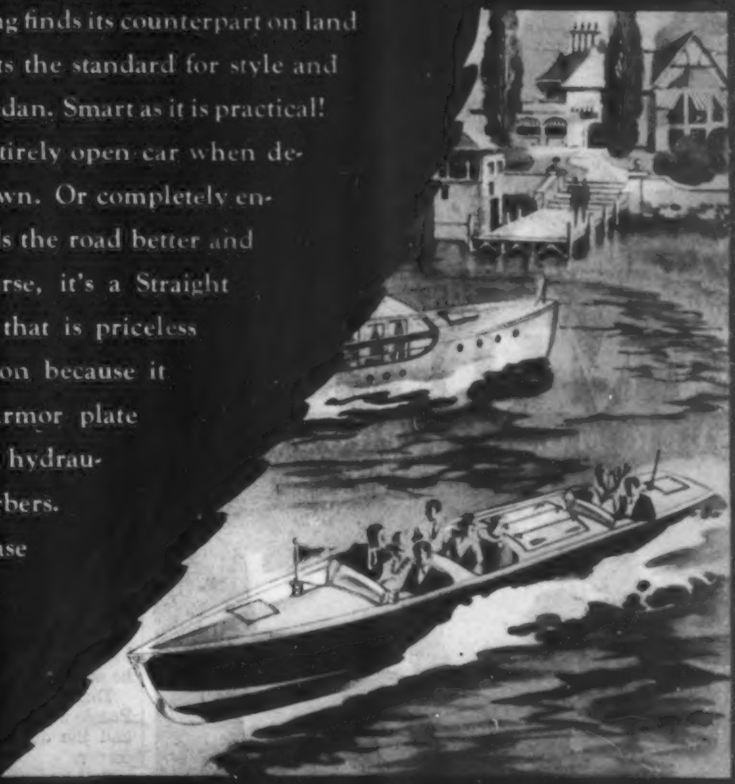

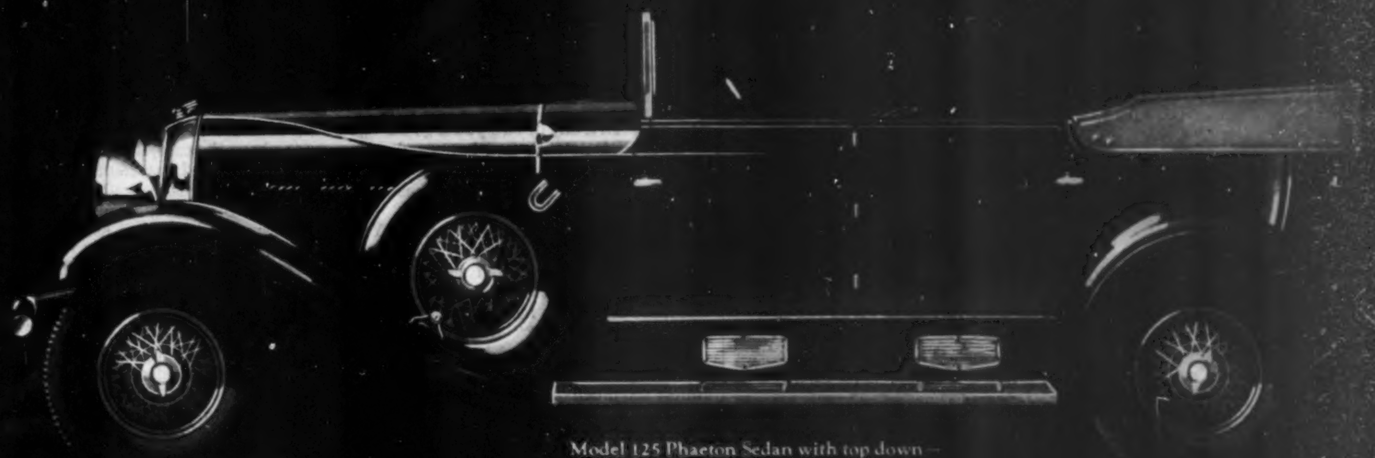

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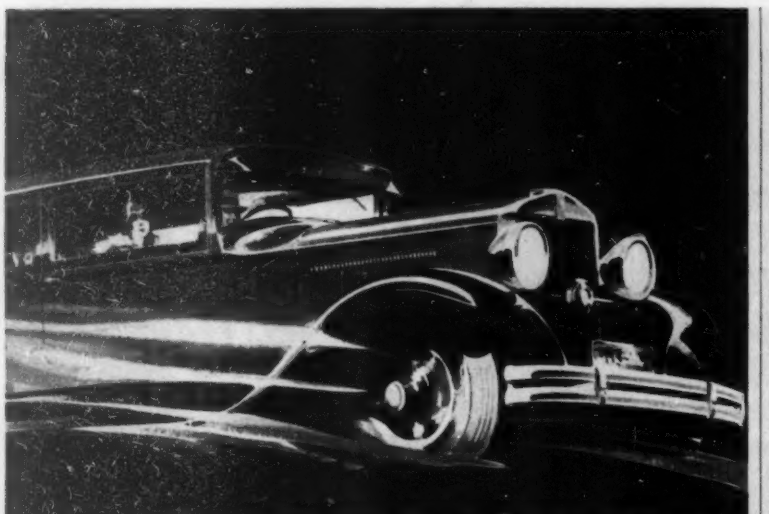

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(Continued from Page 48)

Gravely Inspector Duff folded the letter and put it back into its envelope. An acute feeling of helplessness stole over him. Again he had been so close to knowing, again the hotly desired knowledge had been snatched away at the last moment. The news that the murder of Hugh Morris Drake had been pure accident did not greatly surprise him. He had suspected as much these past few days. But accident or not, its perpetrator must be seized and brought to justice. And all through this letter the name of that perpetrator—now a triple murderer—had seemed on the very point of Honywood's pen. Then, nothing. What name? Tait, Kennaway, Vivian? Lofton or Ross? Minchin, Benbow or Keane? Or perhaps even Fenwick. But no, Fenwick was no longer with the party. He could hardly have been concerned in this murder tonight.

Well, he would know in the end, Duff thought. Know or, after that scene in the elevator, feel eternally disgraced. With his lips set in a firm line that betokened determination, he locked the letter securely away in his bag and went downstairs.

Doctor Lofton was the only person in the lobby at the moment. He came to Duff at once, and the inspector was struck by his appearance. His face was white beneath his beard, his eyes staring.

"My God, what's this?" he demanded.

"Honywood's wife," answered Duff calmly. "Murdered by my side in the lift just as she was about to point out to me the killer of Drake and of Honywood—point him out to me in your party."

"In my party," Lofton repeated. "Yes, I believe it now. All along I've been telling myself it couldn't be true." He shrugged his shoulders despairingly. "Why go on?" he added. "This is the end."

Duff gripped him firmly by the arm. People were coming out of the dining room, and the detective led the way to a far corner.

"Of course, you're going on," he insisted. "My word, you won't be the one to fail me, I hope. Listen to me. It wasn't a member of your party who was killed this time; you need tell your crowd little or nothing about the affair. I'm keeping you entirely out of the local investigation. Your people will perhaps be questioned, but along with all the other guests in the house. There isn't a chance these Italian police will get anywhere. Better men than they would be stumped. In a day or two you'll go on—go on as though nothing had happened. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you. But so much has happened."

"Only a few of us know how much. You will go on and the murderer in your party will begin to think himself safe. He has finished his work now. Resume your tour and leave the rest to me and the Yard. Do you understand that?"

Lofton nodded. "I understand. I'll go if you say so. But this last affair seemed almost too much. I was badly shaken for a moment."

"Naturally, you were," answered Duff, and left him. As he sat down to dinner at a table just inside the dining-room door, the detective was thinking hard. For the first time Lofton spoke of giving up the tour—at this moment when the killer's work was finished.

The inspector was busy with an excellent soup when Pamela Potter came in. She stopped beside his table.

"By the way," she said, "I've news for you. Mr. Kennaway and I went for a stroll soon after we got here. Mr. Tait was taking a nap. Just as we were leaving the hotel, a car drew up and waited. Something told me to stop a minute, just to see who it was waiting for."

"Ah, yes," smiled Duff. "And whom was it waiting for?"

"I get you," she nodded. "But there are finer things in life than who and whom—don't you think so too? The car was waiting for some old friends of ours. They came hurriedly out of this very hotel with all their baggage. The Fenwicks, I mean."

Duff's bushy eyebrows rose. "The Fenwicks?"

"None other. They seemed surprised to see Mr. Kennaway and me. Said they thought we weren't due here until tomorrow. I explained that the schedule had undergone one of its usual changes."

"What time was this?" the inspector inquired.

"A few minutes past seven. I know, because it was just seven when Mr. Kennaway and I met in the lobby."

"A few minutes past seven," Duff repeated thoughtfully.

The girl went on to join Mrs. Luce at a distant table, and Duff sat down again to his soup. It had been just 6:45, he reflected, when that shot was fired into the lift.

XI

ALL through the entrée—and it was really a pity, for a mind divided cannot truly appreciate a chef's masterpiece of the evening—Duff debated with himself over the Fenwicks. Should he look up that Italian policeman and suggest that the pair be apprehended and brought back to San Remo? The matter could be easily accomplished, but what then? There was absolutely no evidence against Norman Fenwick. To call attention to him would be to involve the Lofton travel party—a thing which Duff certainly didn't want to do. No, he determined over the inevitable roast chicken, he would make no mention to the Italian police of that somewhat precipitate departure.

When he saw the officer of the city guards again Duff was glad he had decided not to complicate that gentleman's troubled existence with Fenwicks. Though the Italian had seemed serene enough during the interview in Miss Conway's suite, such a state of mind had evidently not long endured. As he got further along with the case, the poor man had begun to realize the true nature of the situation which faced him, and now he was temperamental and Latin in the extreme. A murder without a clew, without a finger print or a footprint, with no weapon to be examined, no witness save Duff, who was from Scotland Yard, and so, obviously, above suspicion. A hundred and twenty guests and thirty-nine servants in the house when the shot was fired. It was no wonder that the distracted policeman raged about, asking useless questions, and gradually drifted into a state of nervous excitement that led him into a long, passionate argument about the case, in which his opponent was a small and emotional bell boy who knew nothing whatever about it.

At ten o'clock that night Duff came upon Pamela Potter and Kennaway seated in wicker chairs on the hotel terrace.

"Heavenly spot for a chat," the detective remarked, sitting down beside them.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Kennaway. "Note the bright stars and the scent of orange blossoms drifting up from the grounds. We were just wondering if these were included in the rate, or if they'd be among the extras on our bills. Lofton's contract, you know: 'Not responsible for personal expenses such as mineral waters, wines and laundry.' Orange blossoms usually turn out to be a personal expense."

"I'm sorry to interrupt your romantic speculations," Duff smiled. "Miss Potter has told me that the two of you took a stroll just before dinner?"

Kennaway nodded. "We were trying to build up an appetite," he explained. "After you've been on a tour of this kind for a while life seems just one long table-d'hôte."

"When you told Mr. Tait you were going out did he offer any opposition to the plan?"

"No, he didn't. As a matter of fact, he acted rather in favor of it. He said he didn't care to dine before eight, as he was very tired and wanted to lie down for a while before eating. Our rooms are quite small, and possibly he figured I might disturb him if I stuck around."

"On what floor are your rooms?"

"On the third floor."

(Continued on Page 53)

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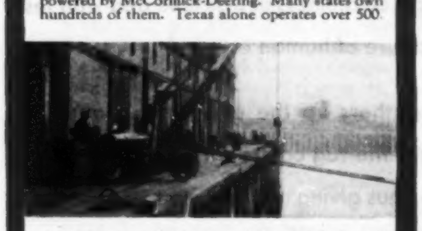

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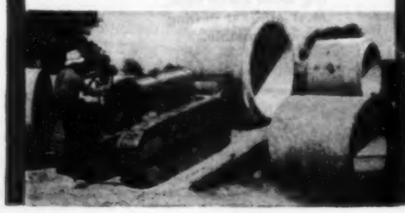

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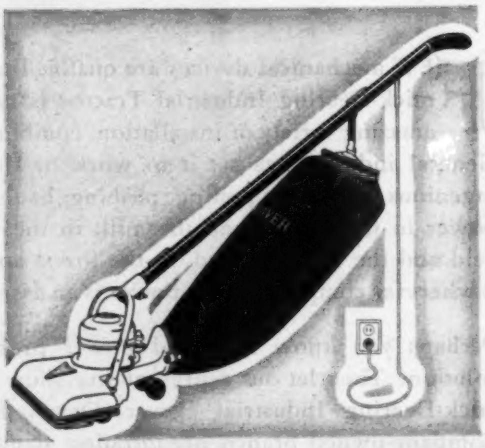

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Hoover Duster, unusually powerful and convenient; no heavy lifting, motor sits on floor. Most efficient dusting device available.

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(Continued from Page 50)

"Are you near the lift?"

"Just opposite it."

"Ah, yes. At 6:45 this evening, I believe you had not yet left the hotel. Did you hear the sound of a shot about that time?"

"I did."

"Where were you at the moment?"

"I was down in the lobby, waiting for Miss Potter. We weren't supposed to meet until seven, but Mr. Tait had sort of shooed me out."

"Who else was in the lobby? Any other member of the party?"

"No. Just myself and a few servants. I heard the shot, but I didn't realize what it was right away. You see, it came from the elevator shaft. Having ridden on the elevator, I wasn't surprised. I was expecting to see it blow up in a cloud of red smoke at any moment."

"Then, when the shot was fired, Mr. Tait was alone in your suite?"

"Undoubtedly. Alone and probably sound asleep."

"Probably," nodded Duff.

At that instant Tait appeared on the terrace. He stood there, straight and tall, a handsome figure in evening dress. Duff had been thinking of him as an old man, but it suddenly occurred to the inspector that Tait was not so old as he seemed—illness, anxiety in his face perhaps, but not age.

"I thought I'd find you here," the lawyer remarked to Kennaway.

"Sit down, Mr. Tait," Duff suggested.

"Wish I was back in New York," Tait snapped. "Active all my life, and this loafing is hell." Duff wondered. Was Tait thinking of dropping out of the party too? "Come on, Mark; let's go upstairs," the lawyer went on. "I want to get to bed. You won't have to read to me long tonight."

"Still mystery stories?" the detective inquired.

"Not a chance," Tait answered. "There's enough murder in real life without reading about it in books. We've taken up the Russians now. It was Mark's idea. He thought he was clever, but I'm on to him. I have to listen or go to sleep; so naturally I go to sleep. That gives him more time for the ladies." He turned and walked toward the lighted French window through which he had come. "Are you ready, Mark?" he said over his shoulder.

Kennaway rose reluctantly.

"When duty calls with clarion voice, the youth replies, I come," he remarked. "Sorry, Miss Potter. Mark Kennaway signing off. If the orange blossoms are an extra, you'll have to bear the expense alone from now on."

"Nice chap, isn't he?" Duff inquired as the young man disappeared.

"Very nice," answered the girl, "at times. Tonight was one of the times."

"What do you mean—at times?" the detective inquired.

"Oh, he has his moments. At others he looks at me as much as to say, 'How in the world did I ever come to speak to this person from the crude Middle West?' It's Boston, you know. But there, you wouldn't understand."

"I'm afraid not," Duff replied. "Tell me, how are the members of the travel party taking our latest murder?"

"Calmly enough, I believe. I've always heard that one gets used to anything in time. I presume we'll be held up here for a while?"

"It's hard to say," Duff told her. "A murder investigation in Italy, you know, is likely to be a complicated affair. There are three branches of the police—the city guards, the *carabinieri* and the municipal force. The last are concerned only with minor crimes, but often the other two are called upon simultaneously to investigate a murder, and the result is a very pretty little row between them. So far, only the city guards have come into this case, and I am hoping the *carabinieri* stay out. If they do, I don't anticipate much difficulty. I believe that I shall be able to convince that worried officer that this is my affair and that he mustn't trouble, really."

The girl leaned suddenly closer. "Tell me something, please?" she said gravely. "Is the murderer the same person every time? My grandfather, poor Mr. Honywood, and now Mrs. Honywood? All killed by the same man?"

Duff nodded slowly. "Undoubtedly, Miss Pamela. The same man."

"Who?" Her voice was low, tense. "Who?"

The detective smiled. "'All in good time, we know,'" he replied. "I am quoting an old friend—a Chinese whom I want you to meet when you reach Honolulu. 'At present moment we are faced by stone wall. We swing about, seeking new path.' Still quoting my friend." The girl did not speak. After a brief silence Duff continued: "I looked you up tonight because I have something to tell you, Miss Pamela. A part of our mystery, at least, has been solved. I have in my bag a letter which fully explains how your grandfather happened to be involved in this affair."

The girl leaped to her feet. "You have! I must see it."

"Of course." Duff also rose. "If you will come up with me I will give it to you. Take it to your own room and read it. I should like to have it back in the morning."

Without a word she went with him into the brightly lighted lobby. They moved toward the lift. Duff regarded the little cage with marked distaste.

"I'm on the first floor," he suggested hopefully.

"Then we won't bother with that thing," said the girl. "Let's walk."

She waited in his doorway while he brought the letter. He was frantically searching his mind for words of preparation and of sympathy, but none came to him. Words were not his forte. All he could say was: "At what hour shall we meet tomorrow?"

"At eight o'clock," the girl answered, "in the lobby." Seizing the thick envelope eagerly, she hurried away.

Duff returned below stairs, where he had another chat with the baffled officer of the city guards. Subtly he planted in that official's mind the uselessness of further investigation. This particular murder, he pointed out, looked to be solution proof, but, fortunately, it happened to be one of a series, and since the first had taken place in London, the whole matter was up to Scotland Yard.

Duff intimated that the Yard stood ready to relieve the Italian police of a difficult and thankless task. The officer of the city guards intimated that the Italian police stood ready to be relieved. When they parted, the local man seemed to be in a much happier frame of mind.

The next day proved to be the type which the Riviera does so well—deep blue sky, sparkling sea, and sunlight like a gold piece just from the mint. At eight o'clock, as they had planned, Duff met Pamela Potter in the lobby. The beauty of the morning was seemingly lost on the girl. Her violet eyes were clouded with the evidence of recent tears. She handed the letter back to Duff.

"I wanted to prepare you," he told her. "But I didn't know how. My methods are rather clumsy. I'm so sorry."

"Not at all," she answered in a low voice. "You took the very best course. Poor grandfather—dead for no reason whatever. Dead because he did another man a kindness."

"Who could ask a better epitaph?" the detective said gently.

Pamela Potter looked at him, and her fine eyes flashed. "Well, this doesn't end the matter with me!" she cried. "I want that man—that man who killed him! I shan't rest until he's been found!"

"Nor I," Duff replied. He thought of the lift. "No, by Gad, nor I. I mean to run down Jim Everhard if it's the last act of my life. Have you any idea ——"

She shook her head. "I lay awake nearly all night, thinking. Who of the men in our party? They all seem incapable of such a thing—even Maxy Minchin. Who—who? Mr. Vivian—he appears to be interested only in Mrs. Spicer. Captain Keane—such a sneaky air; I don't like him, but that's not enough, of course. Mr. Tait—he's very disagreeable at times; but then, the poor man is ill. Mr. Ross—there's not a thing to connect him with all this. As for Mr. Benbow, I'm sure he'd never do anything he couldn't photograph and show the boys back in Akron. There's Doctor Lofton left, and that foolish little Fenwick man. But it would be absurd to think that he ——"

"Nothing is absurd in this business," Duff broke in. "And by the way, you've forgotten one member of the party."

"Really?" She appeared surprised. "Who? Or should it be whom? I know how fussy you are about grammar."

"I was referring to Mark Kennaway."

She smiled. "Oh, don't be ridiculous."

"I never overlook anyone myself," he remarked. "And since I am about to take you in as my partner ——"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I shall probably leave the party for a time. I don't expect any more—er—accidents, and there is little I could accomplish if I came along. As I told you last night, I am faced with stone wall, and I must swing about, seeking other path. Sooner or later, I shall no doubt join you again. In the meantime, I should like to have you act as my representative. Please make a study of the men in this group and write me occasionally from the various ports where your tour touches. Just tell me how things are going. If you come across anything that looks like a clew let me have it. You know—nice, gossipy letters; you're very good at that sort of thing, I'm sure. And a cable if anything important turns up; New Scotland Yard, London, will reach me. Will you do that?"

"Of course," the girl nodded. "I'm writing to some twenty boys already. The more the merrier."

"I'm flattered to be included on the list," Duff replied. "Thank you so much."

Mrs. Luce came up. "Oh, there you are, Pamela," she said. "I'm glad to see you in such safe company. . . . Oh, don't look at me like that, inspector. Where matters of the heart are concerned I presume you're just as dangerous as any man. There! I've probably made you very happy by saying that."

Duff laughed. "Gorgeous morning, isn't it?" he inquired.

"Is it?" she answered. "I'm from Southern California myself, and I'm not impressed."

"I hope you slept well, my dear," the girl remarked.

"I always sleep well, provided I change bedrooms often enough. Even a murder doesn't disturb me. I remember once at Maiden's Hotel, in Delhi—of course, he was only a bus boy—the victim, I mean. But I must save that for my reminiscences. What have you made of last night's affair, inspector?"

"Nothing, as usual," Duff replied grimly.

"Well, I'm not surprised. You're no superman, and this friend of ours with the urge to kill begins to look like one. Clever, certainly. One reassuring thing—he's starting to operate outside the party. There may be enough of us to last him, after all. . . . Are you breakfasting, Pamela?"

"I'm famished," said the girl, and followed Mrs. Luce into the dining room.

By noon it was apparent that the Italian authorities would attempt to hold none of the travelers in the hotel. The tourist business was no mean industry along the Riviera di Ponente, and not to be disturbed to satisfy a policeman's whim. Bags were piled up at the door of the hotel and a number of guests departed. The word went around among the Lofton party that they were to take the two-o'clock express for Genoa. All of them were eager to be off. Lofton himself had recovered from his despairing mood of the night before; he was everywhere at once, spreading information and advice.

As for the officer of the city guards, his spirits had risen noticeably. After a talk with his associates and a telegram to Rome, it had been decided to hand the whole matter over to Scotland Yard, which left the officer nothing to do but wear his uniform and impress the ladies. At both of these tasks he excelled, and he knew it.

Again, as on that morning in London, Inspector Duff found himself in the odd position of saying good-by to a group of people among whom was undoubtedly the quarry he so much wanted to capture; of seeing them off on a long journey—Naples, Alexandria, Bombay, the far ports of the Orient. But by this time he was resigned to any turn which fate might take. With a cheery air he went with them to the station on the west bay, just outside the new town.

They gathered on the platform to await the train: Benbow with his camera, Sadie Minchin loaded down with recent purchases in the jewelry line. "Maybe Maxy won't have to come across when he meets a customs man," she predicted proudly.

Suddenly Mrs. Spicer gave a little cry. "Good heavens, I never realised it before!" she exclaimed.

"What is the trouble?" Doctor Lofton asked solicitously.

"There are thirteen of us," she replied with a stricken look.

Maxy Minchin patted her on the back. "Don't mean a thing, lady," he assured her.

Doctor Lofton smiled wearily. "There are only twelve in the party now," he told her. "I'm not in it, really, you know."

"Oh, yes, you are," the woman persisted. "And you're the thirteenth."

"Nonsense, Irene," Stuart Vivian said. "Surely you're not superstitious?"

"Why not? Everybody is."

"Only the ignorant," he replied. "Oh, I'm sorry ——"

He was sorry a bit too late. The woman had given him a look. Even those at whom it was not directed were startled to see it. There was a dangerous fire in her green eyes.

"I'm superstitious too," Mrs. Luce put in diplomatically. "Not about thirteen, though. That's always been lucky for me. But when it comes to a black cat—one crossed before my rickshaw on the Bubbling Well Road in Shanghai ten years ago, and half an hour later an automobile struck us. I pulled through all right, but I always blamed the cat. Thirteen, as I was saying, Mrs. Spicer ——" But that lady had walked haughtily away.

The express thundered in, crowded as usual, and there began a hurried search for seats in the first-class compartments. Duff helped Mrs. Luce and Pamela Potter to find places. Once more he spoke to the girl about the letters.

"Don't worry," she smiled. "I'm positively garrulous with a fountain pen."

The detective leaped back to the platform. Doors were slamming shut, one by one the Lofton travel party was disappearing from his ken. He noted Benbow, his camera hanging from a black strap across his shoulder, climbing into a compartment from which his wife had beckoned; noted Ross, with his Malacca stick, helped aboard by a porter; caught a last knowing smile from Captain Keane. The final face he saw was that of Patrick Tait—the lined, worried face of a man old before his time, white as death now in the dazzling Riviera sunshine.

"Well, that's that," shrugged Duff, and returned to the hotel to inquire about London trains.

The next morning but one he sat in the superintendent's office at Scotland Yard. His face was very red and he was perspiring freely, for he had just related the latter part of his story—the disturbing incident of the murder in the lift. His superior looked at him in a kindly way.

"Don't take it too hard, my boy. It might have happened to any of us."

"I shall take it just this hard, sir," Duff replied: "I shall go on searching for Jim Everhard until I find him. It may take months, but I mean to have him in the end."

(Continued on Page 56)

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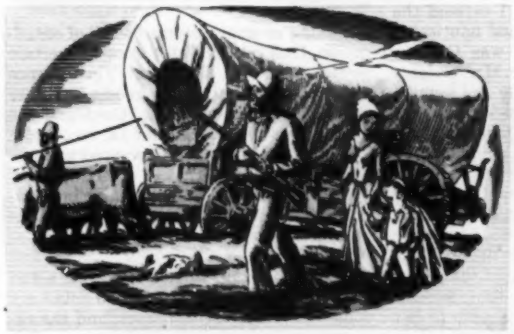

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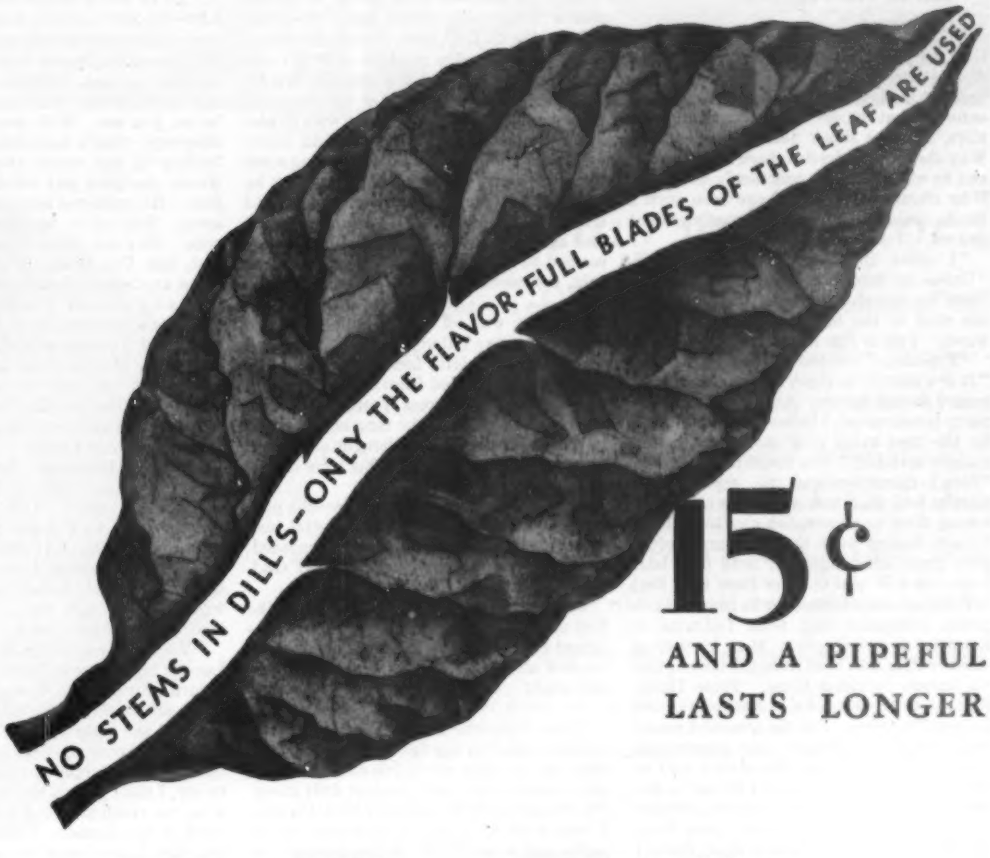
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(Continued from Page 53)

"Naturally," the superintendent nodded. "I know how you feel. And every facility of the Yard will be put at your disposal. But don't forget this: Evidence in the matter of the killing of Honywood and his wife is of no value to us. Those cases could never be tried in London. No, it is the murder of Hugh Morris Drake that alone concerns us. We must capture Everhard and bring him here to answer for that, and our proofs must be unanswerable."

"I understand that, sir. It was the reason why I didn't linger on in Nice or San Remo."

"Have you mapped out any future course of action?"

"No, I haven't. I thought I would consult with you about that."

"Precisely." The superintendent nodded his complete approval. "Will you please leave with me all your notes on the case? I shall look them over during the day. If you will come in at five this afternoon we will decide at that time what we had better do. And once more; don't worry about that affair in the lift. Think of it only as a stronger incentive to get your man."

"Thank you, sir."

Feeling much better than when he had entered the room, Duff left it. A good egg, his superior, and no mistake. He lunched with Hayley, who was even more sympathetic than the superintendent. At five that afternoon he returned to his superior's office.

"Hello," that gentleman said. "Sit down, please. I've read your notes. A puzzle, of course. But I was struck by one thing. No doubt you were too."

"What was that?"

"This man Tait, Mr. Duff."

"Ah, yes, Tait."

"Rather queer, my boy—rather queer. His story may be absolutely true, but doubts crept into my mind as I read. He thought Honywood had been murdered; he entered that parlor and saw Honywood alive, and the shock nearly finished him. Why should he take it so hard? Honywood and he were, it seems, practically strangers. Why should the matter have been such a shock, unless ——" The superintendent paused.

"I quite understand, sir," Duff said. "Unless he supposed Honywood dead because he thought he himself had strangled the man in the night. Unless—in other words—Tait is Jim Everhard."

"Precisely," nodded the superintendent. "It is a matter to think about. Now, with regard to the future. As far as the travel party is concerned, I believe, Mr. Duff, that for the time being your usefulness in that quarter is ended." The inspector's face fell. "Don't misunderstand me, my boy. I merely feel that you are too well known among them to accomplish anything there. I have looked over the itinerary Lofton gave you. After Egypt, I note four boat trips—on a P. and O. liner from Port Said to Bombay; on a British India Steam Navigation Company ship from Calcutta to Rangoon and Singapore; then by way of another P. and O. boat from the latter place via Saigon to Hong-Kong. From Hong-Kong they are to take a Dollar liner bound for San Francisco. For the present I would leave the party in peace. Our quarry may think we have dropped the matter and be off his guard. In a few days I intend to dispatch a good man to Calcutta with instructions to get in touch with the party from that point on, in any manner that offers. I haven't definitely decided, but I am thinking of sending Sergeant Welby."

"One of the cleverest, Welby is, sir," Duff replied.

"Yes, and the type who could easily pass as a ship's steward, or something of the sort. Cheer up, my boy. If Welby hits on anything definite, you shall join him and make the arrest. In the meantime, there is work to be done in the States. An investigation of the Honywoods' past; the meaning of those wash-leather bags; the search for a safety-deposit box with the number 3260. All that will be left to you. But there is no need for you to be off just yet. I want you to time your investigation in America so that you can conclude it on the West Coast about the date when Lofton's travel party lands at San Francisco."

Duff was smiling again. "Very well planned, sir. But may I make one suggestion?"

"Of course. What is it?"

"I should like to meet the party at Honolulu, sir."

"And why at Honolulu?"

"It would give me that last run from Honolulu to the mainland, sir. Some of them may leave the party at San Francisco. And furthermore ——"

"Yes?"

"I have a very good friend at Honolulu. A chap of whom I'm particularly fond. I believe I've spoken to you about him—Inspector Chan, of the Honolulu police."

The superintendent nodded. "Ah, yes. Charlie Chan—the Bruce case. Do you think Inspector Chan would like to see you, Duff?"

Duff was puzzled. "I'm sure he would, sir. Why do you ask?"

His superior smiled. "Because I have long wanted to do a favor for Mr. Chan. Don't worry, my boy. Honolulu can undoubtedly be arranged."

XII

THERE followed for Duff weeks of restless waiting. He busied himself with minor tasks, but his heart was elsewhere. Welby was off on a P. and O. boat, his destination Calcutta. For several nights Duff had coached him, read aloud from his notes, speculated with him over the possibilities in the Lofton travel party. Sergeant Welby, he realized with mixed emotions, was a remarkably clever lad. Not, like most of the C. I. D. men, from some inland farm, but a London product, a little cockney born within sound of Bow bells. Within sound of those bells most of his days had been passed, and the seven seas were to him an uncharted emptiness. He had never even read about them; he was having some difficulties with his geography now; but he faced the future with cool unconcern and unbounded confidence. He examined again and again the little bags of pebbles; they seemed to fascinate him. They formed, he said, the essential clew. He trembled to be off.

Well, he was off now. Duff had gone with him to Tilbury Docks and had watched the cheerful face of his fellow detective until it faded from sight. Walking that same night across Vauxhall Bridge, with the tide out and the tang of salt sharp in the air, the inspector thought of Welby, some miles out at sea by this time on his great adventure.

Would Welby solve the puzzle—the puzzle that was by all rights the special task of Duff? He would try to be broad-minded. He had wished Welby luck and, by Gad, he meant it.

In a little more than two weeks came the first news of the Lofton party. It was contained in a letter from Pamela Potter, postmarked at Aden. The inspector opened it and read:

"*Dear Inspector Duff:* I'm so sorry. I meant to send in my first report from Port Said, but the days are so full and the nights are so wonderful—well, we just drift along. I'm afraid you'd be feeling a bit impatient if you were with us. A murderer in our party, and what of it? We've done all the bazaars, we've met the Sphinx—I did remember to ask her that question we so want answered, but she didn't reply.

"I've seen Port Said. It may be as wicked as it's reputed to be, but Mrs. Luce wouldn't let me find out. She said she'd tell me all about it, and she did. Yes, she's as full of reminiscences as ever. You need an atlas of the world when she talks to you. But she's an old dear.

"We've put the Suez Canal behind us. Like a muddy river, with lonely people sitting at the stations beside the locks. I wanted to get off and tell them about Maurice Chevalier in the talkies. On each side, oceans of sand dotted with scrub acacias, and at night the nice light air of the desert blowing across the ship. We're nearly out of the Red Sea now, and the way I feel is, thank heaven that's attended to. Hot—my word! The flying fish flopped onto the deck with a sort of pleased-to-meet-you air. The sun is a huge red ball when we watch it go down every night, and we listen to hear it sizzle when it hits the water. At least I do. Mark Kennaway says it never touches the water at all, and that the sound I hear is eggs frying in the crow's nest.

"Faithful to my orders, I've been cultivating the men in the party. The only result up to date is that I've got myself heartily disliked by the women. Even Sadie Minchin thinks I'm trying to steal her Maxy. Maybe I have overplayed Maxy a bit, but he's quite amusing. I've posed for Elmer Benbow so many times, I expect to see his wife take his camera away from him at any moment. As for the rest—well, I really believe I've got over big with Stuart Vivian.

"You remember that nice little row between Stuart and his lady friend at the San Remo station? About being superstitious? They didn't speak for days—that is, she didn't—and after a while he gave up trying. It was then I came into his life. I got to thinking we didn't know much about him, so I set to work. When the gentle Irene saw the speed I was making she rose in her wrath and took him back. I'm not so sure he wanted to be taken. He squirmed considerably. A conceited man. As though I meant anything by my deep interest in his past. He's forty-five, if a day.

"All of which brings me—don't ask me how—to dear Captain Keane. I was going to my stateroom the other night at twelve—I'd been sitting up on deck with somebody or other—a man, I believe it was. I'm trying to follow out your instructions to the letter, you see. Well, when I entered the alleyway—that's authentic and nautical—leading to my room, there was Captain Keane snooping just outside Mr. Vivian's door. He muttered something and hurried away. Still up to his old tricks, you will note. He's one of the slyest men I've ever met, but I'm afraid he's too obvious to mean anything. Aren't you?

"As for the rest, I've listened to Doctor Lofton's erudite talks, to Mr. Ross on the subject of Tacoma and why does anybody live in the Middle West, now that the Pacific Coast has been discovered, until my ears ache. There's Mr. Tait, too—my one failure. Somehow my charms seem to fall on barren ground when he is about. How would you explain it? Perhaps he's a bit miffed because I take up a little of Mark Kennaway's time. Did I say a little? Maybe that isn't quite accurate. You see, he is so young and I am so beautiful —— But as I was saying, I've cultivated them all. And so far, I must admit I haven't turned up a single clew. I wouldn't call that about Keane a clew. Would you?

"We have nearly reached Aden. Mrs. Luce is taking me to luncheon there at her favorite restaurant. Probably she will call the head waiter by his first name and ask after all the little waiters. Aden, she tells me, is a melting pot that somebody put on the stove and forgot to remove. According to her, I shall get my first smell of the East when we reach there. I believe I've had a whiff or two already. I don't much like it. But Mrs. Luce claims you grow to love it in time. That when you're sitting in your patio at Pasadena you suddenly remember it, and then it's just a case of engaging a caretaker and locking the front door. Maybe. No doubt I shall be able to tell you more about that when I write next time.

"Sadie Minchin has just stopped at my elbow, wondering about the jewelry shops in Aden. Maxy had better arrange to have her met by an armored truck at the San Francisco dock. He owns a limousine with bullet-proof glass; perhaps he'll have that there.

"Sorry I haven't proved more of a detective. Better luck from here on. I'll have lots of time in the Indian Ocean.

"Sincerely yours,
"PAMELA POTTER."

That night, in the Vine Street Station, in London, Duff discussed this letter with Hayley. There wasn't much to discuss, as they both realized. Duff was inclined to be impatient.

"First time in my life," he muttered, "that I ever depended on a girl to keep me abreast of a case. And the last, I hope."

"A charming girl, at any rate," Hayley smiled.

"What of that? She's not so charming that one of those men will suddenly turn to her and say: 'Oh, by the way, I murdered your grandfather.' And that's all I want. Not charm, but the identity of Jim Everhard."

"When does Welby join the party?" asked the Vine Street man.

"Not for ages," sighed Duff. "There they are, just drifting along, with no one watching them but a girl. A big idea of the chief's."

"It will all come right in the end," Hayley answered. "Something tells me."

"Please ask your something to come and talk to me," said Duff. "I need it."

He needed it even more before he heard again. Every night he studied the itinerary Lofton had given him. In his thoughts he followed the little party across the Indian Ocean to Bombay; then by the long route—they would take the long route—to Mt. Abu, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Benares, Calcutta. It was while they were at Calcutta that he heard once more—a mysterious cable from the girl.

IF ONE OF YOUR MEN IS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE HIM GET IN TOUCH WITH ME AT ONCE. AT THE GREAT EASTERN HOTEL, CALCUTTA, UNTIL THIS EVENING, THEN ABOARD BRITISH INDIA LINER MALAYA BOUND FOR RANGOON, PENANG, SINGAPORE.

Feeling an unaccustomed thrill of anticipation, Duff cabled Welby in care of certain British agents in Calcutta. Then silence again. One dreary day succeeding another and not an atom of news. Confound the girl; didn't she realize that he, too, had a deep interest in this affair, wanted to know what was happening?

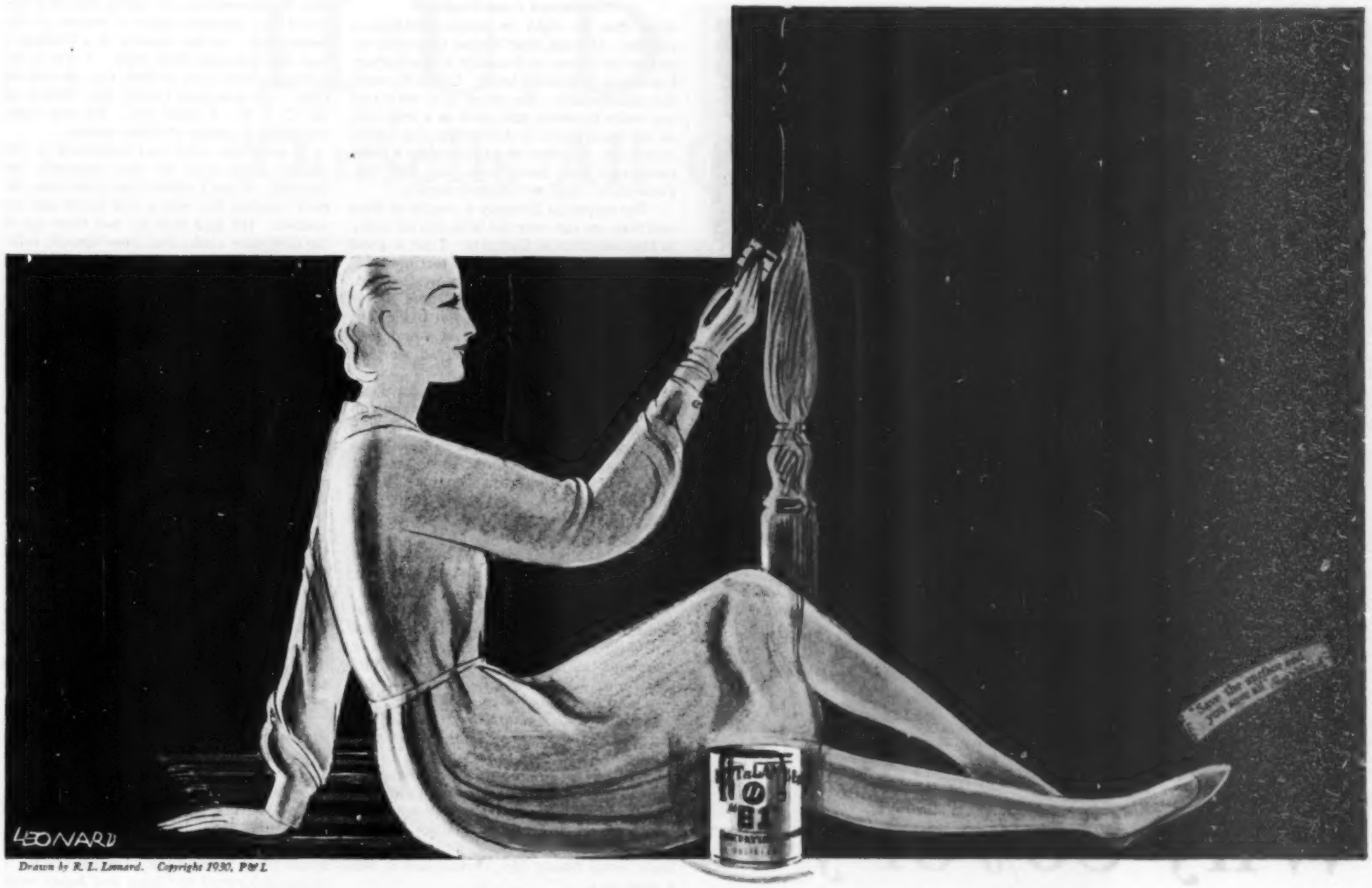
He heard at last. A letter came in, postmarked Rangoon. Eagerly the man in London tore it open:

"*Dear Inspector Duff:* I am rather a dud as a correspondent, aren't I? No doubt my cable left you in a little fever, and the explanation has been slow in coming. But the mails, inspector—you really must blame it on the mails. I couldn't very well cable the contents of this letter. Spies, you know, in this mysterious East—spies back of every tamarind tree.

"Let me see—where was I? We were just steaming into Aden, I believe. We went on steaming after we got there, and all the way across the Indian Ocean to Bombay. Tempers began to get a little frayed about the edges. You know, a party of this sort starts out as one great, big, happy family. It was a bit delayed in our case by certain events at the beginning, but the peak of comradeship and mutual love and esteem was reached in Italy and Egypt. Everyone was very confidential. Then gradually, as the weather got hotter, our ardor for one another began to cool. It's got so now that nobody enters a room without a preliminary survey to make sure no other member of the party, thank God, is inside.

"Well, we did the Indian Ocean. We came into Bombay, said good-by to the dear old ship and staggered up to the Taj Mahal Hotel. And who do you think was in the lobby? Mr. Fenwick and his silent sister from Pittsfield, Massachusetts. It seems that after they left us at Nice they said to themselves, 'We've started out on a world tour, so why not go through with it?' In Naples, it appears, they signed on for a cruise—you know, one of the big wonder

(Continued on Page 58)



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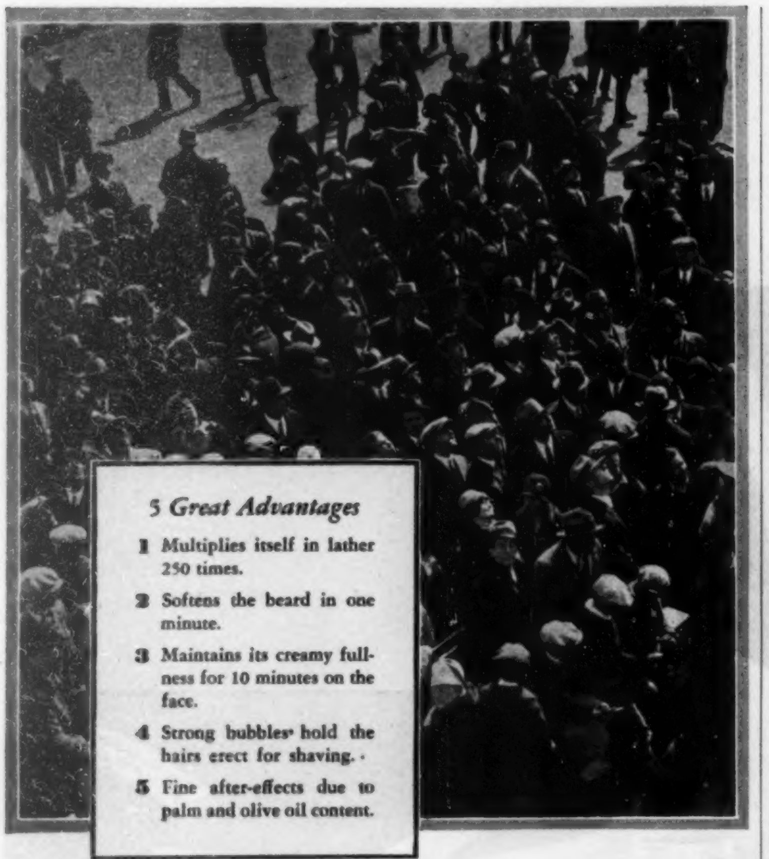

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(Continued from Page 56)

ships that go right on around without a change. At least, that's what they told us, and as we'd seen such a ship in the harbor, I presume it was the truth. Little Norman was insufferable. He asked us if we'd had any more murders, and gave us a long talk on the superiority of their method of travel over ours. We were so happy to see a comparatively new face—even one like Mr. Fenwick's—that we listened meekly.

"We stayed in Bombay a couple of days and then set out over the hills and far away in the direction of Calcutta. I got a good look at the Taj Mahal, and a terrible cold. Eventually we reached our destination, feeling a little sad about India and rather wishing there wasn't any such place. In Calcutta something happened; and so I come at last to my long-delayed story of the cable.

"On our final morning in Calcutta, Doctor Lofton herded us into a jewelry shop on Chowringhee Road. I presume he gets a commission on sales, he was so passionate about having us go there. Imri Ismail, I believe, was the proprietor's name. Once I got inside, I was glad I'd come. Really the most gorgeous jewels you ever saw in your life—star sapphires, rubies, diamonds—but of course you're not interested. Sadie Minchin went hay-wire on the spot. Even Maxy turned a bit pale to see her buying.

"Most of the men in the party just looked casually around and then drifted out. But I happened to see a necklace of diamonds and my will power certainly failed me. A little, weathered clerk with a drooping eyelid and a most villainous expression saw the condition I was in and fastened himself on me. While I was hovering on the brink, Stuart Vivian came up and advised me to wait a minute. He said he knew a little about diamonds and that these were good stones, but not worth what my pirate friend was asking. After a bitter argument, the price began to drop amazingly, until finally Mr. Vivian said it was a good buy.

"At that point Irene Spicer swept down on him, evidently after a long search, and carried him off.

"It was while the clerk was removing the fictional price tag from the necklace that a surprising thing happened. Another clerk came along behind him, and as my man pressed close to the counter to let the other pass, he said something in a foreign tongue. Right in the middle of that string of strange sounds, two English words stood out like a house afire. He said 'Jim Everhard' as clearly and distinctly as a radio announcer.

"My heart stood still. The other man paused as though he were idly curious, and looked toward the door. No one was there. I had to get busy at once with travelers' checks, and when I handed them over I said casually to the man with the drooping eyelid: 'You know Jim Everhard too?' That was where I made my big mistake. I should have said it before he got his hands on the checks. Now it was all a closed incident as far as he was concerned. He calmly pretended he didn't understand English any longer and bowed me out.

"I went for a walk in the Maidan and wondered what to do. I thought maybe I'd send you a postcard with the message: 'Wish you were here.' I certainly wished it. Then I evolved the brilliant idea of the cable.

"I didn't hear anything all day. Mr. Kennaway and I went for a stroll in the Eden Gardens that afternoon, and then rode down to Diamond Harbor to get the British India boat. We were quite late and everybody else was aboard. As we started up the gangplank, which they were about to draw in, who should come rushing down it but my friend of the drooping eyelid? He'd evidently been aboard to see somebody off. Who? Jim Everhard? Or was this merely a last-minute effort to make a few more sales?

"Late that night I was walking along the deck of the Malaya when a steward stopped me and told me someone in the second class wanted to see me. I was startled at first, then I remembered my cable, and so I followed the steward down a ladder to the lower deck. In the shadow of a lifeboat I met the queerest little man. I was a bit dubious about him at first, but he was all right. He was your friend, Mr. Welby, of the C. I. D. I liked him. He was cute. And such a quaint cockney accent.

"I told him what had happened in the jewelry shop, and he was naturally interested. When I added that I had seen the clerk leaving the ship a few hours ago he nodded. He said that he had been up in the first-class about that time himself, talking with a friend among the stewards, and that the man from Imri Ismail's had attracted his attention. He had followed him and noticed which cabin he visited. 'And,' added Mr. Welby, 'it was a cabin occupied by two members of the Lofton travel party, Miss Potter.'

"Of course I wanted to know which two. Did I find out? You know better. Mr. Welby just thanked me heartily for my information. 'You may have lightened my job considerably,' he said. Then he asked me how much Stuart Vivian seemed to know about diamonds. I said I couldn't tell, but that, like all men, he claimed to know everything about everything. Mr. Welby nodded again and intimated that I could run along now. He told me he was hoping to obtain a position as steward on the Dollar boat out of Hong-Kong, and that in the meantime he would be hovering about, but that I mustn't speak to him unless he spoke first. I assured him I was always the perfect lady in such matters, and we parted. I haven't seen him since.

"Well, there you are, inspector. That's the situation on this hot April night in Rangoon, where our boat lays over two days. Speaking of the smell of the East, I know all about it now. The odor of fetid narrow streets, vegetables rotting in the tropic sun, dead fish, copra, mosquito lotions, and of too many people trying to be in one place at one time. I'm used to it. I can look forward to China and Japan with an unconquerable nose.

"I'll probably write again from Singapore—it will depend on what happens next. Please pardon this long letter, but I told you I was garrulous with a fountain pen. And I really had something to write about this time.

"Warmly yours—it's the climate,
"PAMELA POTTER."

An hour after reading this epistle Inspector Duff was in conference with his chief. The superintendent read it, too, and with an interest almost as great as Duff's.

"Welby appears to be playing a lone game," he remarked, and his tone suggested a certain lack of approval.

"He probably has nothing definite to report as yet, sir," Duff replied. "But if the girl has narrowed his search to one of two people, then there ought to be news very soon. Of course, it may all come to nothing. She may even be mistaken about what she heard in the jeweler's shop."

The superintendent considered. "Why did Welby ask her how much Vivian knew about diamonds?" he said at last.

"Couldn't say, sir," Duff answered. "He's deep, Welby is. No doubt, he has a theory of some sort. We might cable to Calcutta and have that clerk questioned about Jim Everhard."

His superior shook his head. "No, I prefer to leave it to Welby. To do what you suggest might interfere with his game. A cable of warning from the clerk to Everhard, and Everhard might disappear from the party. Besides, I'm certain we should get nothing from Miss Potter's friend with the drooping eyelid. He doesn't sound like the sort who would be eager to assist Scotland Yard."

Duff had taken out a pocket calendar. "I figure that the Lofton party is in Hong-Kong today, sir. They're to stop at that port a week, I believe, making a side trip to Canton. If I'm to carry through the investigation you suggested and then get on to Honolulu ——" He waited.

(Continued on Page 60)

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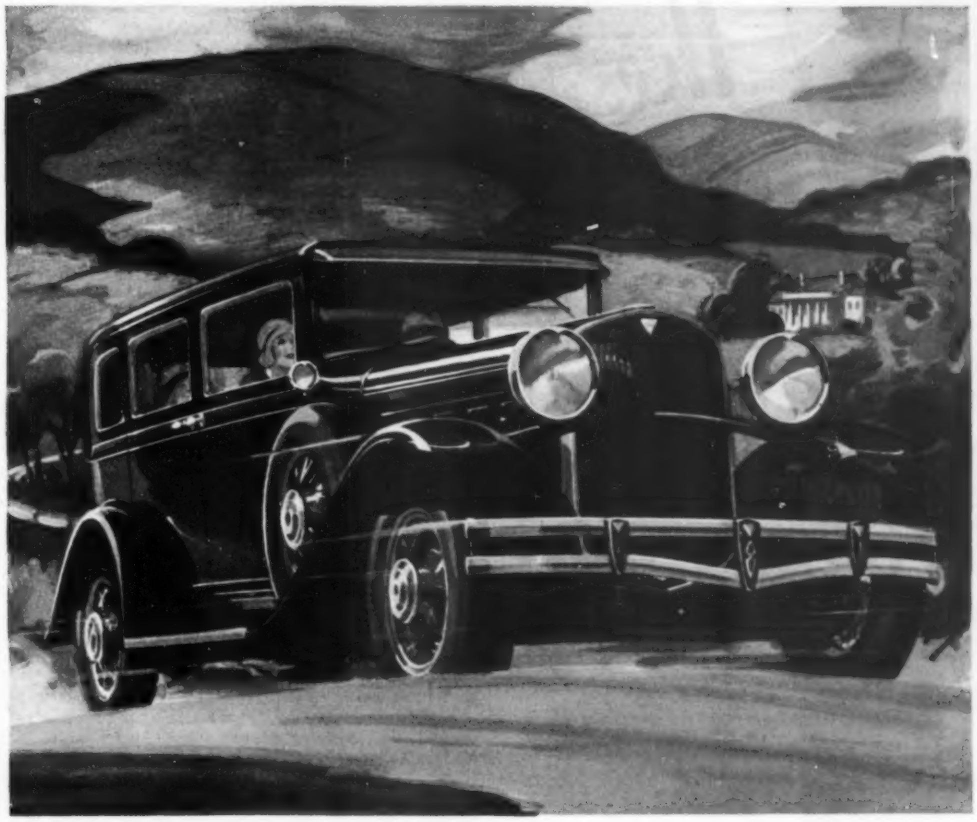

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(Continued from Page 58)

"You want to be off, I suppose," the superintendent smiled. "How soon can you start?"

"Tonight, if there's a boat, sir," Duff answered.

"Tomorrow, at any rate," agreed his superior.

On the morrow, Duff, radiantly happy that the moment for action had arrived at last, set out for Southampton. This time it was Hayley who sped the parting traveler, with many expressions of encouragement and hope. That night the inspector was aboard one of the swiftest of Atlantic liners. The steady turn of the screw was music in his ears; he stood at the starboard rail and watched the prow of the ship as it cut with amazing speed through the dark water. His heart was light. Every moment was carrying him nearer the puzzle that had so rudely left him to travel round the world.

His inquiries into the past of the Honywoods, which he pursued diligently once he had reached New York, got him nowhere. They had arrived in that confusing city some fifteen years ago, and none of the friends whose names Mrs. Honywood's maid had given him appeared to know whence they had come. It was not, it appeared, customary to inquire in New York. Today was all that mattered; yesterday was nobody's business. Blank looks met any mention of the wash-leather bags. Duff found himself baffled and somewhat resentful toward this teeming, heedless city.

In the matter of a safety-deposit box numbered 3260, he was equally helpless. With the aid of the New York police, he was able to ascertain the number of Tait's box at his bank, and also that of the one kept by Lofton. Neither meant anything. A helpful official pointed out to the Britisher that a man might have any number of secret boxes at banks where he did not regularly do business. This part of it, Duff began to realize, was nothing but a wild-goose chase.

Nevertheless, he plodded on, patient to the end. He went to Boston and looked up Mark Kennaway's position there. An excellent family, he discovered, and even he, an outsider, sensed what that meant in Boston. Next he visited Pittsfield, where the continued absence of the Fenwicks was deplored by a little circle of the best people. Painfully respectable, it seemed—the Fenwicks. At Akron the air was less rarefied, but the situation appeared much the same. Duff was taken out to luncheon by Benbow's partner, who told him to tell old Elmer to hurry home. Business, it was rumored, had definitely turned the corner and was on the upgrade.

In Chicago he found the friends of Maxy Minchin reticent in the extreme. Tight-lipped, they listened to the inspector and had nothing at all to say. Duff gathered that there was no great public demand for the gangster's return. He moved on to Tacoma. John Ross, he found, was an important figure in the lumber trade. Dropping down to San Francisco, he made inquiries about Stuart Vivian. The man was known to many of the leading citizens; they all spoke highly of him. A call at the office of Irene Spicer's husband revealed that he was away in Hollywood and was not expected back for some time.

Sitting down one mild May evening in his room at the Fairmont Hotel, Duff summed up the results of his long trek. They were nil. He had looked into the home standing of every man in the Lofton travel party, and, with the exception of Maxy Minchin, all appeared to be above reproach. As for Maxy, it seemed unlikely that he could be involved in any such affair as this. Every man in the party? Well, it was true he had found no track of Keane in New York, where the captain claimed to reside. The name was in no directory. But Duff gave this little thought. From the first, for some reason he couldn't quite define, he had refused to suspect Keane.

With that one exception, then, he was familiar with the home environment of all of them, and he was no nearer than before to knowing which one was capable of murder. Yet there was a murderer in that group—there must be, if Honywood's letter spoke true: "Jim Everhard is traveling with the party. . . . Jim Everhard, the man who has sworn to kill me, and to kill you too."

Duff got up and walked to the window. From his lofty perch he saw the lights of Chinatown, of the ferryboats in the harbor, of the tall buildings across the bay. Memories of his previous visit to this fascinating city came back to him. Memories of Charlie Chan.

A bell boy knocked at his door and handed him a cablegram. It was from his chief at the Yard.

CABLE FROM KOBE WELBY ANTICIPATES EARLY SUCCESS PROCEED TO HONOLULU LUCK

A few words only, but Duff was mightily cheered. Welby, at least, was making progress. Would the little cockney solve the problem in the end? Not usually an imaginative man, Duff was able none the less to picture a gratifying scene. A meeting with Welby on the Honolulu dock, Welby with proofs such as would satisfy the most exacting jury, Welby pointing out some not quite—at this moment—clearly discerned figure. "Tyke him, Duff. He's guilty as hell." Not quite so gratifying, of course, as it would have been if Duff had gathered those proofs himself. But what of that? Scotland Yard always worked as a team. He would do something for Welby some day.

The next morning but one, Duff sailed for Honolulu on the Maui. It would bring him, he knew, into Honolulu harbor some twenty hours before that Dollar liner docked from Yokohama. A brief time to renew old acquaintance with Charlie Chan, to tell him about this new case on which he had been working, and then, the Lofton travel party and action. Quick action, he hoped. He had decided not to cable Charlie of his coming. Why take the edge off the surprise?

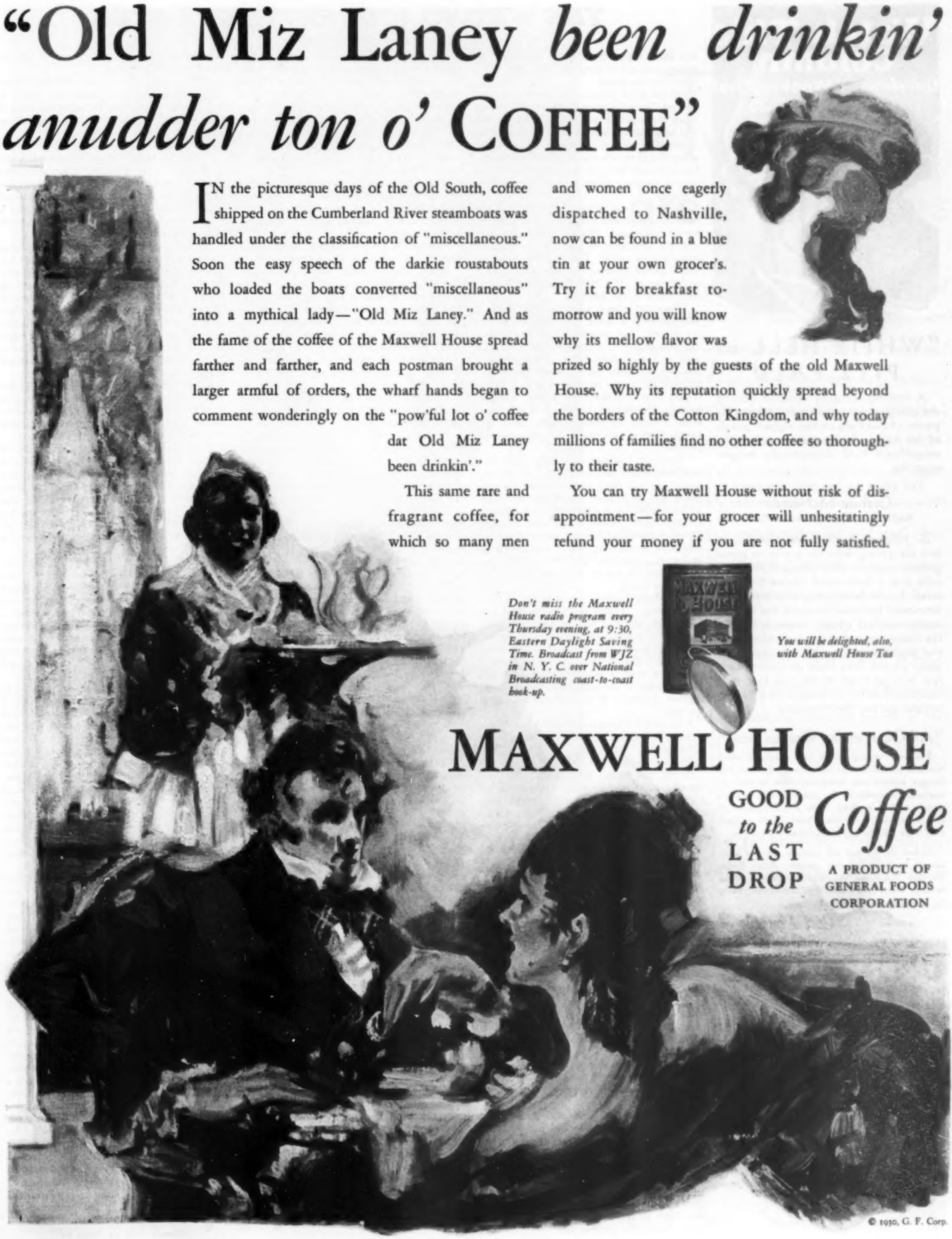
For two days Duff loafed about the ship at peace with the world. A glorious rest this was. When the big moment arrived, he would be strong and ready. On the evening of the second day a boy came up to him and handed him a radiogram. Tearing open the envelope, he glanced at the signature. The message was from his chief.

WELBY FOUND MURDERED ON DOCK AT YOKOHAMA SHORTLY AFTER SAILING OF LINER CARRYING LOFTON PARTY GET EVERHARD DEAD OR ALIVE

Crushing the message savagely in his hand, Duff sat for a long time staring into the darkness beyond the rail of the ship. Before his eyes was a picture of Welby as he had seen him last in London—smiling, confident, serene. The little cockney, who had never hitherto strayed beyond the sound of the bells of St. Mary le Bow, dead on a Yokohama dock.

"Dead or alive," said Duff through his teeth. "Dead, if I have my way."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"Old Miz Laney *been drinkin' anudder ton o'* COFFEE"

IN the picturesque days of the Old South, coffee shipped on the Cumberland River steamboats was handled under the classification of "miscellaneous." Soon the easy speech of the darkie roustabouts who loaded the boats converted "miscellaneous" into a mythical lady—"Old Miz Laney." And as the fame of the coffee of the Maxwell House spread farther and farther, and each postman brought a larger armful of orders, the wharf hands began to comment wonderingly on the "pow'ful lot o' coffee dat Old Miz Laney been drinkin'."

This same rare and fragrant coffee, for which so many men and women once eagerly dispatched to Nashville, now can be found in a blue tin at your own grocer's. Try it for breakfast tomorrow and you will know why its mellow flavor was prized so highly by the guests of the old Maxwell House. Why its reputation quickly spread beyond the borders of the Cotton Kingdom, and why today millions of families find no other coffee so thoroughly to their taste.

You can try Maxwell House without risk of disappointment—for your grocer will unhesitatingly refund your money if you are not fully satisfied.

Don't miss the Maxwell House radio program every Thursday evening, at 9:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Broadcast from WJZ in N. Y. C. over National Broadcasting coast-to-coast hook-up.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE

GOOD *to the* LAST DROP *Coffee*

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Watch This Column
Universal's Weekly Chat

"WHITE HELL of PITZ PALU"

A thrilling romance enacted among the glaciers, precipices and glittering icy peaks of Pitz Palu on the highest points of the Alps in Switzerland—with every magnificent thrill dramatically heightened by

THE VOICE OF THE ONE AND ONLY
Graham McNamee
RADIO'S SUPREME PERSONALITY

Dr. Johannes Krafft, a noted physician, lost his young wife on a trip to these ghostly regions. She plunged from his side into a bottomless chasm and was never found. But always afterwards the bereaved husband haunted the spot. A newly married couple make a trip up the mountain and at the rest cabin, meet the doctor who is about to make his usual ascent. They insist on accompanying him and all three are lost and marooned on an icy ledge until a daring aviator guides their rescuers.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

The only moving-picture ever produced which has won the celebrated reviewers of America and Europe without one dissenting voice or even an approach to criticism. So powerful is it in every detail, so far reaching in its effect against all future war, that many noted publications suggest that it be adopted by the League of Nations.

Noted players who will produce some of Universal's pictures for this season: Anita Page, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Conrad Nagle, Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin, Pauline Starke, Betty Compson, Lewis Ayres and others.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS

(Continued from Page 28)

My sheer inability to make any effort to please was more pleasing than any act I could have planned.

I dressed for dinner with great care, and obeyed Claire's dictum about jewels. When I saw the others I realized how correct she had been, for the women were transformed. In the afternoon only one of them had been, according to my standards, smartly dressed, but now they were well turned out, with the sort of elegance which I had rarely seen in America.

At dinner I sat between the master of the hounds of a famous hunt and a young Member of Parliament. My knowledge of horses and my ignorance of politics stood me in equally good stead. The M.P. declared he would devote the week-end to converting me to his party; the M.F.H. insisted I hunt with them in the autumn.

When the women were alone for coffee I realized with a start that the one whom Sir Robert had taken in was the young Duchess of L——, whose photograph I had seen in English periodicals. I remembered the day, six years before, when I had subscribed for those papers with the vague feeling that they would be part of my education. I wondered, suddenly, if there was such a thing as second sight, or if the events themselves grew out of one's original prophecy.

"Here am I, a guest under the same roof as a duchess," I said to myself. It was uncanny to look back over the past twenty years and recognize this scene, although slightly different in externals, as my favorite daydream. While I had been washing dishes or sweeping floors, I had kept up my spirits by pretending that I was grown up and wore a beautiful dress with a train and a diamond necklace, and was talking to lords and ladies!

The young duchess, who was sitting near me, turned: "I dare say you think it awfully silly—all this talk of presentations? I'm really frightfully democratic myself, but Hugh insists that it's good for the country to have Courts and that sort of thing."

With a start I realized that they had been talking of the drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. Well, there was a goal for me.

I quoted a statement I had read somewhere: "I suppose it has value as a symbol."

"Exactly!" Lady R—— agreed. She smiled at me approvingly.

When the men came back into the drawing-room, the duke, who reminded me a great deal of George, except that he was even shyer, sat beside me. He was keen to know about Americans, and although disappointed that I could tell him nothing at first-hand about the Indians, listened intently to my descriptions of the West. Stories of self-made men had a peculiar fascination for him, for he was not only the possessor of an old and honorable title but was also rich, and the idea of people without either of those qualifications getting to the top seemed as thrilling to him as his inherited position seemed to me.

After I had related various tales which George's father had told me, the duke asked, "But aren't they always rough diamonds? I mean, can't one spot them? For instance, one could tell the difference in a second between people of that sort and—if you don't mind my being personal—people like you and your husband."

I knew he was sincere, and then I reflected that if I should tell him the story of my life, how much more astonished he would be.

He leaned nearer, and said in a lower tone: "Forgive my cheek, but just what is it our hosts are trying to get from you?"

This was such a startling idea that I could only counter by saying, "Do they always try to get things from people?"

"Oh, rather! I'm not a bit clever, you know, but I've already found out what they want from all the rest of us. It's only you being asked that puzzles me."

His tone was so matter-of-fact that I could not take offense, or answer that Lady B—— and Sir Robert had just taken a fancy to us and extended their hospitality out of sheer friendliness. Moreover, this view now appeared naïve. Why should people of their position include in a house party strangers whom they had met by chance on a boat? Some Americans might do it, but not Americans of this social stratum.

"I can't tell you," I answered, and by my expression made it enigmatic.

But when at last we went upstairs, I undressed slowly, turning over in my mind every possibility.

Just before I fell asleep, still perplexed, I vowed, "Whatever it is, they can have it."

When Claire, better versed than I in English customs, came into my room the next morning with a tray containing tea, and drew the curtains so that I could see the bright green of the trees beyond, it was with a feeling of blissful content that I realized I was a member of Lady B——'s house party, and I had spent much of the previous evening in conversation with the young Duke of L——.

Then the question he had asked recurred to me: "Just what is it our hosts are trying to get from you?"

To most women this query might have been wounding, for it implied that as personalities they were not sufficient justification for hospitality. But to me it was gratifying. The only game I understood thoroughly was one of give and take. Lady B—— had position and power in London from which I wanted to benefit; if, in turn, George and I had something which she wanted, so much the better. If it were money, for instance, it would be too simple, but I could not picture Sir Robert, the former British ambassador, asking for a check for half a million dollars in exchange for inviting us to stay with them or introducing us to his friends. I decided to sound out George, and instructed Claire to tell his valet that I wanted Mr. Lemar to stop on his way down to breakfast.

In the meantime the eternal question of what to wear arose, but this time in a totally new form. For on the afternoon before I had seen all the women in country clothes of a simplicity which would make my new French costumes too conspicuously out of key.

Claire saved the situation. "The blue sweater and skirt madame formerly wore for tennis and so kindly gave me are in my bag. Never have I had them on. They would be perfect, madame."

In later years, when I heard the English speak with almost contemptuous amusement of the unsuitability with which most American women dressed for the country, I was grateful for the intuition which prevented my making that mistake while I was on trial. I told Claire to find out discreetly from the maid of the duchess, who was the youngest and smartest of the guests, where she purchased her country clothes; then to go quietly to London and get several similar outfits for me, including walking shoes and tweed coats. No one ever knew how it happened, but I learned afterwards that my unobtrusive garments during the day, particularly as I was both American and rich, had counted greatly in my favor.

Caution and tact were necessary in questioning George about our hosts' possible motives. His attitude toward my social ambition was complicated by the fact that he thought he did not share it. Like most men, he often declared that he didn't in the least care who people were, so long as he had a good time with them; but without being consciously hypocritical, he was delighted when he found that those with whom he had a good time were prominent. The real distinction between us was that I knew I had to work hard and often submit to boredom in order to achieve this end, while he expected to get it without personal sacrifice.

"Did you have much chance to talk to Sir Robert?" I began.

"No. After the women left the table, Griggson moved over beside me. He's in the Foreign Office and he asked me a lot of questions about our political situation at home."

"Any particular branch of it?"

"Well, he seemed more interested in our attitude toward England than anything else. And he wondered how important the German-American vote was. He suggested some tennis in the morning, but I had a feeling that was more or less of an excuse to talk some more."

Half a dozen people were in the dining room when we went in, and I sat down beside the young duke. I had no idea how to conduct myself, for the others would get up from the table and go over to the sideboard, lift the silver covers of various dishes, then return with whatever food they had finally selected, or ring for the butler to order eggs. But he was such a kindly person that I said, "This is my first breakfast in an English household. Do tell me what to do."

Like all shy people, he was pleased at being asked for advice, and instructed me as to the contents of the dishes, and recommended porridge, then broiled fish, and finally a dish of strawberries and cream.

It was easier to confess my ignorance of English customs to him than it would have been to a woman; so, while we sat at the table, he told me, in answer to my questions, that the English theory of entertaining was to offer your house and its resources for amusement to your guests, and then let them make what use of it they desired, with very little aid from the hosts.

"Lady B—— never appears before luncheon," he said. "Sometimes one doesn't even see her until tea. For Sir Robert talks over everything with her, and when he's on the warpath she lets her correspondence, and so on, go until afternoon. As a matter of fact, the old boy's started for London early this morning; something's worrying him. He and Griggson were chinning half the night."

The duchess made the other partner in our mixed tennis doubles; I rejoiced that I had had so much good practice on a grass court; when at last George and Her Grace had won two out of three close sets, we were all on a much more casually friendly plane, and the Foreign Office secretary and I insisted on a return match that afternoon. At luncheon, polo was mentioned, and George and the duke, who was also an enthusiast, talked of nothing else. I remembered the intuition which had prompted me to urge George to take up this game, and I smiled at the thought of riding our way into English society.

However, Griggson and the duchess had a tête-à-tête before we began our afternoon tennis, and I felt it was a result of this conference, more than the congeniality of our husbands, which made her say, while we were all at tea: "We'd be awfully glad to have you come and stay with us next week. Hugh has some ponies your husband could ride, and there are one or two people coming who might amuse you."

I was so nearly overwhelmed by joy that, fortunately, I was unable to reply at once. Before I did, I remembered Lady B——'s statement, made on the steamer, that to the English the incessant use of superlatives by Americans—for example, the way they said they "loved" everything—was a far greater barrier to sympathetic understanding than the use of unfamiliar slang.

So, despite my inner triumph, I answered, "If we can arrange it, I think it would be awfully pleasant. I'll have to let you know."

This deliberate understatement caused her to urge us to visit them, for she knew so well the value of her position, and she had been pursued by so many of my countrywomen, that my hesitation convinced her that we must be really important.

(Continued on Page 64)

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs," famous costume romance of the England of the 70's, attains its greatest glory in Warner Bros.' All-Technicolor production, featuring CLAUDIA DELL and PERRY ASKAM.

"Bride of the Regiment," All-Technicolor First National release with VIVIENNE SEGAL, ALLAN PRIOR, and WALTER PIDGEON, brings another glowing historical romance to the living screen.

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●

Some of the Technicolor Productions

BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures); **FOLLOW THRU,** with Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jane Winton and Thelma Todd (Caddo), Technicolor Sequences; **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD,** with Alice White (First National), Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **THE KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon (First National); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** with Frank Fay (Warner Bros.); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE,** starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn); **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National).

★ in Technicolor

(Continued from Page 62)

Perhaps it was the knowledge of poker, which my father-in-law had taught me, which made me so wary in playing that which I knew instinctively was the final and most important game of an entire lifetime of maneuvering; for, after a day or two, when she again spoke of our visit, I told her we had planned to go to Venice for a few weeks. She was naively astonished that I should prefer this trip to staying with them. I waited breathlessly, wondering if this time I had bluffed too much; then she suggested the first week of August for our stay. I breathed again. I had won. She was young and beautiful and a duchess, and every advantage was, seemingly, on her side. But I had lived too long by my wits not to have acquired greater skill in personal encounters.

When we arrived at the splendid old country place which for hundreds of years had been the home of the L——'s, all my desires were focused on one burning wish—to persuade George to live over here. This had been accentuated by our encounter in Venice with some of our acquaintances from California, who had openly snubbed me and kept other Americans, married to the Italian nobility, whom I greatly wanted to know, from including me in their parties. In England, rather than in my own country, I had found the soil where my years of preparation could best flourish. The English were so sure of themselves that they could afford to take up anyone who amused them; moreover, they did not regard seriously the social distinctions Americans made among themselves and judged us much more on our individual qualifications.

The first evening, at dinner, the wounds inflicted by my compatriots were healed by the attentions of the duke's uncle, Lord C——. He was more than seventy, and therefore not barred by my rule against even the appearance of a flirtation. He found me decorative and an eager listener to the anecdotes and caustic comments about people which all his friends had already heard.

The duchess was delighted by my willingness to be monopolized by him, for he was usually a difficult guest, and for two days life moved as in a dream. I heard George agree to stay over at least for the autumn fox hunting, and I began reading the advertisements of estates for sale.

Then the news of the assassination of the Archduke of Austria turned the household, along with all Europe, upside down. In the almost hysterical excitement I learned that Sir Robert had been anxious for months about a possible war with Germany, and undoubtedly he and Griggson had hoped they might in some capacity use whatever influence George's wealth gave him in enlisting America's sympathy. It was not a Machiavellian plot, and it was so flattering to my husband that he at once declared himself ready, in case of conflict, to put his fortune and his services at their disposal.

It became impossible to stay in the country, so we took our hosts, whose town house was closed, back to our large hotel suite in London. We were together on that unbelievable night when Great Britain declared war. And when the two men started forth the next morning to volunteer, the duchess and I wept together. They stayed on with us—now we were Phyllis and Ruth to each other, and Hugh and George—and our friendship was cemented more strongly by those first weeks than it could have been by twenty years of ordinary life.

George was not wanted by the army; Griggson suggested that he aid our ambassador in taking care of the thousands of Americans stranded in London, and the others fleeing there from all parts of Europe. At first I helped with this work, then Phyllis and I together opened a home for Belgian refugees. Even in all the emotional upheaval of those days, I thought coolly enough to choose association with the English rather than my own countrymen.

My hospital career, which had been at home a hindrance to my social aspirations, now aided them. I was not merely a rich American giving money; I myself worked sometimes fourteen hours a day, and as efficiently as I had worked when I was a trained nurse dependent upon my salary to pay my board. I could cook and sew and, if necessary, scrub floors. No social qualifications in the world could have endeared me as much to those women with whom I was associated as did my sheer, hard, skillful work. They took for granted that they themselves would use every ounce of effort, but I was American, my country was not in the war, and they accorded me far more credit than I deserved. Manual labor was no novelty to me, and although there were moments when my exhaustion was so nearly complete that the thought of a day in bed seemed heaven, on the whole, I was happy. The arduous routine, the succession of practical problems to be solved, obliterated all other thoughts.

Moreover, for the first time in my life I was part of a group. As a child, I had watched with wistful envy the half dozen nice girls who formed a social nucleus I never entered on terms of equality. After my marriage, I had been only tolerated by the crowd with whom, because of George, I was affiliated. But now, in the upheaval occasioned by the war, and the continuous emotional shocks, when no mother or wife dared look at the list of the dead or missing without fortifying herself against the possibility that her son's or her husband's name would leap out at her, and the arrival of an official message was equivalent to seeing Death himself at the door, we were all bound together.

Among our workers were daughters of peers, one minor royalty, the beautiful Lady M——, who looked more aristocratic and typically English than any of them and, I learned, had been a chorus girl, born in Tennessee.

The Duchess of L—— and I lived in part of her town house; the rest of its charmingly furnished rooms were occupied by Belgians; she had dismissed all her able-bodied menservants, both here and from her country place, and we "picknicked" as Phyllis said, celebrating only when Hugh came back on leave, or George returned from the devastated regions where work had been assigned to him. Despite his earnest desire to bear arms, he yielded to higher judgment even after our country at last declared war, and was made a liaison officer between the two armies.

I was with Phyllis when her daughter was born, shortly before the Armistice, and I was still nursing her, two weeks later, when word came that Hugh, who had seemed to bear a charmed life, had been killed. I suffered vicariously as I had never suffered before. My own existence seemed as flat as if painted on cardboard; it lacked all depth, all semblance of reality.

When at last the war was ended, there remained no question as to whether or not we would stay in England. It had become our home. George returned to California to see his mother, who was desperately ill, but Phyllis begged me not to leave her, and so, for the first time, my husband and I were separated by my volition. The baby, whom she had called Ruth, became more attached to me than to her mother, whose health had been seriously impaired by years of unaccustomed strain and work.

Even after Mrs. Lemar died, my husband could not return, for his father, who for almost fifty years had chafed against his wife's dominance and aggressiveness, now missed her so sorely that he, too, became ill. It was almost a year before George came back; he had stayed after his father's death to get the estate settled. As the only child, he had inherited all the fortune, and his father, who owned stock in munitions plants, had increased it so that now we were very rich indeed.

I had become so closely identified with the English spirit that I concealed the extent of our wealth. Most of my friends were unbelievably impoverished; the streets were filled with the unemployed; the profiteers, who had grown rich during the war, were regarded almost more bitterly than the Germans had been. I was careful not to dress too smartly and I discarded all my jewels except for a string of pearls.

Phyllis could no longer afford to keep up her country place; she offered to sell it to us. George was ready to buy it at any price, but knowing what it meant to her, I insisted that we sacrifice our own desires and merely lease it for twenty years, paying an annual rental which would enable her to live in comfort.

She never spoke openly of her gratitude, but I knew the extent of it. She and my small namesake, who was The Lady Ruth, stayed with us for weeks at a time.

"If you really owned it, I could never have brought myself to come here," she once said.

This was my reward. For not only did I enjoy her presence but it made easy our gradual inclusion of her friends in our house parties. Cautiously I employed money for the comfort and entertainment of our guests, but avoided all ostentation which would antagonize them.

While other Americans not so rich as we were buying country places and bidding for famous paintings and for woodwork out of historic houses, and wondering audibly why they were so bitterly disliked by the very people whom they were benefiting, I found another way to aid them.

Without telling even Phyllis, I financed a shop which the young daughter of a peer, who had been in our hospital, desired to open. I made her promise not to disclose my share in it, and I gave her practical advice and took customers to her. It was not entirely altruistic; she was one of the most popular girls in London and I foresaw that when the reaction set in and everyone again desired gayety, she would bring to the parties I was already planning, her friends, among whom was the young royalty most desired as a guest by every hostess in the world.

I set up other women in business; the lull after the excitement of war work was almost as large a factor in their frantic desire to do something as the need of money. In each case I extracted a promise of secrecy; I had no desire to let anyone discover the machinery of my social success. For I helped only those people who could be of advantage to my career. In some cases I, too, bought paintings or jewels, but I paid a larger price than anyone else would have given, and I always made an agreement to sell them back at appraisal value at any time the original owner desired.

Remembering Phyllis' feeling about her country place, I refused to buy a house in London, and when I heard old Lord C—— complain that he could not afford to live decently in his place, yet could not sell it because of his grandson's right to inherit, I persuaded him to lease us the splendid eighteenth-century residence in Mayfair. I consulted him about every detail of redecorating and refurnishing, and offset his objection to change by promising to leave in it, at the end of my tenancy, everything I used there.

He chuckled when I gave him this written statement, and said, "I think I've rather got the better of you."

I did not undeceive him; he could not have understood that to me the money involved was of no consequence compared to the advantage I derived from his taste and his proprietary interest in the house, which led him to bring his friends there constantly after it was completed.

George had begun to ride and to hunt again; at my suggestion, he put his stable at the disposition of our neighbors who could no longer afford to own horses. In this way we solidified our position with even the county families, who were most bitterly resentful of what they termed the American invasion.

Then, just as I felt that my plans were too carefully laid for any possibility of failure and I was ready to step into the position of which I had dreamed all my life, I ran up against a seeming impassable barrier.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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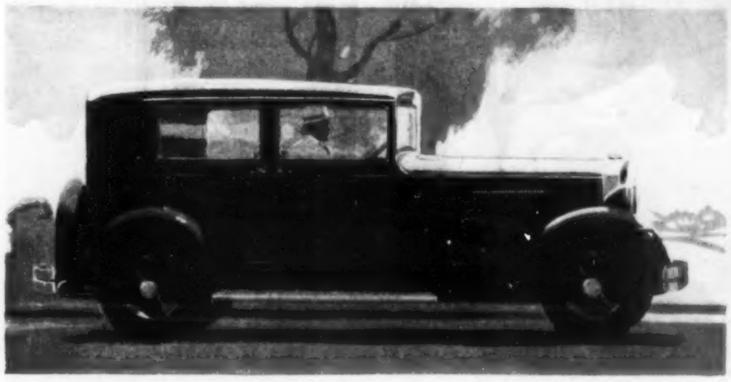

Advanced Value-Features
Graham Standard Six Town Sedan

$845
Price at factory

Four wide doors—utmost ease of entrance and exit.

115-inch wheelbase—which gives spacious comfort, and gracefully proportioned full size.

6-cylinder, 66-horsepower motor with 207 cubic inches piston displacement, which gives power and performance rare and unusual at the price.

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Adjustable foot pedals with rubber pads, treadle-type accelerator and adjustable seats—which give the utmost convenience and comfort for every driver.

Hydraulic four-wheel brakes—internal expanding, with big 12-inch drums—which give the most satisfactory and dependable braking. Separate emergency braking system.

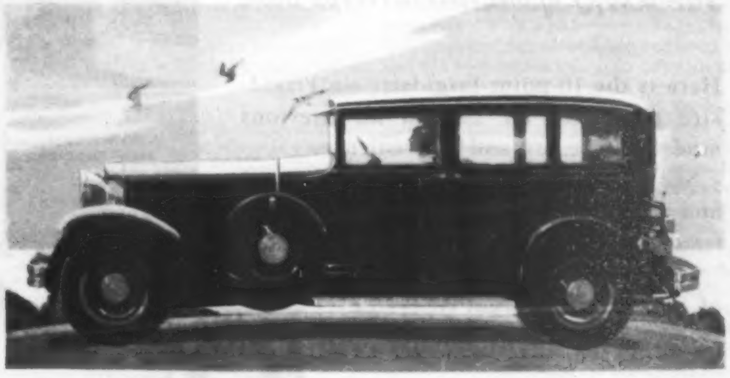
Cam-and-lever steering, which gives the greatest ease and surety in handling.

Generator and water pump driven by silent-chain—quiet and positive.

Graham-built, Graham-quality body—with broadcloth upholstery—which gives comfort, fine appearance, protection and durability.

Shatter-proof plate glass throughout at the lowest additional cost ever placed on such equipment.

Other Standard Six Models, $895 and up. All prices at factory



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8-cylinder, 100-horsepower motor, which gives the flexibility and power that make the Graham Eight such a brilliant performer.

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70, 75, 80 miles an hour with more quiet comfort and ease than you have ever experienced.

Rubber-cushioned spring and shackle-bolts, which eliminate road noises and all minor road shocks.

Lightning-fast get-away in second gear.

Rapid acceleration in silent third gear to 65 miles per hour.

Eighty miles per hour with amazing ease in fourth gear.

Sixty miles per hour in 19 seconds from a standing start.

From 60 to 70 miles an hour in 10 additional seconds.

From 60 miles per hour to a smooth, sure stop in less than 5 seconds.

And complete equipment of shatter-proof plate glass, at the lowest additional cost ever placed on such equipment.

Special Eight Coupe, $1595
Standard Eight Sedan or Coupe, $1445
All prices at factory

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Here is the 10-point Frigidaire—a Frigidaire that goes far beyond all previous models in beauty and convenience.

See it at the nearest showroom. You will find that it offers ten outstanding quality features.

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COLDER
OFF
1
2
3
4
5
6

Flip! And the ice cubes come tumbling out—one at a time or a whole trayful

In the 10-point Frigidaire all mechanism is completely enclosed. The cabinet comes equipped with legs or casters. It is beautiful, lustrous Porcelain-on-steel inside and out. It has the Hydrator and also the famous Frigidaire "Cold Control."

But see a demonstration.

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A booklet giving complete information about the 10-point Frigidaire, also a copy of the latest Frigidaire recipe book, will be mailed upon request.

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Name……………………………………

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FRIGIDAIRE

More than 1,500,000 *in use*

THE END OF DEVIL HAWKER

(Continued from Page 5)

Byron's blue-gray eyes blazed with indignation.

"When I wish your advice as to my personal habits, Sir John Hawker, I will ask for it."

"No harm meant," said Hawker carelessly. "I am a blunt fellow and always say what I think."

Lord Rufton plucked at Byron's sleeve. "That's enough said," he whispered.

"Of course," added Hawker, "if anyone does not like my ways, they can always find me at White's Club or my lodgings in Charles Street."

Byron, who was utterly fearless, and ready, though he was still only a Cambridge undergraduate, to face any man in the world, was about to make some angry reply, in spite of the well-meant warnings of Lord Rufton, when Tom Cribb came bustling in and interrupted the scene.

"All ready, my lords and gentlemen. The fighting men are in their places. Jack Scroggins and Ben Burn will begin."

The company began to move toward the door of the sparring saloon. As they filed in, Hawker advanced quietly and touched the reckless baronet, Sir Charles Trevor, upon the shoulder.

"I must have a word with you, Charles."

"I want to get a ringside seat, John."

"Never mind that. I must have a word."

The others passed in. Devil Hawker and Sir Charles had the room to themselves, save for Jakes, counting his money at his distant table, and the girl, Lucy, coming and going in her little alcove. Hawker led Sir Charles to a central seat.

"I have to speak to you, Charles, of that three thousand you owe me. It pains me vastly, but what am I to do? I have my own debts to settle, and it is no easy matter."

"I have the matter in hand, John."

"But it presses."

"I'll pay it all right. Give me time."

"What time?"

"We are cutting the oaks at Selincourt. They should all be down by the fall. I can get an advance then that will clear all that I owe you."

"I don't want to press you, Charles. If you would like a sporting flutter to clear your debt, I'm ready to give it to you at once."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, double or quits. Six thousand or nothing. If you're not afraid to take a chance, I'll let you have one."

"Afraid, John. I don't like that word."

"You were always a brave gamester, Charles. Just as you like in the matter. But you might clear yourself with a turn of the card, while, on the other hand, if all the Selincourt timber is going, six thousand will be no more to you than three."

"Well, it's a sporting offer, John. You say the turn of a card. Do you mean one simple draw?"

"Why not? Sudden death. Win or lose. What say you?"

"I agree."

A pack of cards was lying on a near-by table. Hawker stretched out a long arm and picked them up.

"Will these do?"

"By all means."

He spread them out with a sweep of his hand.

"Do you care to shuffle?"

"No, John. Take them as they are."

"Shall it be a single draw?"

"By all means."

"Will you lead?"

Sir Charles Trevor was a seasoned gambler, but never before had three thousand pounds hung upon the turn of a single card. But he was a reckless plunger, and roared with laughter as he turned up the queen of clubs.

"That should do you, John."

"Possibly," said Hawker, and turned the ace of spades.

"I thought I had cleared myself, and now it is six thousand," cried Trevor, and staggered as he rose from his seat.

"To wait until the oaks are cut," said Hawker. "In September I shall present my little bill. Meanwhile, perhaps a note of hand ——"

"Do you doubt my word, John?"

"No, no, Charles, but business is business. Who knows what may happen? I'll have a note of hand."

"Very good. You'll have it by the post tomorrow. Well, I bear no grudge. The luck was yours. Shall we have a glass upon it?"

"You were always a brave loser, Charles." The two men walked together to the little bar in the corner.

Had either looked back he would have seen a sight which would have surprised him. During the whole incident the little bookmaker had sat absorbed over his accounts, but with a pair of piercing eyes glancing up every now and then at the two gamblers. Little of their talk had been audible from where he sat, but their actions had spoken for themselves. Now, with amazing, but furtive, speed he stole across, picked up one card from the table and hurried back to his perch, concealing it inside his coat. The two gentlemen, having taken their refreshment, turned toward the boxing saloon; Sir Charles disappearing through the swing doors, from behind which came the thud of heavy blows, the breathing of hard-spent men, and every now and then a murmur of admiration or of criticism.

Hawker was about to follow his companion when a thought struck him and he returned to the card table, gathering up the scattered cards. Suddenly he was aware that Jakes was at his elbow and that two very shrewd and malignant eyes were looking up into his own.

"Hadn't you best count them, my noble sportsman?"

"What d'you mean?" The Devil's great black brows were drawn down and his glance was like a rapier thrust.

"If you count them you'll find one missing."

"Why are you grinning at me, you rascal?"

"One card missing, my noble sportsman. A good winning card, too—the ace of spades. A useful card, Sir John."

"Where is it then?"

"Little Billy Jakes has it. It's here"—and he slapped his breast pocket. "A little playing card with the mark of a thumb nail on one corner of the back."

"You infernal blackguard!"

Jakes was no coward, but he shrank away from that terrible face. "Hands off, my noble sportsman! Hands off, for your own sake! You can knock me about. That's easily done. But it won't end there. I've got the card. I could call back Sir Charles and fill this room in a jiffy. There would be an end of you, my beauty."

"It's all a lie—a lie."

"Right you are. Say so, if you like. Shall I call in the others, and you can prove it a lie? Shall I show the cards to Lord Rufton and the rest?"

Hawker's dark face was moving convulsively. His hands were twitching with his desire to break the back of this little weasel across his knee. With an effort, he mastered himself.

"Hold on, Jakes. We have always been great friends. What do you want? Speak low, or the girl will hear."

"Now, that's talking. You got six thousand just now. I want half."

"You want three thousand pounds. What for?"

"You're a man of sense. You know what for. I've a tongue, and I can hold it if it's worth my while."

Hawker considered for a moment. "Well, suppose I agree."

"Then we can fix it so."

"Say no more. We will consider it as agreed."

He turned away, his mind full of plans by which he could gain time and disavow the whole business. But Jakes was not a man so easily fooled. Many people had found that to their cost.

"Hold on, my noble sportsman. Hold on an instant. Just a word of writing to settle it."

"You dog, is my word not enough?"

"No, Sir John, not by a long way. . . . No, if you hit me I'll yell. Keep your hands off. I tell you I want your signature to it."

"Not a word."

"Very good then. It's finished." Jakes started for the door of the saloon.

"Hold hard! What am I to write?"

"I'll do the writing." He turned to the little alcove where Lucy, who was accustomed to every sort of wrangling and argument, was dozing among her bottles. "Here, my dear; wake up! I want pen and ink."

"Yes, sir."

"And paper?"

"There is a billhead. Will that do? Dearie me, it's marked with wine!"

"Never mind; that will do."

Jakes seated himself at a table and scribbled while Hawker watched him with eyes of death. Jakes walked over to him with the scrawl completed. Hawker read it over in a low mutter:

"'In consideration of your silence ——'" He paused and glared.

"Well, that's true, ain't it? You don't give me half for the love of William Jakes, Esquire, do you now?"

"Curse you, Jakes! Curse you to hell!"

"Let it out, my noble sportsman. Let it out or you'll bust. Curse me again. Then sign that paper."

"'The sum of three thousand pounds, to be paid on the date when there is a settlement between me and Sir Charles Trevor.' Well, give me the pen and have done. There! Now give me that card."

Jakes had thrust the signed paper into his inner pocket.

"Give me the card, I say!"

"When the money is paid, Sir John. That's only fair."

"You devil!"

"Can't find the right word, can you? It's not been invented yet, I expect."

Jakes may have been very near his death at that moment. The furious passions of the bully had reached a point when even his fears of exposure could hardly hold him in check. But the saloon door had swung open and Cribb entered the room. He looked with surprise at the ill-assorted couple.

"Now, Mr. Jakes, time is up, you know. You've passed your hours."

"I know, Tom, but I had an important settling up with Sir John Hawker. Had I not, Sir John?"

"You've missed the first bout, Sir John. Come and see Jack Randall take a novice."

Hawker took a last scowl at the bookmaker and followed the champion into the saloon. Jakes gathered up his papers into his professional bag and went across to the little bar.

"A double brandy, my dear," said he to Lucy. "I've had a good evening, but it's been a bit of a strain upon my nerves."

II

IT WAS late in September that the grand old ancestral oaks of Selincourt were given over to the contractor, and that their owner, having at last a large balance at his bankers', was able to redeem the more pressing of his debts. It was only a day later that Sir John Hawker, with Sir Charles' note of hand for six thousand pounds in his pocket, found himself riding down the highroad at Six-Mile Bottom near Newmarket. His mount was a great black stallion as powerful and sinister as himself. He was brooding over his own rather precarious affairs, which involved every shilling which he could raise, when there was the click of hoofs beside him and there was Billy Jakes upon his well-known chestnut cob.

"Good evening, my noble sportsman," said he. "I was looking out for you at the stables, and when I saw you ride away, I thought it was time to come after you. I want my settlement, Sir John."

"What settlement? What are you talking of?"

"Your written promise to pay three thousand. I know you have had your money."

"I don't know what you are talking about. Keep clear of me or you will get a cut or two from this hunting crop."

"Oh, that's the game, is it? We will see about that. Do you deny your signature upon this paper?"

"Have you the paper on you?"

"What's that to you?"

It was not wise, Billy Jakes, to trust yourself alone upon a country road with one of the most dangerous men in England. For once your cupidity has been greater than your shrewdness.

A quick glance of those deadly, dark eyes to right and to left, and then the heavy hunting crop came down with a crash upon the bookmaker's head. With a cry, he dropped from the cob, and he had hardly reached the ground before the Devil had sprung from the saddle, and, with his left arm through his bridle rein to hold down his plunging horse, he was rapidly running his right hand through the pockets of the prostrate man. With a bitter curse, he realized that however imprudent Jakes had been, he had not been such a fool as to carry his papers about with him.

Hawker rose, looked down at his half-conscious enemy, and then slowly drew his spur across his face. A moment later he had sprung into his saddle and was on his way London-wards, leaving the sprawling and bleeding figure in the dust of the highway. He laughed with exultation as he rode, for vengeance was sweet to him, and he seldom missed it. What could Jakes do? If he took him into the criminal courts, it was only such an assault as was common enough in those days of violence. If, on the other hand, he pursued the matter of the card and the agreement, it was an old story now, and who would take the word of the notorious bookmaker against that of one of the best-known men in London? Of course, it was a case of forgery and blackmail. Hawker looked down at his bloody spur and felt well content with his morning's work.

Jakes was raised to his feet by some kindly traveler and was brought back, half conscious, to Newmarket. There, for three days, he kept his room and nursed both his injuries and his grievance. Upon the fourth day he reached London, and that night he made his way to the Albany and knocked at a door which bore upon a shining brass plate the name of Sir Charles Trevor.

It was the first Tuesday of the month, the day on which the committee of Watier's Club was wont to assemble. Half a dozen of them had sauntered into the great board room, decorated with heavy canvases on the walls, and with highly polished dark mahogany furniture, which showed up richly against the huge expanse of red Kidderminster carpet. The Duke of Bridgewater, a splendid, rubicund old gentleman, gray-haired but virile, leaning heavily upon an amber-headed cane, came hobbling in and bowed affably to the waiting committeemen.

"How is the gout, Your Grace?"

"A little sharp at times. But I can still get my foot into the stirrup. Well, well, I suppose we had better get to work." He took his seat in the center of a half-moon

(Continued on Page 70)

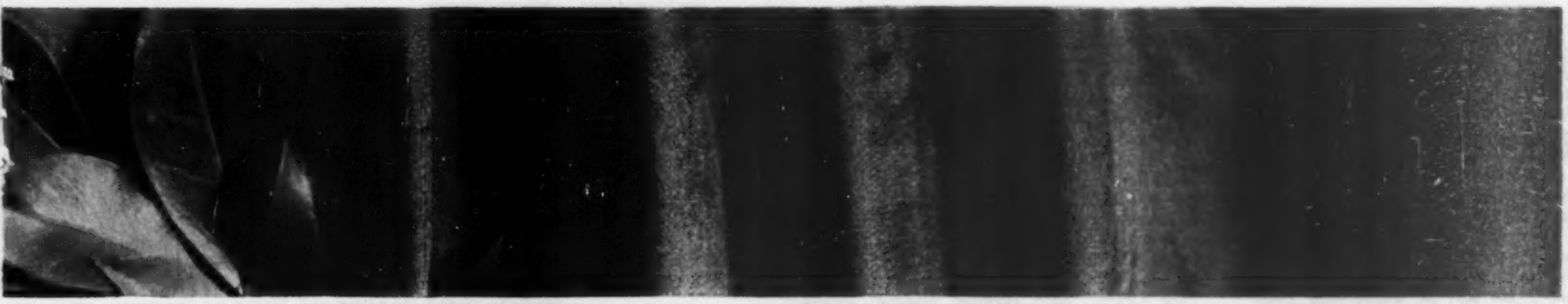
Many tire-makers may claim leadership; GOODYE

The public confers this leadership upon Goodyear b

so decidedly prefers them as to enable Goodyear ea

than any other company in the world. Leadership i

Tires are best. That is why *"more people ride on Goody*



AR *has* it! Goodyear has had it *every* year for 15 years.

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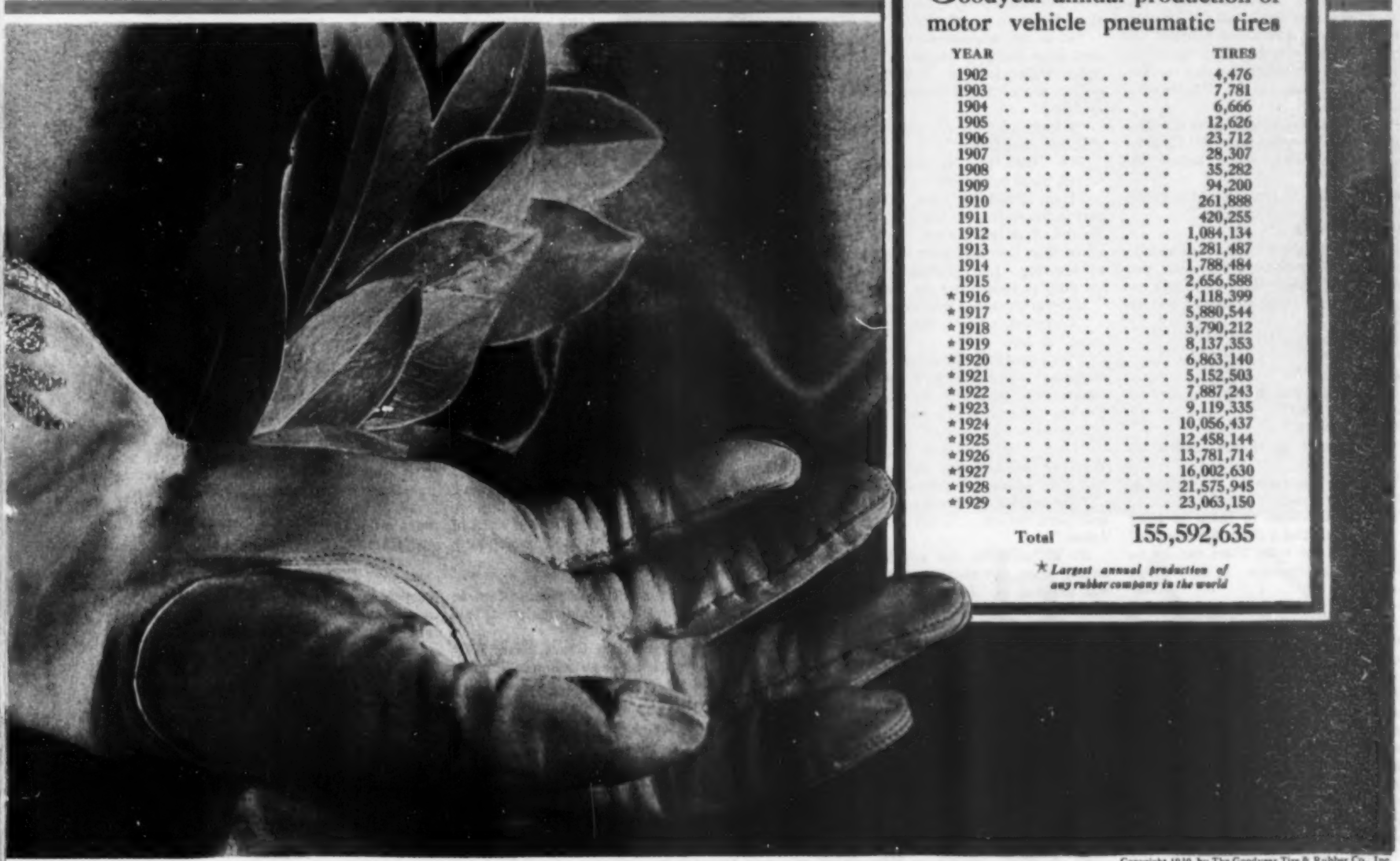

Goodyear annual production of motor vehicle pneumatic tires

YEAR	TIRES
1902	4,476
1903	7,781
1904	6,666
1905	12,626
1906	23,712
1907	28,307
1908	35,282
1909	94,200
1910	261,888
1911	420,255
1912	1,084,134
1913	1,281,487
1914	1,788,484
1915	2,656,588
*1916	4,118,399
*1917	5,880,544
*1918	3,790,212
*1919	8,137,353
*1920	6,863,140
*1921	5,152,503
*1922	7,887,243
*1923	9,119,335
*1924	10,056,437
*1925	12,458,144
*1926	13,781,714
*1927	16,002,630
*1928	21,575,945
*1929	23,063,150
Total	155,592,635

** Largest annual production of any rubber company in the world*

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(Continued from Page 67)

table at one end of the room. Raising his quizzing glass he looked round him.

"Where is Lord Foley?"

"He is racing, sir. He will not be here."

"The dog! He takes his duties too lightly. I would rather be on the Heath myself."

"I expect we all would."

"Ah, is that you, Lord Rufton? . . . How are you, Colonel D'Acre! . . . Bunbury, Scott, Poynts, Vandeleur, good day to you! Where is Sir Charles Trevor?"

"He is in the members' room," said Lord Rufton. "He said he would wait Your Grace's pleasure. The fact is that he has a personal interest in a case which comes before us, and he thought he should not have a hand in judging it."

"Ah, very delicate! Very delicate indeed!" The Duke had taken up the agenda paper and stared at it through his glass. "Dear me, dear me! A member accused of cheating at cards! And Sir John Hawker too! One of the best-known men in the club. Too bad! Too bad! Who is the accuser?"

"A bookmaker named Jakes, Your Grace!"

"I know him. Has a stance at Tom Cribb's. A rascal if ever I saw one. However, we must look into it. Who has the matter in hand?"

"I have been asked to attend to it," said Lord Rufton.

"I am not sure," said the Duke, "that we are right in taking notice of what such a person says about a member of this club. Surely, the law courts are open."

"I entirely agree with Your Grace," said a solemn man upon the Duke's left. He was General Scott, who was said to live on toast and water, and win ten thousand a year from his less-sober companions.

"I would point out to you, sir, that the alleged cheating was at the expense of Sir Charles Trevor, a member of the club. It was not Sir Charles, however, who moved in the matter. There was a violent quarrel between the man Jakes and Sir John Hawker, and this is the result."

"Then the bookmaker has brought the case before us for revenge," said the Duke. "We must move carefully in this matter. I think we had best see Sir Charles first. Call Sir Charles."

The tall red-plushed footman at the door disappeared. A moment later, Sir Charles, debonair and smiling, stood before the committee.

"Good day, Sir Charles," said the Duke. "This is a very painful business."

"Very, Your Grace."

"I understand from what is on the agenda paper that on May third, of this year, you met Sir John at Cribb's Parlor and you cut cards with him at three thousand pounds a cut."

"A single cut, Your Grace."

"And you lost?"

"Unfortunately."

"Well, now, did you in any way suspect foul play at the time?"

"Not in the least."

"Then you have no charge against Sir John?"

"None on my own behalf. Other people have something to say."

"Well, we can listen to them in their turn. Won't you take a chair, Sir Charles? Even if you do not vote, there can be no objection to your presence. Is Sir John in attendance?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the witness?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, gentlemen, it is clearly a very serious matter, and I understand that Sir John is a difficult person to deal with. However, we can make no exceptions, and we are numerous enough and have, I trust, sufficient social weight to carry this affair to a conclusion." He rang for the footman. "Place a chair in the center, please! Now tell Sir John Hawker the committee would be honored if he would step this way."

A moment later the formidable face and figure of the Devil had appeared at the door. With a scowl at the members present, he strode forward, bowed to the Duke, and seated himself opposite the semicircle formed by the committee.

"In the first place, Sir John," said the Duke, "you will allow me to express my regret and that of your fellow members that it should be our unpleasant duty to ask you to appear before us. No doubt the matter will prove to be a mere misunderstanding, but we felt that it was due to your own reputation as well as to that of the club that no time should be lost in setting the matter right."

"Your Grace," said Hawker, leaning forward and emphasizing his remarks with his clenched hand, "I protest strongly against these proceedings. I have come here because it shall never be said that I was shy of meeting any charge, however preposterous. But I would put it to you, gentlemen, that no man's reputation is safe if the committee of his club is prepared to take up any vague slander that may circulate against him."

"Kindly read the terms of the charge, Lord Rufton."

Lord Rufton picked up the agenda paper. "The assertion is," he read, "that at ten o'clock on the night of Thursday, May third, in the parlor of Tom Cribb's house, the Union Arms, Sir John Hawker did, by means of marked cards, win money from Sir Charles Trevor, both being members of Watier's Club."

Hawker sprang from his chair. "It is a lie—a damned lie!" he cried.

The Duke held up a deprecating hand. "No doubt—no doubt. I think, however, Sir John, that you can hardly describe it as a vague slander."

"It is monstrous. What is to prevent such a charge being leveled at Your Grace? How would you like, sir, to be dragged up before your fellow members?"

"Excuse me, Sir John," said the Duke urbanely. "The question at present is not what might be preferred against me, but what actually is preferred against you. You will, I am sure, appreciate the distinction. What do you propose, Lord Rufton?"

"It is my unpleasant duty, Sir John," said Lord Rufton, "to array the evidence before the committee. You will, I am sure, acquit me of any personal feeling in the matter."

"I look on you, sir, as a damned mischievous busybody."

The Duke put up his pudgy many-ringed hand in protest.

"I am afraid, Sir John, that I must ask you to be more guarded in your language. To me, it is immaterial, but I happen to know that General Scott has an objection to swearing. Lord Rufton is merely doing his duty in presenting the case."

Hawker shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I protest against the whole proceedings," he said.

"Your protest will be duly entered in the minutes. We have heard, before you entered, the evidence of Sir Charles Trevor. He has no personal complaint. So far as I can see, there is no case."

"Ha! Your Grace is a man of sense. Was ever an indignity put upon a man of honor on so small a pretext?"

"There is further evidence, Your Grace," said Lord Rufton. "I will call Mr. William Jakes."

At a summons the gorgeous footman swung open the massive door and Jakes was ushered in. It was a month or more since the assault, but the spur mark still shone red across his sallow cheek. He held his cloth cap in his hand, and rounded his back as a tribute to the company, but his cunning little eyes, from under their ginger lashes, twinkled as knowingly, not to say impudently, as ever.

"You are William Jakes, the bookmaker?" said the Duke.

"The greatest rascal in London," interpolated Hawker.

"There is one greater within three yards of me," the little man snarled. Then, turning to the Duke: "I'm William Jakes, Your Worship, known as Billy Jakes at Tattersall's. If you want to back a horse, Your Worship, or care to buy a game cock or a ratter, you'll get the best price ——"

"Silence, sir," said Lord Rufton. "Advance to this chair."

"Certainly, my noble sportsman."

"Don't sit. Stand beside it."

"At your service, gentlemen."

"Shall I cross-examine, Your Grace?"

"I understand, Jakes, that you were in Cribb's back parlor on the night of May third of this year?"

"Lord bless you, sir, I'm there every night. It's where I meet my noble Corinthians."

"It is a sporting house, I understand."

"Well, my lord, I can't teach you much about it." There was a titter from the committee, and the Duke broke in.

"I dare say we have all enjoyed Tom's hospitality at one time or another," he said.

"Yes, indeed, Your Grace. Well I remember the night when you danced on the crossed 'baccy pipes."

"Keep your witness to the point," said the smiling Duke.

"Tell us now what you saw pass between Sir John Hawker and Sir Charles Trevor."

"I saw all there was to see. You can trust little Billy Jakes for that. There was to be a cutting game. Sir John reached out for the cards, which lay on another table. I had seen him look over those cards in advance and turn the end of one or two with his thumb nail."

"You liar!" cried Sir John.

"It's an easy trick to mark them so that none can see. I've done—I know another man that can do it. You must keep your right thumb nail long and sharp. Well, look at Sir John's now."

Hawker sprang from his chair. "Your Grace, am I to be exposed to these insults?"

"Sit down, Sir John. Your indignation is most natural. I suppose it is not a fact that your right thumb nail ——"

"Certainly not."

"Ask to see!" cried Jakes.

"Perhaps you would not mind showing your nail?"

"I will do nothing of the kind."

"Of course you are quite within your rights in refusing—quite!" said the Duke. "Whether your refusal might in any way prejudice your case is a point which you have no doubt considered. . . . Pray continue, Jakes."

"Well, they cut and Sir John won. When he turned his back, I got the winning card, and saw that it was marked. I showed it to Sir John when we were alone."

"What did he say?"

"Well, my lord, I wouldn't like to repeat before such select company as this some of the things he said. He carried on shocking. But after a bit he saw the game was up and he consented to my having half shares."

"Then," said the Duke, "you became, by your own admission, the compounder of a felony."

Jakes gave a comical grimace.

"No beaks here! This ain't a court, is it? Just a private house, as one might say, with one gentleman chatting easylike with other ones. Well, then, that's just what I did do."

The Duke shrugged his shoulders. "Really, Lord Rufton, I do not see how we can attach any importance to the word of such a witness. On his own confession he is a perfect rascal."

"Your Grace, I'm surprised at you!"

"I would not condemn any man—far less the member of an honorable club—on this man's word."

"I quite agree, Your Grace," said Rufton. "There are, however, some corroborative documents."

"Yes, my noble sportsmen," cried Jakes, in a sort of ecstasy, "there's lots more to come. Billy's got a bit up his sleeve for a finish. How's that?" He pulled a pack of cards from his pocket and singled one out. "That's the pack. Look at the ace. You can see the mark yet."

The Duke examined the card. "There is certainly a mark," he said, "which might well be made by a sharpened nail."

Sir John was up once more, his face dark with wrath.

"Really, gentlemen, there should be some limit to this foolery. Of course these are the cards. Is it not obvious that after Sir Charles and I had left, this fellow gathered them up and marked them so as to put forward a blackmailing demand? I only—I only wonder that he has not forged some document to prove that I admitted this monstrous charge."

Jakes threw up his hands in admiration.

"By George, you have a nerve! I always said it. Give me Devil Hawker for nerve. Grasp the nettle, eh? Here's the document he talks about." He handed a paper to Lord Rufton.

"Would you be pleased to read it?" said the Duke.

Rufton read: "'In consideration of services rendered, I promise William Jakes three thousand pounds when I settle with Sir Charles Trevor. Signed, John Hawker.'"

"A palpable forgery! I guessed as much," cried Sir John.

"Who knows Sir John's signature?"

"I do," said Sir Charles Bunbury.

"Is that it?"

"Well, I should say so."

"Tut, the fellow is a born forger!" cried Hawker.

The Duke looked at the back of the paper, and read: "'To Thomas Cribb, Licensed Dealer in Beer, Wine, Spirits and Tobacco.' It is certainly paper from the room alluded to."

"He could help himself to that."

"Exactly. The evidence is by no means convincing. At the same time, Sir John, I am compelled to tell you that the way in which you anticipated this evidence has produced a very unpleasant impression in my mind."

"I knew what the fellow was capable of."

"Do you admit being intimate with him?"

"Certainly not."

"You had nothing to do with him?"

"I had occasion recently to horsewhip him for insolence. Hence this charge against me."

"You knew him very slightly?"

"Hardly at all."

"You did not correspond?"

"Certainly not."

"Strange, then, that he should have been able to copy your signature, if he had no letter of yours."

"I know nothing of that."

"You quarreled with him recently?"

"Yes, sir. He was impertinent and I beat him."

"Had you any reason to think you would quarrel?"

"No, sir."

"Does it not seem strange to you then, that he should have been keeping these cards all these weeks to buttress up a false charge against you, if he had no idea that an occasion for such a charge would ever arise?"

"I cannot answer for his actions," said Hawker in a sullen voice.

"Of course not. At the same time, I am forced to repeat, Sir John, that your anticipation of this document has seemed to me exactly what might be expected from a man of strong character who knew that such a document existed."

"I am not responsible for this man's assertions, nor can I control Your Grace's speculations, save to say that so far as they threaten my honor, they are contemptible and absurd. I place my case in the hands of the committee. You know, or can easily learn, the character of this man Jakes. Is it possible that you can hesitate between the words of such a man and the character of one who has for years been a fellow member of this club?"

"I am bound to say, Your Grace," said Sir Charles Bunbury, "that while I associate myself with every remark which has fallen from you, I am still of opinion that the evidence is of so corrupt a character that it would be impossible for us to take action upon it."

(Continued on Page 73)

The mouth of youth is the mouth of health

HOW CAN YOU KEEP IT?

STRANGE to say, the marching years do not alone decide the age of the mouth. Some mouths at thirty are "older" than others at forty-five.

When the gums are firm and healthy, when the teeth are sound and clean—the mouth can smile at passing birthdays.

But it requires care to keep the average mouth young. It takes more than daily brushing—important though that is.

You cannot start too soon to use Forhan's as your dentifrice—for it meets an important need not covered by an ordinary toothpaste.

Forhan's cleans teeth, of course. You can find no finer dentifrice. Gently and safely, it keeps them gleaming with their natural beauty, because its cleansing ingredients were carefully chosen by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

But in addition, when you use Forhan's, you can give your gums the scientific care they need.

Some years ago, Dr. Forhan became known throughout the dental profession for his ethical preparation used by dentists in the care of the gums. This preparation had been developed by Dr. Forhan for his own use in the treatment of pyorrhea. It relieved tenderness, helped to restore soft gums to healthy firmness. Dentists found its benefits so specific that the question was raised, "Why not make it possible for the patient to supplement the use of this preparation by daily care in the home?"

To meet this need, Dr. Forhan perfected this dentifrice. In addition to recognized cleansing agents of the highest purity, it contains the advantages of the preparation he developed in his dental practice.

Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, this special dentifrice tones up the gums, stimulates circulation, and helps to keep them glowing with sound good health.

If you use a dentifrice, and naturally you do, it is wise and safe to change to Forhan's. Its regular use may prevent serious trouble and even the loss of healthy teeth in years to come. That is why the mouth of youth, as well as of middle age, needs Forhan's. It comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

**Any mouth may have pyorrhea
and at forty the odds are**

4 *out of* 5

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GUMS
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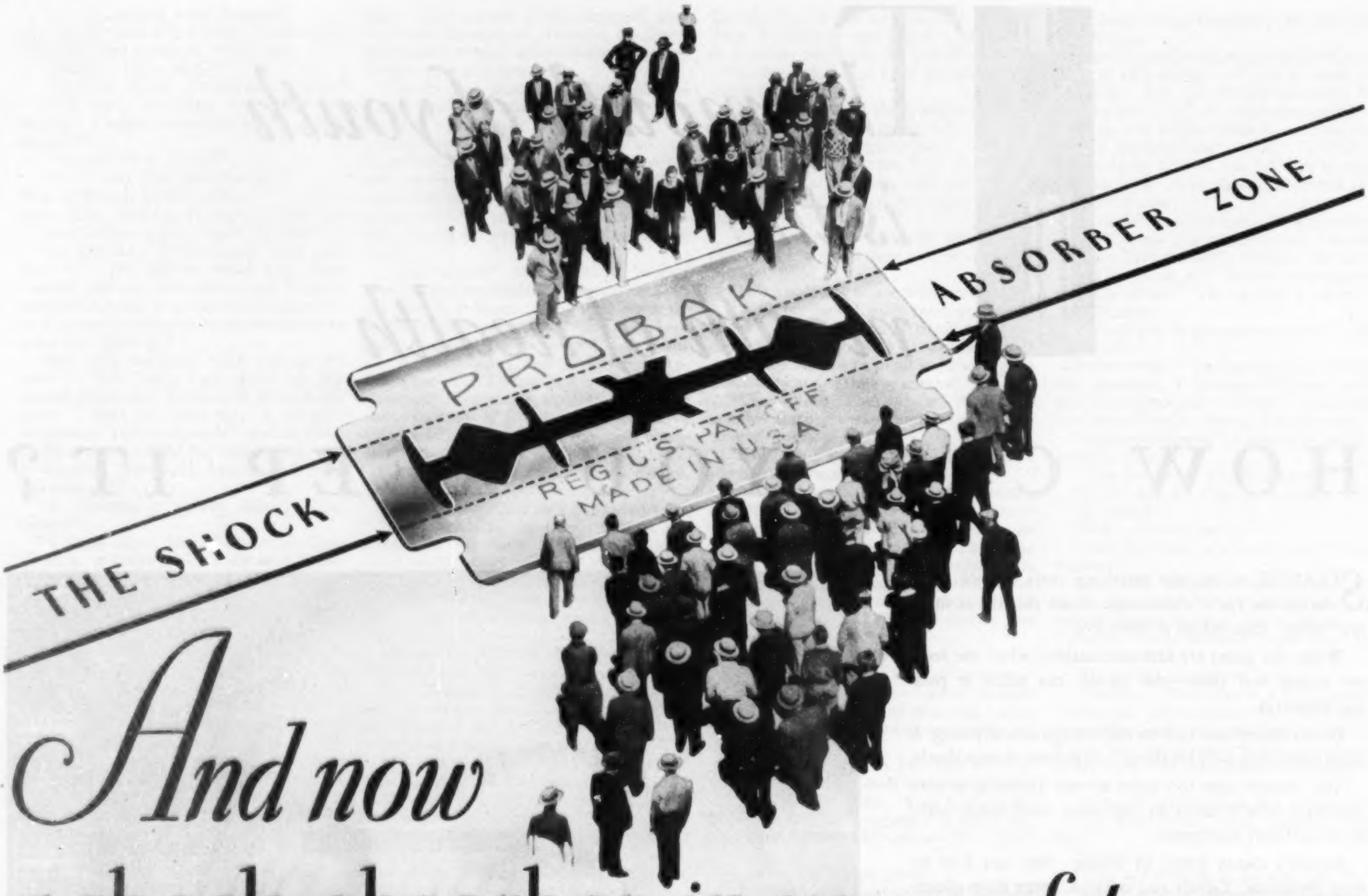

And now a shock-absorber *in your safety razor blade*

PROBAK'S super-keen blade has revolutionized shaving with a double-edge safety. Its built-in shock-absorber now absolutely prevents edge distortion.

Discovery of the cause and effect of bending shock led to the development of *butterfly channeling* and *duo-tempered steel.* These patented features—scientifically designed perforations in the special-tempered middle section of the blade—give Probak a shock-absorber zone that cushions and disperses all bending stress.

When you slip a Probak in your double-edge razor and screw the handle down tightly—exerting a viselike grip of 84 pounds—the shaving edges are positively protected by the shock-absorber. No distortion can occur. Your blade is just as keen—its highly tempered and finely honed edges just as straight and true—as when you removed it from the package.

Probak shaves you with a butterfly touch—glides through tough beard and across tender skin lightly, easily, smoothly. Every stroke counts. Once over leaves your face clean, cool and refreshed.

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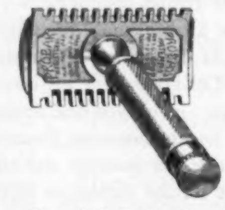

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Now you can have a Probak *razor.* Many years were spent perfecting this revolutionary shaving instrument. It's lighter, counter-balanced. You scarcely feel it in your hand or on your face. Positive seven-point blade registration makes both edges shave alike. An extended safety cap protects your fingers. Modern chromium finish. The Probak razor is designed solely for the super-keen Probak blade. Discover how amazingly quick and comfortable a shave can be. Mail the coupon below.

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Send me a MATCHED SHAVING SET, containing one PROBAK RAZOR and 8 PROBAK shock-absorbing BLADES, for which I enclose $1.

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City__________ State__________

(Continued from Page 70)

"That is also my opinion," came from several of the committee, and there was a general murmur of acquiescence.

"I thank you, gentlemen," said Hawker, rising. "With your permission, I shall bring this sitting to an end."

"Excuse me, sir; there are two more witnesses," said Lord Rufton.

"Jakes, you can withdraw. Leave the documents with me."

"Thank you, my lord. Good day, my noble sportsmen. Should any of you want a cock or a terrier ——"

"That will do. Leave the room." With many bows and backward glances, William Jakes vanished from the scene.

"I should like to ask Tom Cribb one or two questions," said Lord Rufton. "Call Tom Cribb."

A moment later the burly figure of the champion came heavily into the room. He was dressed exactly like the pictures of John Bull, with blue coat with shining brass buttons, drab trousers and top boots, while his face, in its broad, bovine serenity, was also the very image of the national prototype. On his head he wore a low-crowned, curly-brimmed hat, which he now whipped off and stuffed under his arm. The worthy Tom was much more alarmed than ever he had been in the ring, and looked helplessly about him like a bull who finds himself in a strange inclosure.

"My respects, gentlemen all!" he repeated several times, touching his forelock.

"Good morning, Tom," said the Duke affably. "Take that chair. How are you?"

"Damned hot, Your Grace. That is to say, very warm. You see, sir, I do my own marketing these days, and when you've been down to Covent Garden and then on to Smithfield, and then trudge back here, and you two stone above your fighting weight ——"

"We quite understand. The chief steward will see to you presently."

"I want to ask you, Tom," said Lord Rufton, "do you remember the evening of May third last in your parlor?"

"I heard there was some barney about it, and I've been lookin' it up," said Tom. "Yes, I remember it well, for it was the night when a novice had the better of old Ben Burn. Lor', I couldn't but laugh. Old Ben got one on the mark in the first round, and before he could get his wind ——"

"Never mind, Tom. We'll have that later. Do you recognize these cards?"

"Why, those cards are out of my parlor. I get them a dozen at a time, a shilling each, from Ned Summers of Oxford Street; the same what ——"

"Well, that's settled then. Now, do you remember seeing Sir John here and Sir Charles Trevor that evening?"

"Yes, I do. I remember saying to Sir John that he must play light with my novices, for there was one cove, Bill Summers by name, out of Norwich, and when Sir John ——"

"Never mind that, Tom. Tell us, now, did you see Sir John and the bookmaker, Jakes, together that night?"

"Jakes was there, for he says to the girl in the bar, 'How much money have you, my lass?' And I said, 'You dirty dog ——'"

"Enough, Tom. Did you see the man Jakes and Sir John together?"

"Yes, sir; when I came into the parlor after the bout between Shelton and Scroggins. I saw the two of them alone, and Jakes, he said that they had done business together."

"Did they seem friendly?"

"Well, now you ask it, Sir John didn't seem too pleased. But, Lord love you, I'm that busy those evenings that if you dropped a shot on my head I'd hardly notice it."

"Nothing more to tell us?"

"I don't know as I have. I'd be glad to get back to my bar."

"Very good, Tom. You can go."

"I'd just remind you gentlemen that it's my benefit at the Five Court, St. Martin's Lane, come Tuesday week." Tom bobbed his bullethead many times and departed.

"Not much in all that," remarked the Duke. "Does that finish the case?"

"There is one more, Your Grace. Call the girl Lucy. She is the girl of the private bar."

"Yes, yes, I remember," cried the Duke. "That is to say, by all means. What does this young person know about it?"

"I believe that she was present." As Lord Rufton spoke, Lucy, very nervous, but cheered by the knowledge that she was in her best Sunday clothes, appeared at the door.

"Don't be nervous, my girl. Take this chair," said Lord Rufton kindly. "Don't keep on curtsying. Sit down."

The girl sat timidly on the edge of the chair. Suddenly her eyes caught those of the august chairman.

"Why, Lord bless me!" she cried. "It's the little Duke!"

"Hush, my girl, hush!" His Grace held up a warning hand.

"Well, I never!" cried Lucy, and began to giggle and hide her blushing face in her handkerchief.

"Now, now!" said the Duke. "This is a grave business. What are you laughing at?"

"I couldn't help it, sir. I was thinking of that evening down in the private bar when you bet you could walk a chalk line with a bottle of champagne on your head."

There was a general laugh, in which the Duke joined.

"I fear, gentlemen, I must have had a couple in my head before I ventured such a feat. Now, my good girl, we did not ask you here for the sake of your reminiscences. You may have seen some of us unbending, but we will let that pass. . . . You were in the bar on May the third?"

"I'm always there."

"Cast your mind back and recall the evening when Sir Charles Trevor and Sir John Hawker proposed to cut cards for money."

"I remember it well, sir."

"After the others had left the bar, Sir John and a man named Jakes are said to have remained behind."

"I saw them."

"It's a lie! It's a plot!" cried Hawker.

"Now, Sir John, I must really beg you!" It was the Duke who was cross-questioning now. "Describe to us what you saw."

"Well, sir, they began talking over a pack of cards. Sir John up with his hand, and I was about to call for West Country Dick—he's the chucker-out you know, sir, at the Union Arms—but no blow passed and they talked very earnest-like for a time. Then Mr. Jakes called for paper and wrote something, and that's all I know, except that Sir John seemed very upset."

"Did you ever see that piece of paper before?" The Duke held it up.

"Why, sir, it looks like Mr. Cribb's billhead."

"Exactly. Was it a piece like that which you gave to these gentlemen that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Could you distinguish it?"

"Why, sir, now that I come to think of it, I could."

Hawker sprang up with a convulsed face. "I've had enough of this nonsense. I'm going."

"No, no, Sir John. Sit down again. Your honor demands your presence. . . . Well, my good girl, you say you could recognize it?"

"Yes, sir, I could. There was a mark, sir. I drew some burgundy for Sir Charles, sir, and some slopped on the counter. The paper was marked with it on the side. I was in doubt if I should give them so soiled a piece."

The Duke looked very grave. "Gentlemen, this is a serious matter. There is, as you see, a red stain upon the side of the paper. Have you any remark to make, Sir John?"

"A conspiracy, Your Grace! An infernal, devilish plot against a gentleman's honor."

"You may go, Lucy," said Lord Rufton, and with curtsies and giggles, the barmaid disappeared.

(Continued on Page 75)

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

"To climb with daring feet some rugged rock
And sit aloft where gulls and curlews flock
—And smoke."
—Henry Lloyd

On top of the world . . . with Granger!

What you've always wanted in tobacco enjoyment—the topmost peak of pipe content—is here waiting for you in Granger.

Richness and fragrance—the full "fruity" flavor of prime Kentucky Burley. Slow-firing mildness—the clean coolness of big shaggy flakes, sweet-burning to the last dry ash.

And you can thank Col. Wellman for his priceless old "Wellman Method" of sealing the flavor *in* the tobacco. It stays there till it's smoked out—by you!

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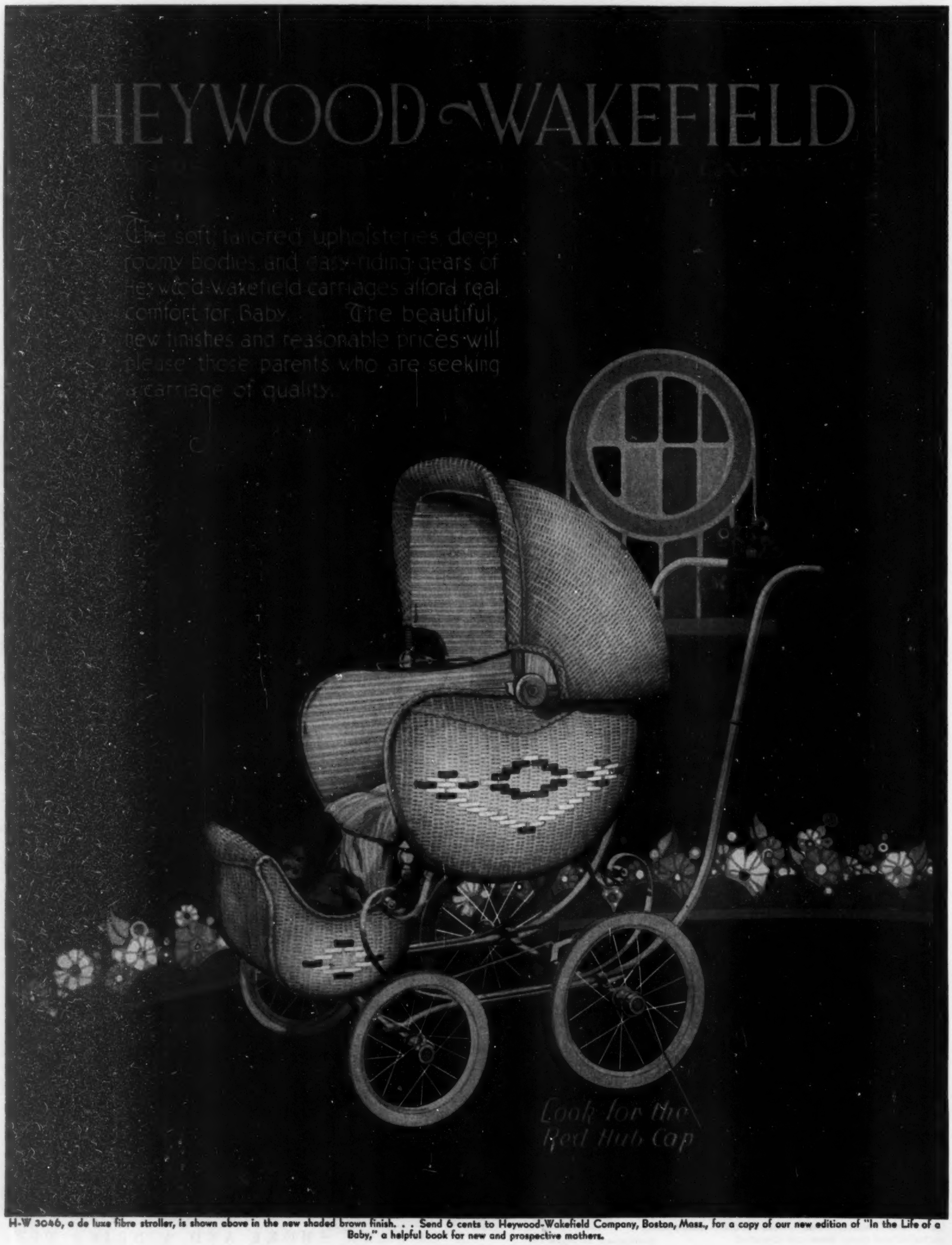
A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE



HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

The soft, tailored upholsteries, deep roomy bodies and easy-riding gears of Heywood-Wakefield carriages afford real comfort for Baby. The beautiful, new finishes and reasonable prices will please those parents who are seeking a carriage of quality.

H-W 3046, a de luxe fibre stroller, is shown above in the new shaded brown finish. . . Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, Boston, Mass., for a copy of our new edition of "In the Life of a Baby," a helpful book for new and prospective mothers.

(Continued from Page 73)

"You have heard the evidence, gentlemen," said the Duke. "Some of you may know the character of this girl, which is by all accounts excellent."

"A drab out of the gutter."

"I think not, Sir John; nor do you improve your position by such assertions. You will each have your own impression as to how far the girl's account seemed honest and carried conviction with it. You will observe that had she merely intended to injure Sir John, her obvious method would have been to have said she overheard the conversation detailed by the witness, Jakes. This she has not done. Her account, however, tends to corroborate ——"

"Your Grace," cried Hawker, "I have had enough of this!"

"We shall not detain you much longer, Sir John Hawker," said the chairman, "but for that limited time we must insist upon your presence."

"Insist, sir?"

"Yes, sir, insist."

"This is strange talk."

"Be seated, sir. This matter must go to a finish."

"Well!" Hawker fell back into his chair.

"Gentlemen," said the Duke, "slips of paper are before you. After the custom of the club, you will kindly record your opinion and hand to me. Mr. Poyntz? I thank you. Vandeleur! Bunbury! Rufton! General Scott! Colonel Tufton! I thank you." He examined the papers. "Exactly. You are unanimous! I may say that I entirely agree with your opinion." The Duke's rosy, kindly face had set as hard as flint.

"What am I to understand by this, sir?" cried Hawker.

"Bring the club book," said the Duke. Lord Rufton carried across a large brown volume from the side table and opened it before the chairman.

"C, D, E, F, G. Ah, here we are—H. Let us see! Houston, Harcourt, Hume, Duke of Hamilton—I have it—Hawker. Sir John Hawker, your name is forever erased from the book of Watier's Club." He drew the pen across the page as he spoke. Hawker sprang frantically to his feet.

"You cannot mean it! Consider, sir; this is social ruin! Where shall I show my face if I am cast from my club? I could not walk the streets of London. Take it back, sir! Reconsider it!"

"Sir John Hawker, we can only refer you to Rule 19. It says: 'If any member shall be guilty of conduct unworthy of an honorable man, and the said offense be established to the unanimous satisfaction of the committee, then the aforesaid member shall be expelled the club without appeal.'"

"Gentlemen," cried Hawker, "I beg you not to be precipitate! You have had the evidence of a rascal bookmaker and of a serving wench. Is that enough to ruin a gentleman's life? I am undone if this goes through."

"The matter has been considered and is now in order. We can only refer you to Rule 19."

"Your Grace, you cannot know what this will mean. How can I live? Where can I go? I never asked mercy of man before. But I ask it now. I implore it, gentlemen. Reconsider your decision!"

"Rule 19."

"It is ruin, I tell you—disgrace and ruin."

"Rule 19."

"Let me resign. Do not expel me."

"Rule 19."

It was hopeless, and Hawker knew it. He strode in front of the table.

"Curse your rules! Curse you, too, you silly, babbling jackanapes. Curse you all—you, Vandeleur, and you, Poyntz, and you, Scott, you doddering toast-and-water gamester. You will live to mourn the day you put this indignity upon me. You will answer it—every man of you! I'll set my mark on you. By the Lord I will! You first, Rufton. One by one, I'll weed you out! I've a bullet for each. I'll number 'em!"

"Sir John Hawker," said the Duke, "this club is for the use of members only. May I ask you to take yourself out of it?"

"And if I don't—what then?"

The Duke turned to General Scott. "Will you ask the hall porters to step up?"

"There! I'll go!" yelled Hawker. "I will not be thrown out—the laughingstock of Jermyn Street. But you will hear more, gentlemen. You will remember me yet. Rascals! Rascals everyone!"

And so it was, raving and stamping, with his clenched hands waving above his head, that Devil Hawker passed out from Watier's Club and from the social life of London.

For it was his end. In vain he sent furious challenges to the members of the committee. He was outside the pale, and no one would condescend to meet him. In vain he thrashed Sir Charles Bunbury in front of Limmers' Hotel. Hired ruffians were put upon his track and he was terribly thrashed in return. Even the bookmakers would have no more to do with him, and he was warned off the turf. Down he sank, and down, drinking to uphold his spirits until he was but a bloated wreck of the man that he had been.

And so, at last, one morning in his rooms in Charles Street, that dueling pistol which had so often been the instrument of his vengeance was turned upon himself, and that dark face, terrible even in death, was found outlined against a blood-sodden pillow in the morning.

So put the print back among the pile. You may be the better for having honest Tom Cribb upon your wall, or even the effeminate Brummell. But Devil Hawker never, in life or death, brought luck to anyone. Leave him there where you found him, in the dusty old shop of Drury Lane.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 24)

SUCCESS SHORT-STORY INSTITUTE
GILA CITY, ARIZ.,
June 20, 1929.

MR. ALEXANDER JAMES,
1642 ELM STREET,
PUNXWEGO, N. Y.

DEAR MR. JAMES: We have read with much interest your very original and absorbing scenario and are of the opinion that, properly developed by our methods, your excellent talent for short-story writing can be made extremely lucrative to you.

Editors are eagerly welcoming short stories with a psychological slant, and on the completion of your course your excellent knowledge of psychology should stand you in good stead with the better-paying magazines.

We like particularly the touch about the jury.

Certainly any jury would return a verdict of not guilty of justifiable homicide under the circumstances.

We inclose an application for enrollment in our short-story course and anticipate with pleasure its return signed by you, together with your check or money order for the first installment of tuition which we are allowing you at our special reduced rate of $10 for the course.

Very truly yours,
SUCCESS SHORT-STORY INSTITUTE.

1642 ELM STREET,
PUNXWEGO, N. Y.,
June 24, 1929.

SUCCESS SHORT-STORY INSTITUTE,
GILA CITY, ARIZ.

GENTLEMEN: Before enrolling for your course I should like to be quite sure my scenario is absolutely o. k., as money is a consideration with me and I cannot afford to spend even $10 unless I am sure. I would like especially to know if you are absolutely sure about the jury acquitting anybody who killed his wife for the reason given in my story, as I do not want to make any mistake.

Thanking you,
Very truly yours,
ALEXANDER JAMES.

SUCCESS SHORT-STORY INSTITUTE
GILA CITY, ARIZ.,
June 29, 1929.

MR. ALEXANDER JAMES,
1642 ELM STREET,
PUNXWEGO, N. Y.

DEAR MR. JAMES: Yes, indeed, we are absolutely sure that under the circumstances of your scenario any jury would return a verdict of not guilty.

Awaiting your signed application and remittance we are,

Very truly yours,
SUCCESS SHORT-STORY INSTITUTE.

DEATH HOUSE
SING SING PRISON
OSSINING, N. Y.,
Sept. 1, 1929.

SUCCESS SHORT-STORY INSTITUTE,
GILA CITY, ARIZ.

GENTLEMEN: The hell you say.
Yours truly,
ALEXANDER JAMES.

—BARON IRELAND.

Wonderful Women

SHE doesn't gossip—like a pearl
This lovely lady's virtues glisten.
But there's a still more wondrous girl—
The one who doesn't even listen.
—*Joseph Anthony.*

To Our Dears

SUPPOSE I came to you, my loving dear,
And said, in words as plain as this, "Look here;
"Your face won't do, your clothes are all amiss;
"Let's skip the kiss."

Then would you turn and seize me by the jaw,
And answer: "Yes, your sentiments, though raw,
"Just suit my dull and unresponsive mood.
"Go get me food"?

No, you'd just smile or wonder if perchance
Some other man had caught my wavering glance,
Or if some blight had fallen on my brain
To use this strain.

No answer would you give, but gaze on me
With kindest hope, waiting for normalcy;
Then, laying down the paper on your lap,
Take a short nap.
Don't get so used to me, be wild, be rough,
It's not that I want, really, cave-man stuff,
But something stirring, something hard, ill meant,
Keeps wives content.

Don't be so calm, but rush around the room,
Confess I've aged and lost my girlish bloom,
Or better still, ask what the deuce I'm at.
Oh, I'd love that!
Oh, I'd love that!
—*Maud N. Page.*

"Did the storm do much damage along the Newbunkport highway?"

"Did it! The billboards were torn so you could see the scenery in five or six places!"

NO BRUSH-NO LATHER
MOLLÉ
APPLY WITH FINGER-TIPS

The Best Shave in all your life or Your Money Back

To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave in all your life, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced MŌ-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

A Shaving Revelation

To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this:

(1) *Wash your face—leave it wet*
(2) *Apply* MOLLÉ *with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream*
(3) *Shave with your favorite razor*

More than a million shavers now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

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Cleveland, Ohio

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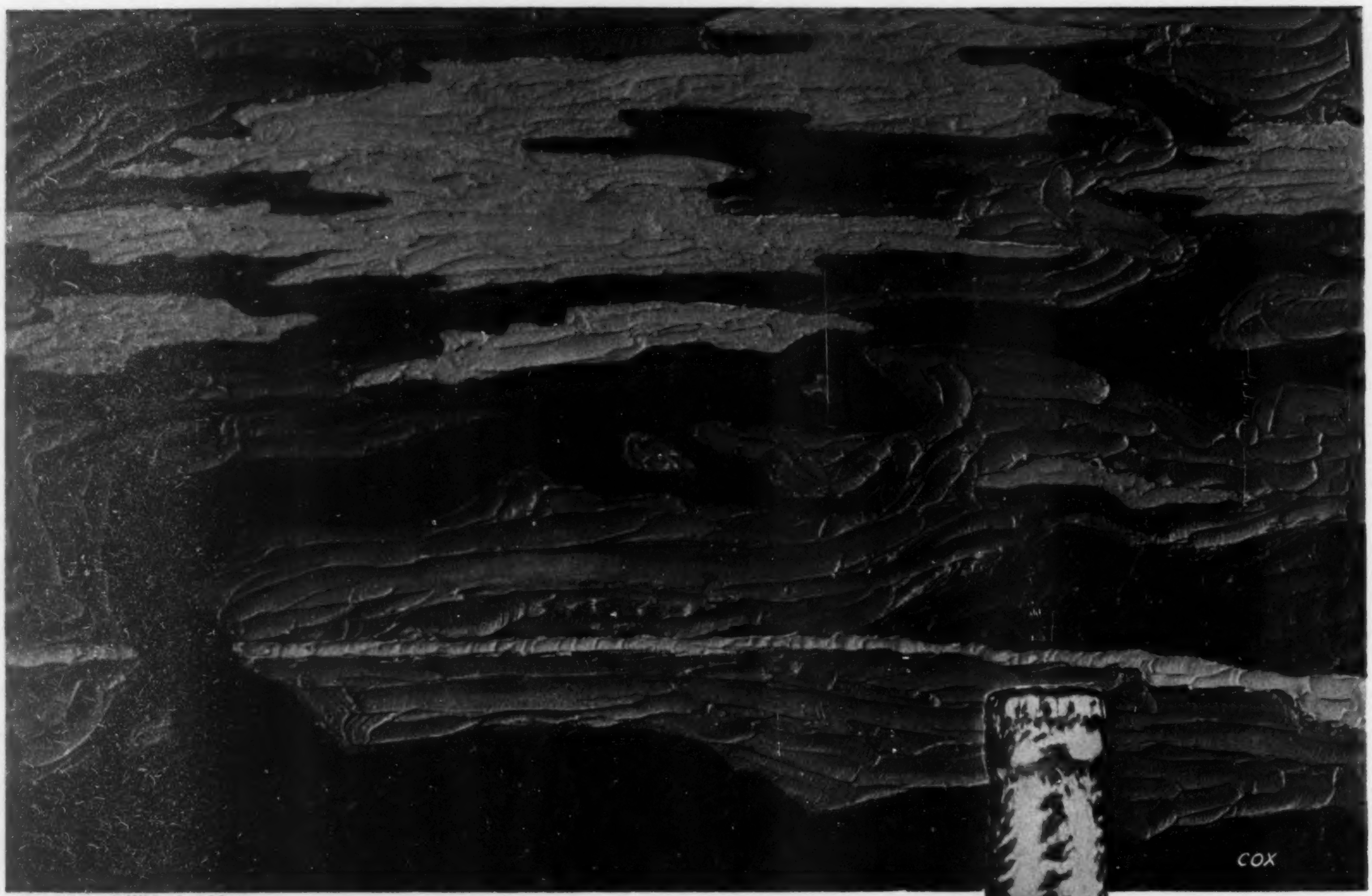

Monterey Cypress, Pebble Beach, California

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CHICAGO LOS ANGELES NEW YORK

THE FRIGATE

(Continued from Page 17)

Concepcion Borgues received the trader in the little room over the main gate to the judge advocate's palace. She was in black velvet, and a silver crucifix hung from her throat. The huge comb at the back of her head was stuck with brilliants, the jewels loading her hand would be enough to stud a sultan's snuffbox, but like Feroni, like all the besieged, she had a hungry look. There were dark circles under the eyes, her cheeks were thin, their color merely the contribution of the pink saucer. But the chin was decisive. She might be another Charlotte Corday, capable of striking a knife into a man's heart, if the cause had enlisted her and if the man were ugly.

"Are you patriot or Goth?" she asked him. Lately the royalists had been called Goths by the patriots, because of their cruelty, their use of Indians. And it was true, when the Indian allies of the Spaniards sacked a town, they slaughtered oxen and sewed their captives into raw oxhides tight, and left them to strangle slowly as the hides dried and shrank under the burning sun.

"I am an American shipmaster."

"But your sympathies? You do not, perhaps, indorse Spain's cruelties?"

"You—a Spaniard—ask me this?"

"I throw myself on your mercy. I am a patriot," Concepcion murmured. "My father too. You must have seen he is disgusted with these robbers. Justice here is a mockery. But the cause of the patriots, señor, is shaky. A courier tells me that Callao has mutinied; the soldiers there have declared for the king's cause. And that is not the worst. The patriots cannot agree among themselves. Lord Cochrane's men have not been paid for months, either wages or prize money; they are on the point of mutiny. If My Lord Cochrane should fail us now, everything is lost."

"Cochrane—El Diablo—fail?" Arad repeated.

"El Diablo. I don't like that word. He is a nobleman, a fighting man, a great captain."

"A captain, yes. I saw him once come into Plymouth, England, with gold candlesticks five feet high lashed to his mastheads. He is a great thief; he comes of light-fingered gentry. When you see a nobleman supporting a republican cause, you can bet that he is filling his treasure chest!" Arad cried intolerantly. "I tell you, I love this Englishman of yours the way I would a kicking horse. Even his own countrymen disown him. When he first came into Callao, an English frigate there ran her guns out at him and treated him as nothing better than a pirate."

"A pirate." Concepcion's black eyes burned with the devoted fires of hero worship. "You do not know him. What should a merchantman know of such a man?"

"A merchantman is sometimes a judge of character."

"But have you heard of the taking of Valdivia? That was superb. Are you aware, *señor capitan*, that My Lord Cochrane—this very man whom you accuse of piracy—*lo mismo*—do you know that at Valdivia he put his ship deliberately on a ledge, as good as sank her, to force his men into going ashore under the very guns of the leading fort? Conceive. The ship full of water, the powder ruined, but he, marvelous man, he had foreseen that too. He meant to make his men depend on the bayonet, because he knew that those who defended Valdivia abhorred naked steel with all their souls."

"He should have thrown the guns away, too, and forced them to take the forts by strangling the defenders with Barcelona handkerchiefs!" Arad cried hotly. "He sickens me, your frigate captain. I've got an appetite against these frigates, señorita. 'Eat your fill now; you will have blood for supper,' they are always saying. They are nothing but big bullies, oversparred, overmanned, overgunned, too, and they sail on their sides, with the lee channels awash in anything better than a three-knot breeze. If I could sink all the rascally frigates in the world with just the wish to do it, there would not be one afloat tomorrow!" Arad shouted at her, piling on the agony.

"Captain O'Reilly's ship at least would be at the bottom," Concepcion thrust in with a flash of malice. "Confess, it will suit your purpose if that gallant captain evaporates."

"The gallant captain. I know this kind of gallantry. Scraping and bowing and challenging, one throwing down the glove to the other, and next minute at each other's throats. You'd think killing was no murder, only a kind of parlor game, a *soirée* for gentlemen. I have had to kill men for various reasons, but I never learned the etiquette. I don't know now the etiquette in these thirty-two pounders." He looked at her very close, with a feeling that he had seen her before somewhere, and muttered: "The fight will always be just where these fighting men happen to be. If they're in Europe, the fight's there, and if they come off the coast of Chile, here's where they engage. I don't like Napoleon; I saw him once at Goree, in snuff-colored breeches and a damaged hat—well, I didn't like him and I could have predicted then that he would run away at Waterloo, the way he did from Egypt—but he may have been right in saying that God backs the biggest guns."

"*Ah, Dios.* No, señor. Reflect. God supports the skillful and strong-hearted. Have I not heard that you yourself are proof of this? My Lord Cochrane says that the impossible has the best chance of success, because no one guards against it. How else could he have taken Valdivia with a bare handful of men, in the night, with no powder and a worthless ship, and many of his men, from swimming ashore, as naked as sin driven from its last subterfuge? Can we lose the services of such a man? Already he has had an offer from Brazil. The courier knew the very wording: '*Venez, milord; l'honneur vous invite, la gloire vous appelle.*'"

"Glory calls you," Arad said. "He had better go to glory then."

"Señor, suppose it were possible to work your ship out from under this frigate's guns; to loose sail and slip your cables ——"

"If I so much as took a gasket off a topsail, this frigate would blow me out of water."

"So quickly? Pouf. You are so frail?"

"The frigate has the guns."

"But Captain O'Reilly goes ashore. Sometimes, when the land forces are in trouble, he doesn't leave men enough on the frigate to work one gun, or even get the anchor up."

"With my own men in jail, I can't do much better."

"What if I can get them out of jail, *capitan?* And I can. I can. Rodrigo Feroni will contrive it. He knows the jailer. Your men are all strung on one chain. One key turns them loose."

"One key. . . . You can trust this Feroni?"

"As I can my own soul. When I fell asleep last month with a lighted cigar in my mouth and set fire to the bed, was it not Rodrigo who smelled smoke, heroically beat down the door to my room, and snatched me from my very bed? Was this not faithfulness?"

"Of a high order. But it could have been anticipated. This Feroni, after all, lives by planting that sword of his in bulls' hearts. . . . Well, then, if you free my men, if I show the frigate a clean pair of heels, then I suppose you want me to deliver up my ship and cargo to your precious El Diablo, so that he can sell them and pay his men off with the proceeds?"

"Señor, there are better ways. In this very room, at my back, covered with this hanging, there is treasure, in silver. Chests of it. Church plate, candlesticks and coin. Bring your men here; it will be waiting for you. Let them shoulder these chests. The door will be unlocked. Then, at dawn, as you know, the wind blows always, always, always from the mountains. But you must promise to deliver the silver to Milord."

"My Lord—my Lord," Arad muttered. "I meet My Lord in this business, it seems, any way I face. If I take your silver, I shall certainly deliver it," he added. "And to a man whose uncle has already brought ruin on my family," he pointed out, with an ironical arching of his brows. The girl, letting her hand drop from his arm, whispered that one of Feroni's dagger men would be on the lookout to put the key into his hand. Feroni would tell him personally when to expect that jail delivery of his men, but, naturally, neither Feroni nor the Doña Concepcion must appear in the transaction. If the barest whisper of this thing should take the air ——

Captain Arad nodded soberly. The dramatic wheeling of Concepcion's eyeballs laid their spell on him and renewed the conviction that he had seen the lady before.

He found the bullfighter on guard at the bottom of a flight of stone stairs.

The oars of the launch were muffled, to be sure, yet it was odd how close to the frigate Captain Arad and the ten escaping members of his crew had got without awakening suspicion on board. The lookouts on bow, gangway and quarter were not visible. The night was calm, the water, in fact, rolled glass, and the mooring buoy, one lump with its shadow, looked swollen, seemed to float by touching just its bottom surface to a pool of molten lead.

The frigate herself slept as securely as her shadows. It was evident, even from the water, that she was not in sea condition. There were holes in the boarding nettings which hung from those iron cranes forward with their inquiring necks; the standing rigging was knotted here and there, as if the ship had just drifted out of action; and Captain Arad supposed that her guns might be honeycombed, her masts very likely ready to roll out of their partners.

Well, she would serve his turn. Stock-still in the bow of the launch, with a cutlass in his hand, he felt the old stir of vengeance in his bones. A merchantman, Concepcion Borgues had called him contemptuously. And so he was—a tarry trader, a neutral, a noncombatant—yet he meant to show her that he had resources of his own. The frigate breathed against him menacingly the salt breath of her burly underbody—a blend of brine, tallow, boot topping and tar. Her signal halyards hung like silk cords against midnight blue; the masts, crossed by yards slung with extra chains—battle reënforcement—ran up into the sky, stood black and insolent against the phantom back drop of silver-shining mountains which lifted thronging heads out of the ruck of things.

The trader felt his old grudge against frigates—against this frigate in particular—hot in his blood. He remembered when, on these decks, they had bared his back, lashed his wrists to a grating—spread-eagled him, in fact—and he would not easily forget the bos'n's mate, standing with the cat in his hand. The cat's tails were of good nine-thread worming, each of them, say, the bigness of stout portmanteau cords, and the fellow had carefully untangled them with his left hand before striking the first blow. The victim had been obdurate. Each of the nine tails drew blood; his young flesh had crept, but no groan escaped him. Or not until he had been kicked down into the smothering dark of a stinking wet cable tier to lick his wounds as best he might.

Now the fatal frigate was at arm's length again. She had changed her name, her cause, her colors and her captain; she looked seedy; she had come down in the world, this sea-woman soul with her forty viper tongues of flame. But she had not been able to hide herself from his retarded vengeance.

"There's Mr. Williams, sir. He must have done his work," Mayfield, the gunner of the Water Witch, whispered in Arad's ear. "I don't see any sentry on the lookout block."

Williams' broad shoulders, his mighty Roman nose, showed themselves at the top of the stern ladder on the starboard side. He motioned impishly with both arms. Ten seconds later Arad's feet were planted on the quarter-deck. Profound silence reigned. A marine in a feathered cap slept deeply in the shadow of a capstan.

"Sleeping beauties, all of them, sir," Williams whispered. "I've tied them up and laid them in the foc'sle in rows. You won't like the smell of her below, sir. They can't have sprinkled her with vinegar in a blue moon. I don't think she's had a lime wash between decks, or even a berth swabbed out or a ladder scraped, since O'Reilly turned her over to the king's forces."

In the old days she had been immaculate. Decks bone white, fire buckets painted crimson and hung in a row round the fife rail and from the lower part of the breastwork of the poop, with their lanyards flemished down inside. And over them, port and starboard, had been half circles of tomahawks, and more tomahawks, tastefully crossed and nailed up over each gun with a powder horn between. Nothing of that now.

Captain Arad felt an unreality about the scene. Dreamlike had been the ease with which this bloodless conquest had been made. He mistrusted that the frigate might have a shot left in her locker yet, and he was not mistaken.

"There's something you had better know at once, captain," Williams muttered earnestly. Captain Arad, with a hand dropped to the dewy breech of a starboard gun, was too preoccupied to hear.

"The vents are choked probably," he said. "If these side-tackle falls are rotten—and they feel splintery enough—as like as not these guns can't be run out. Have Mayfield look them over. See if the powder in the magazines is dry," Arad went on rapidly. "Pick out one gun on each side and look to the locks and carriages. Have screens wetted and hung round the hatchways. We may want to run powder. Tell them not to show a naked light in the powder room. I'll want some hand grenades and three or four boxes of grapeshot got on deck. Have one hand lay aloft to see that the running rigging leads fair. I can't tell for certain whether I am going to get a wind in time to slip away from under this cursed fort's guns," he said finally, with his fingers sunk in Bill Williams' shoulder.

"Captain, a word with you," Williams was stammering for the third time. "I've got to tell you and you won't listen. There's a young woman in the captain's cabin."

"A woman? In the name of cats' claws and grapplings, why?"

"I don't know. It must be ——"

"You say ——" Arad faltered, seeing dream details swarm before his afflicted eyes.

"The bullfighter brought her," Williams whispered, "with a note to the lieutenant. I've got the lieutenant toes up with the others, but he must have swallowed the note. I can't find it on him."

Captain Arad went at once for the captain's cabin. The rasp of his heels on the ladder in the companionway, the ring of his cutlass against a stand of pikes at the bottom of the ladder, reminded him that his predicament was actual. A woman here. He stopped short and stared at the pikes. They were scraped and painted white with decorative blood-red irons. He raised his eyes. Overhead was swung a lighted watch lantern, which put out against heavy yellowed beams four or five distinct spokes of

(Continued on Page 80)

It is said that when Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, was defeated by the Emperor Aurelian, and led in golden chains through Rome, the populace marvelled at her sweet and comely face, her gentle manner. This they could not reconcile with the fierceness of the defensive warfare she had waged against their soldiers. : : And yet every woman is a **defender** and every day she battles in the same cause as did this warrior queen — the preservation of her home and of those who make that institution precious to her. A hundred things engage her weapons: Economic changes that may mean a shift to lower standards of living; trends that threaten morals; seasonal epidemics; unrest. : : To this unending defense she brings more than courage — *she brings intelligence.* And in every security, every convenience, every comfort that surrounds us we read the measure of her success.

McCall's Magazine goes into 2,450,000 homes every month. We like to think that women find in it some intelligent help that will serve to assist them in the big and little conflicts of life.

McCALL STREET

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

(Continued from Page 77)

reddish light, and brought out the shapes of two spare tillers triced there between the beams. He looked toward O'Reilly's cabin door.

On the deck in front of it a boy lay sleeping peacefully. The little fellow's cap, painted with a winged Mercury, had fallen off, and his dark curly head was in the ragged satin-breeched lap of Rodrigo Feroni. The bullfighter, too, was in the arms of Morpheus.

Captain Arad, stepping over him, knocked on the door. Hearing Concepcion's faintly uttered, "Come in," he opened the door, but no wider than just enough to admit his body. He shut the door behind him. Concepcion was dressed in the black silk *saya y manto*, affected to conceal identity. The skirt was wrapped round her two legs so tight as to make walking all but impossible—a woman so clad must have help even to get her up off the flags of the cathedral floor after morning prayers—and the cape was worn flung over the head in such a way as to conceal everything but one eye. She leaned against the heavy amputation table on which O'Reilly evidently had his meals. In fact, remnants of a meal were still set out here—hashed fowl, roast lamb, eggs, and a kind of salt herring with chocolate sauce, at which Arad looked gloomily. The only light was from a candle stuck to a whitewashed knee over the captain's bunk.

"You? But this is the wrong ship. Are you mad?" Concepcion was saying to him. Her voice called up again some half-remembered meeting in a land to which the ironical sweep of her lashes had once before promised from moment to moment to transport him bodily.

"Is a man mad who can capture a forty-gun frigate with ten men? It is My Lord's impossible. The frigate is under my thumb."

"But the sentries—I have not heard them challenge."

"They are not in the humor, it so happens. I wouldn't even man the rigging for cheering with them at the present moment. Look."

He pushed open the cabin door with his toe, and pointed, still with his foot, to the body of Feroni, sprawled in the passageway.

Concepcion dropped on her knees with a cry and touched Rodrigo's cheek.

"Don't be alarmed," Arad said. "The fellow isn't dead. He will live to kill plenty of bulls still. The fact is, Mr. Williams, between tunes on his flute, managed to drop a little laudanum into the spirit can when the cook was mixing the people's grog at seven bells. These combatants are very trustful. They should be on guard against these traders' tricks. Even your friend Cochrane—My Lord"—Arad mentioned, "isn't immune. I remember, when he was attacking the fleet at Callao, the rockets furnished him by his patriot friends made a monkey of him. Some wouldn't go off, and others jumped off at right angles. And why not? The job of filling them had been given to Spanish prisoners, to save money. The prisoners naturally put in sand, sawdust, manure, anything but powder. Well, and now O'Reilly is incautious enough to invite Mr. Williams aboard to play The Girl I Left Behind Me on his flute. Laudanum does the rest."

"But the silver—the silver!"

"I haven't touched it. I didn't want to disillusion you, but I couldn't have got the Witch away from the frigate. So I took the frigate. Are you pleased, patriot? Now, if she will lay up within seven points of the wind, I can work her into the inner harbor, when I get a wind, and make a junction with your friends, the patriot soldiers. With a patriot crew of gunners aboard, how long will the king's forces hold out? This ship throws five-hundred-pound broadsides of grape and canister, remember. That's a little more than dust in their eyes, I'm thinking. I tell you, by noon the port will be ours, silver and all. It wasn't necessary for my men to shoulder all those heavy chests, you see. Let the patriots do that. They can use the silver to buy my wheat and brandy at fancy prices, instead of stuffing it down the throat of that nobleman of yours."

"Your wheat. Of course. I had forgotten. You are a trader."

"A trader looking always for a saving voyage," Arad agreed. He stooped and lifted her off her knees by her arms.

"You are hurting me, *señor capitan*. My arms are not iron like these fingers of yours."

"And your legs, in this gear, are as useful as a mermaid's. It's true, this is no place for you. I'll have you set ashore. Naturally, I can't fight the ship with you here. The fort may shell us at point-blank range at dawn, before we can even get the topsail loose."

"Señor, but you do not ask why I am here. You cannot set me ashore."

"And why not?"

"Because I am found out. Put me ashore and they will give me to the Indians; they will strangle me in oxhides. Or more likely, since time presses, they will put a bullet through my head—as they would have through yours, *capitan*, if I had not intervened, when the guns were already lifted against your breast," Concepcion flung at him with a bitter little sob.

"If you had not —— So it was you who ——"

"Who else? Had you any other friend there? It was I, indubitably, who ——"

Concepcion dropped her head into her jeweled hands; her shoulders shook. Captain Arad felt that this effusion of blood to his head would smother him as surely as if she had hung him upside down by one foot. The girl's words, all her pathetic motions, were fatally familiar, irresistible; as if he had lived his life once already, and had been condemned by unseen forces to live it over in duplicate. Exactly on the same terms. His knowledge of this girl was involved somehow with that sound of clicking—the clicking of the gunlocks when the guns had been leveled at his heart. A man might think that that second had not ended, that he still stood before the firing squad, with the most disastrous moment of his life made eternal.

"Stay here then," he said gently. "I dare say it will come out all right. I've heard that Lady Cochrane sometimes is caught aboard when My Lord fights his battles. She touched a gun off once, they tell me, though I believe she did faint immediately afterward. Shut yourself into the cabin here. As for me, glory calls me," he let fall ironically.

"No. The fort is too powerful."

"More so than Valdivia, perhaps?"

"You will be sunk here. I tell you I cannot endure the sound of these big guns."

"Go into the cabin and cover your ears."

"Why do you not go back to your ship? You are hopelessly shorthanded here," Concepcion murmured, biting her short upper lip vexatiously.

Captain Arad, halfway up the ladder, pretended not to have heard that sensible advice, yet actually it had hooked into him like a barbed spear into the hide of a tormented bull. It was nearly morning; a wind might spring up any moment; the Witch could be well away before daylight made a target of her. And that, naturally, would be a good clean feeling—to be at sea again, clear of these beggarly soldiers, sheets close home, sails well set, lumber off the decks, arms chests and hen coops cleated, the rigging free from clothes, and all ataunto. Yes, but it could be achieved, this feeling, only by abandoning the plan to capture the port, demolish the king's army, by the use of the frigate's guns. It seemed to him that his flesh still crept, his back smarted, under those far-away blows of the frigate's nine-tailed cat. His soul cried for vengeance, a turning of the tables, and at the same time whispered that an excellent stroke of business was involved.

Stepping out on deck, he saw Mr. Williams directing two men in the cautious hoisting of a port lid on the starboard side, next the fort. Some mildewed hammocks had been crammed into the nettings over the frigate's bulwarks in the vicinity of the midship gun. Shot boxes, match tubs, were clustered there. A black cone of round shot, like a bunch of monstrous grapes, was piled in a rope ring there. The gunner, Mayfield, was making a survey of the gun. Thrusting a lighted candle in at the muzzle on the end of a boat hook, he squinted into the mistrusted chamber. His jaw sagged, his eye rolled weirdly. He called for a five-pronged searcher and rammed it in four or five feet. One of the prongs caught in a crack in the metal.

"Does it spoil the piece?" Arad called in a sharp voice.

"It's not too far back. She may stand it, sir." Mayfield rang the piece smartly with a heavy iron battle rammer.

"Is there a better gun on board?"

"This is the best, sir."

"Shot her, then."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Captain Arad picked up the night glass hanging from his shoulder in a loop of spun yarn, and stared at the land side.

Mr. Williams muttered, in a faint voice, as if the spell of silence had got into his throat, "Eight bells, sir, according to the half-hour glass in the binnacle drawer. The binnacle clock is broken."

"Eight bells. Make it so," Arad said sharply. "And turn the glass. We ought to have wind in fifteen minutes. Or less time. Is the anchor apeak?"

"Apeak, sir," Williams echoed softly. "Doesn't it seem, though, as if wind would never blow again from anywhere?"

In fact, the maze of rigging, shroud, stay and chain halyard, dewy spars, metal caps of yardarms, all were mirrored without break or wrinkle in that unholy calm. Not the sign of an eddy round the frigate's rudder, not a shadow's trembling on deck, not the creak of a yard in its slings, not so much as a set to the warm air through which came, now and again, a distant rattle of musketry to show that the patriots were still keeping their gun barrels hot.

"If we don't get a wind, I'll commission you to fill these sails with your own breath, Mr. Williams," Arad muttered, his hand against the formidable arch of his mate's chest. Mr. Williams knocked his knuckles thoughtfully against what he was pleased to call his knowledge box, and tapped his foot against a rusty gun slide in the deck. This whimsical suggestion of his captain's, made in the middle of the night and on a strange ship, gave him a very queer feeling indeed.

"Captain," he burst out, "what are we doing on board here now? What do we want with this infernal frigate? Why don't we shift into the Witch? We know what she will do in light airs, and we know where her rigging leads."

"There's this woman," Arad growled.

"I wouldn't have her on my conscience," Williams confided. "You can't put to sea with her. This here is a frigate. We must be part of the United States Navy right now, ain't we? Specially enrolled. And a captain in the Navy can't put to sea with a woman aboard without an order from the Secretary of the Navy. If you take my advice, we will be out of this frigate like shot rolling off a shovel."

"And leave her, I suppose, in Captain O'Reilly's hands. He seems to be rowing out here now," Arad said, still staring through the night glass. "Yes, who else could it be at this hour? Stop that noise. Quiet everybody. Let him come aboard. If we make him a prisoner, we have something to trade with."

"It's him, sure enough. The old fox. I can make out a little braid. That's the way he stands on his crooked leg," Williams whispered excitedly. "What if he challenges the gangway, sir?"

"I know the word," Arad said.

At this moment an enormous and melodramatic hiss sounded at their very heels. The two men turned as if stabbed in the back. They saw Concepcion Borgues standing at one side of the rocket frame with a length of burning match in her hands. The expiring flare lighted up her willful face floating in a blue-green powder cloud. The rocket was already high in the heavens; and Arad felt as if he, too, had been boosted up very high, somewhere where the air was thin. His heart beat hard, he couldn't draw a comfortable breath. It wouldn't have surprised him to find that his lips had swelled and cracked, or that he had begun to weep bloody tears, like a man lost on the naked crests of the Cordilleras.

For this rocket flash had jogged his memory. He knew where he had seen Concepcion Borgues. That click of gunlocks at the instant of the sham execution had haunted him, he now saw, because of the likeness to the noise of steels striking against flints in the theater pit at Lima after the curtain's fall. It was on that stage that he had first seen this intriguing face; in the ugly theater next the cockpit in the street called Comedia Vieja—the Old Comedy—a place gleaming everywhere with tiny tinder fires, blue-green flashes, cigar-smoke puffs, not to mention onslaughts of fleas which carried no lanterns. Yes, it was there, sitting in a narrow box, full of atrocious fleas, that he had had his first glimpse of Concepcion Borgues' quality.

"So they have hired you to play a part," he grated, crooking one arm viciously round her body. "You are an actress—a sweet patriot. I suppose that silver was bait. That's what's become of O'Reilly and his fool marines. They've been waiting there to nab me as a thief. Am I right?"

"These combatants are so trustful," Concepcion said. "Well, he has found out you were too big a fool to take that bait, and now he is returning. But I think he is resting on his oars now. This rocket wasn't filled with sand, señor. He won't come any nearer. You do not steal the silver, mighty man; you are Napoleon, you steal a ship; you would kill an army. That is better still. You can't complain now if our commissary confiscates your ship and cargo. We have only to let the world know that you are a greater pirate than this English upstart, El Diablo, and we shall have your wheat for nothing. Rodrigo is evidently right in saying that when the bull attacks, he is most vulnerable."

"When the bull attacks —— Wait. I may get a wind yet, before these soldiers of yours can knock the sticks out of her. Those knock-kneed artillerymen ashore probably can't name the moldings on their guns, let alone point them at a target. At least if they are the same breed of cats that defended Valdivia against Cochrane's bayonets. If they do open fire, you can think yourself lucky if I don't lash you to a gun carriage," he went on, giving her a wrathful squeeze, hard enough to make her gasp. "Here, Mr. Williams, have this young woman put in a double set of irons."

"Of irons, sir? I wouldn't know where to put my hands on irons," Williams faltered.

"Tie her to a grating, then. Anywhere to keep her out of mischief. Do you think I can fight this ship with her hanging in my arm?"

"I thought she was one of us, sir," Williams mumbled.

"Tie her up."

Mr. Williams, full of qualms, laid hold of her as if in fear that she might crumble at his touch. He muttered in Concepcion's ear that it was a regular built shame, but as he had no Spanish, he got no reply to his suggestion that his captain had gone out of his head. When, after fumbling at a half-hearted knot, he left her and rejoined Arad at the starboard rail, they both stared at O'Reilly, who had floated to within half pistol shot of the frigate. The Spanish commander had known perfectly what to do when he found himself by morning light in the middle of a hostile British fleet, but he could not use that trick over again. He was nonplused. The rocket had warned him that something was amiss—but what, he didn't know.

Arad shouted thunderously, "You can go and put a sword in that scabbard of yours, now, captain! There's no danger of your sticking the wrong people here!"

(Continued on Page 82)

for Get Away

SINCLAIR
OPALINE

. . . Use OPALINE . . . the MOTOR OIL that makes your gasoline do a better job!

Improve your car's performance—make it livelier, smoother, surer—without touching your engine! Use Opaline, the motor oil that helps your gasoline do a better job.

Opaline is an extra service motor oil! The extra service it gives is piston seal. It keeps power behind the pistons—doesn't let it leak through the space between pistons and cylinder walls. In this space, motor oil does its biggest job. It must fill the space and seal it—but it can't unless its body matches the size of the space. In a new car pistons fit snugly—the space is slight—only a lighter grade of motor oil will fit.

After 5,000 miles, 20,000 miles, the space wears larger—heavier grades of motor oil are needed for piston seal. That is the basis of the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*—the reason why the grade of Opaline Motor Oil recommended for your car is scientifically correct.

The Authorized Opaline Dealer asks "What's your mileage?" You get the grade of Opaline that fits your engine's present degree of wear . . . you get the extra service of piston seal . . . you get better performance out of your engine. Opaline helps your gasoline do a better job.

*THE SINCLAIR LAW OF LUBRICATION: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power.

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SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY, INC., Petroleum Products of Quality
NEW YORK ATLANTA CHICAGO HOUSTON KANSAS CITY
SINCLAIR REFINING COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO.

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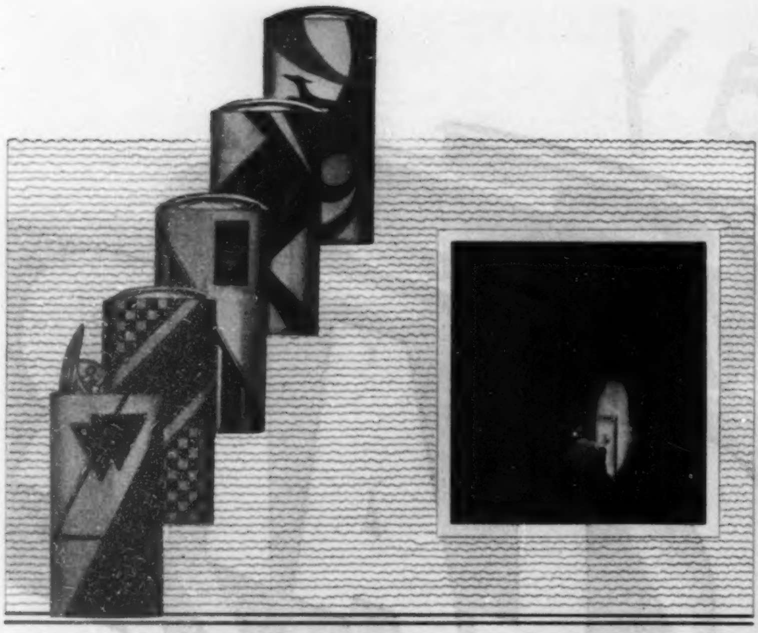

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NIAGARA FALLS AND
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BURGESS
SNAP LITE
FLASHLIGHT
39¢

BURGESS

(Continued from Page 80)

"I've got the fort to strengthen my hand! You can't stand up under these forty-two pounders! You had better give up the ship before I blow it out of water!" O'Reilly yelled.

"What? Your own ship? What kind of policy is that? Why don't you call for boarders? I've got a nice dose of grape and canister here for them!" Arad yelled back.

O'Reilly could be heard swearing vehemently in bad Spanish. The sound of oars grew fainter. He was in retreat, and Williams moaned that they would never get a wind. Never.

"It's blowing an Irishman's hurricane, straight up and down like a pig's eye," his captain answered. "It will come light any time now too."

The calm was punctured by a stab of flame from the fort's easternmost embrasure. A red meteor passed harmlessly through the frigate's forerigging. Mayfield's gun answered. Instantly they were in the thick of battle, ship against fort. The air was full of blue fires, fire balls, floating stars, trails of sulphurous smoke. A sickening crash forward notified them that the ship was hulled. Those knock-kneed artillerymen had known how to get the range, at all events; solid shot began to drop aboard, with the weirdest consequences. Hulled again, forward, the frigate shook from stem to stern. The attack was blistering; it was like a red sword in the hands of a bullfighter passing through the vitals of a helpless carcass in a dozen places. The foremast fell into the water; a lot of mysterious damage was being done aloft; the main yard was cockbilled; suddenly the longboat leaped out of its chocks like a chip from the stroke of an ax.

"She's taking a bad drubbing," Arad thought. A hand plucked at his sleeve. The carpenter's vast jaw was lifted toward him. The fellow just moved his lips, his throat worked convulsively, and there was a sick look in his eyes, as if he had just swallowed his tobacco. He wanted to say that the frigate had been hulled in three places below the water line. He put his lips right against Arad's ear. He was an old man-o'-warsman, and the naval penalty was death, for putting just so much check on the men's fighting spirit as was involved in saying publicly that the ship was sinking.

"There isn't a shot plug aboard either," he added dolefully.

"No matter. . . . . Mr. Williams!" Arad shouted, getting hold of the mate's arm. "Take all the men, and transfer them into the Witch. Our boat is still tied against the stern ladder aft. Look sharp. If you can get a wind, put to sea at once."

"You are not coming, sir?"

"I'll draw the fort's fire. If I can keep 'em from playing their guns on the Witch for five minutes you ought to have a wind. Go for Guayaquil, and take this young woman with you."

A little savagely he cut the rope tying Concepcion's wrists, and pushed her into Mr. Williams' arms with the admonition to look sharp, collect his men. The bewildered mate muttered in his new charge's ear that there was no more dodge in this old man than in the ship's mainmast. He drew her aft.

Arad stooped to inspect Mayfield's abandoned gun. He put a wet sponge into it, knocked the flaming sponge head on the port sill to scatter the sparks, then shoved a cartridge in, torn end foremost. The cannon ball he selected was lumpish, not a true sphere by any means; he tried it two or three ways before he succeeded in dropping it into the gun's mouth. Then, ramming home a wad of hay and oakum, he felt the frigate shiver in all her frames, and tilt to starboard. Instantly he was pinched between the breast of the gun carriage and the lower port sill. The gun had rolled into him. The bedeviled frigate had found means, perhaps, to pinch the life out of the vengeful mortal who had brought her to grief. Arad felt his ribs crack; his mouth open. Then the ship rolled the other way and the gun retreated in its tacklings. Respite. Arad seized a length of burning match out of a tub, and applied fire to the gun's touch hole.

For a fraction of a second he was able to watch the flight of his cannon ball, black against pink sunrise touches. But he could not say whether it fell into the fort. A scrap of splintered yard fell and knocked him flat. The shattering crash of all that débris on the deck was abrupt and brittle, like a fall of icicles in a thaw from an overburdened eave. Throaty bottle noises came through the expiring frigate's open hatches.

A deep voice directly over him said respectfully, "The ship will sink no farther. She is on bottom. Shall I slip this steel between the appropriate ribs, señorita?"

"Nothing would be gained," a cool voice replied.

Captain Arad got to his feet. He thought fantastically that this must be the frigate's very soul passing. The ship certainly was giving up the ghost, but the voice was just as certainly the voice of Concepcion Borgues.

"As you expected, you have sunk this frigate with a wish, señor!" she cried.

"They have struck their colors to my first shot, too," Arad informed her. In fact, a white flag was displayed from the fort's seaward bastion under a drift of plum-colored smoke.

"You take too much credit. They have seen these topsails of a friend of yours, Rodrigo tells me."

"A friend?"

Concepcion pointed past the mole head, where a set of storm sails showed wrinkled and yellow in the sun's first rays. A wind had sprung up, but it was coming from the sea and not the mountains.

"El Diablo," she cried bitterly. "With these very ears I have heard him say that reputation of power is power. Evidently that is so. The fort has capitulated to his topsails."

Going into Admiral Cochrane's cabin, Arad noted that the cross belts of the marine at the admiral's door were pipeclayed white as mountain snow. The sentinel there had been in rags when Arad had last visited His Lordship. There were other evidences of a change for the better. The admiral himself, high-colored, choleric, boiling with energy, looked splendid in a blue coat with immense gold epaulets, and black Genoa velvet round the cuffs. Just beyond him, Concepcion Borgues lolled with a cigar between her disturbingly shaped lips, wine at her elbow. The admiral's voice was sharp. He was plainly a little exasperated even by this interruption which his own command had brought about. He glared at Arad with all the force of his remarkably brilliant and watchful eyes.

"I've sent for you to say thank you for nothing," My Lord snapped. "I can't think of anything more maladroit than the seizure of that frigate under the guns of a fort, at point-blank range too."

"The crew was asleep," Arad said mildly.

"So I am informed. Well, even so, the fort wasn't asleep," countered the mighty seaman, who thought no plans wise and no deeds great except his own; and who, in fact, had not hesitated to call the very Parliament of England a pack of fools and scoundrels when they ventured to differ from him.

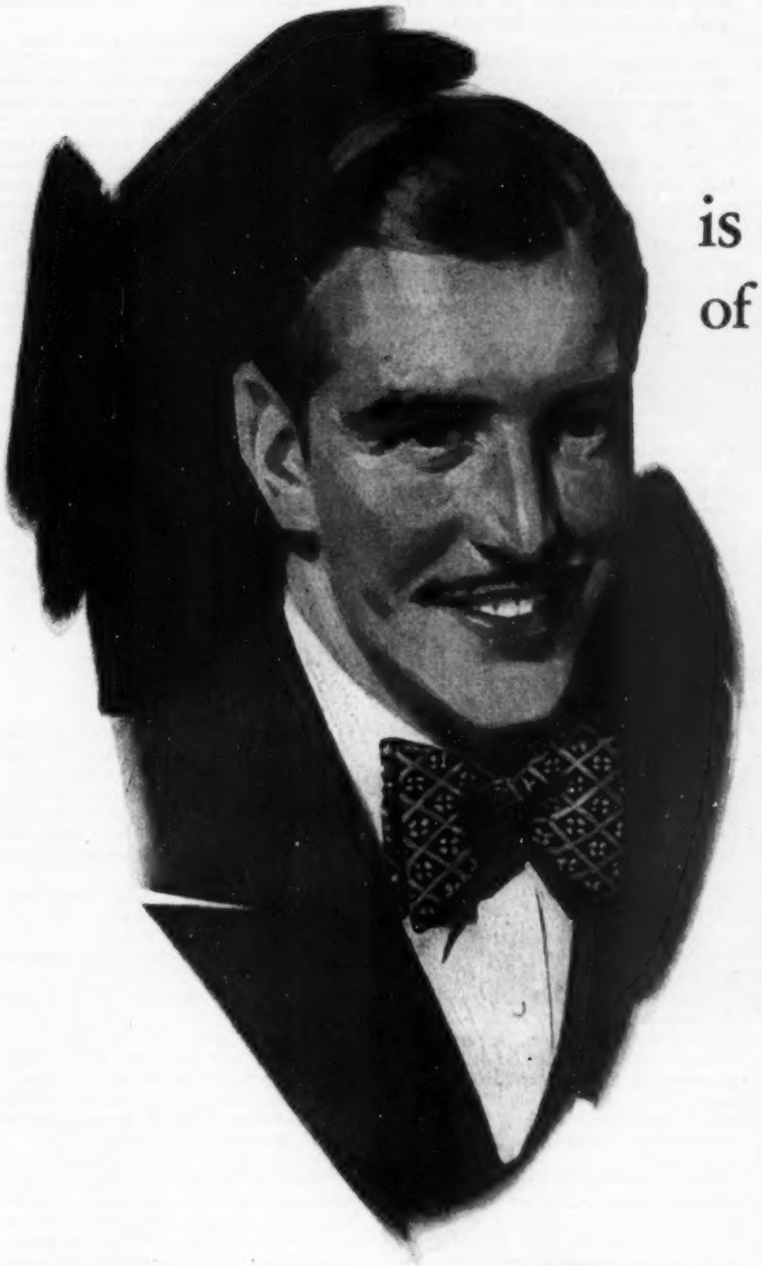
"But if I could have got one flaw of wind out of those mountains, I could have slipped out of range!" Arad cried.

"If you could have, sir. You and your would ye's and your should ye's and your could ye's."

"Nineteen days out of twenty, the wind blows offshore. I reckoned on that like fate's own shadow. Well, I was fooled."

"It wouldn't have suited my purposes," His Lordship replied crisply. "As it is, you have lost me a perfectly good prize—a forty-gun frigate. Didn't it occur to you that these beggars ashore were on the point of capitulation anyhow? The generals had sent this young woman out on board the

(Continued on Page 84)



"A properly tied bow is correct . . . with any kind of summer clothes"

. . . *say*

Banks Inc.

Famous New York Tailors

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This leading house says, "A properly tied bow is correct with any kind of summer clothes. A man ought to have enough different styles of bow ties, in light summer silks, not only to wear with his dinner coat, but also to look well with his sport clothes and business suits.

"Men are getting away from the old habit of wearing the same kind of tie the year round. They're beginning to add more bow ties to their summer wardrobe, partly because bows look cool and neat, and partly because they are really correct with any kind of summer clothes . . . if properly tied."

* * * *

It takes real skill to tie a bow properly. And even when you get it done, you can't be sure it will stay perked up the way you like it . . . unless it's a Spur Tie.

But the clever fingers that fashion style and smartness into Spur Ties are paid to do that and nothing else. This summer they have made up exclusive Spur Tie silks in all the styles of bows that you will be wanting . . . for dress, business, or sport. (Your haberdasher has them, *now*.)

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FREE Let us send you a copy of "Off the Lot" . . . a lively illustrated book about motion picture stars, past and present. Address Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65-H Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

JUNIOR SPUR TIES

Boys like them, and mothers, too, because they always look neat and trim. In special Junior sizes and patterns at haberdashery counters everywhere.

The H-shaped Innerform keeps Spur Ties shaped the way you like to wear them . . . Insist on this label . . . You'll find it in every genuine Spur Tie.

(Continued from Page 82)

frigate, meaning to join her at dawn and leave the city to shift for itself. A note to that effect, addressed to the first lieutenant for the frigate, has been found in the back of the binnacle drawer. And then, you charge in, nose or no nose ——"

The admiral's epaulets flopped with the exasperated heave of his shoulders. Arad's hatred of the man suddenly knew no bounds. Was the world made so exactly to My Lord's measure? When he needed a sea wind, must the wind spring up against all precedent, as if he had Æolus' ear? His nature evidently brooked no denial. "Damn my blood, what's one man's life?" he had been heard to cry under the guns of Valdivia.

It was this dash, coupled with the uniform, that had caught Concepcion's eye. For plainly her eye had been caught. Arad felt himself pierced, pulverized, by that gunfire of her eyes. Since ships were feminine, what could she be if not that unconquerable frigate's soul? And a prisoner to My Lord Cochrane. There popped into Arad's head that slogan of another Cochrane—this man's uncle—before New Orleans: "Booty and beauty." Were the two synonymous in Cochrane eyes? Arad thought maliciously of a way to put His Lordship in a corner.

"You won't, luckily, have to treat this young woman as a prisoner," he advanced suavely. "She is one of us. She got my men released, at the risk of being sewed up and strangled in oxhides, she tells me. She is a patriot, like ourselves."

Concepcion stood up, horrified.

"Ah," she cried, "is it possible for a man to lie and look so innocent? My Lord, this miscreant is the greatest liar of the age! I a patriot? I am a Spaniard. I appeal to Your Lordship's protection!"

"As a prisoner, you have that right," the admiral notified her.

"This malefactor had actually tied my wrists; he would have been capable of putting me forcibly aboard his own ship; he had given the order, but his own men played him false. They put me back in at a cabin window when they were going down the frigate's stern ladder; and even then, if I had not been able to rouse my attendant Feroni from his stupor, I cannot say —— A patriot indeed!"

There was a swirl of fire from her jewels, her cheek quivered, and next, her heels and legs close together as the black skirt demanded, she wheeled and slapped Arad across the mouth, with her jewels turned cruelly into the palm of her hand.

Mr. Williams, in the jolly-boat, was not without misgivings when he saw his captain come over the rail.

"Did you sell the admiral our wheat, sir?"

"As an afterthought, I did. And for cash. He has money enough. A week ago at Ancon, he seized a treasure ship belonging to his associate San Martin. That is the honor that exists between thieves. I didn't hesitate to charge top prices. Delivery commences at once. The sooner I am out of here, the better. Frigates are infectious, Mr. Williams. I was in danger of turning into one of these damn-my-blood men myself. There must be a fascination in this business of blowing everything to bits, yourself included, under a woman's eye. Nose or no nose, hey? Well put. My nose is broken, Mr. Williams. I'll go back to wooden guns, quakers. I'm lucky to have taken care of the owners as well as I have."

"It certainly does beat Vermont mountains," Mr. Williams agreed. "The owners will give you a silver pitcher out of gratitude this time home."

"A silver pitcher? It ought to be a taste of the cat."

Captain Arad looked gloomily back at Cochrane's frigate. The vision seized him sharply of the admiral's cabin—the whitewashed knees daggered in over his bunk, with a drooping candle stuck to one of them; the wig unruffled on its wig block just beyond; the bear skin, canvas lined, with water-gilt claws, rumpled on deck. As if the frigate's very planking had been shorn away, he seemed to see Concepcion picking up her cigar with too little of the rebel light in her eye. The admiral striking flint into tinder, and stooping with the light, was no doubt close enough to inspect suitably the fullness of that heart-shaped upper lip.

"Your lip is bleeding, sir," Mr. Williams was saying seriously.

"It's nothing. A splinter wound," Captain Arad grinned.

Perhaps. Yet when, touching his handkerchief to the damaged lip, he looked across to the wreck of O'Reilly's ship, he wondered where the credit for the victory should logically go; and where, for that matter, as between himself and that shattered and sunk frigate, the victory actually lay.

BUT TOMORROW!

(Continued from Page 11)

"All right, boss," said Jerry. "Why are you telling me?"

"Because I've been told. Because I've got orders. Because some white-livered pinhead in the business office has made a squawk. Because some Lord High Eminent Louse of the shoddy industry with a name like Sun or Moon ——"

"Moon!" croaked Jerry. "Arnold Moon."

"Yeh. Because this three-ring yellow Moon has put over a bluff that if we spit on his holy Union Fabrics Company just once more, he'll stop shining advertising on us, and he'll get everybody else in the world to do that same thing. That's the bunk he's put over, and that's why I'm telling you your Union Fabrics comedy is permanently out. Stop crying!"

Jerry was scowling at his typewriter. "I'm not crying," he growled. "I'm thinking."

"Well, stop that! Rustle out and find a new one to make faces at. Pick out one that doesn't neck with these advertising guys."

"Kirk," said Jerry angrily, "these birds work fast. I have a run-in with Morris Bradley at twelve o'clock today, and by six Arnold Moon has the bracelets on me and the New York Leader gagged. Get that, Kirk? Does Arnold Moon cut in big on Bradley's Fabrics racket? I ask you, does he? And is Bradley's Fabrics racket tender? I ask you, is it tender?"

"What do you care?" Kirkpatrick demanded. "Don't I tell you that Union Fabrics is out?"

Jerry slumped down in his chair. "It's got to be okay by me, Kirk," he growled bitterly, and began thumping his keys again. But later, when he was slowly drying his hands at the basin in the corner of the room, Kirkpatrick halted in passing.

"What are you moaning about?" Kirk asked sourly.

"I'm not moaning," said Jerry. "I'm singing to myself. I'm singing a swell new song to myself in a bass voice."

"It sounds like a funeral," Kirk growled.

"On the contrary," said Jerry, "it is a chant of dogged resolution and indomitable will to win. It goes: 'But tomorrow! By the living God!' Want to hear it?"

"I don't want to hear it," Kirk said positively, but Jerry Legg was still rumbling the song in his throat when the door slammed behind him.

Union Fabrics stock had ended that day in the market at 61. Its rise, however, was not noted on the financial page of The Leader the next morning. Nor was there mention of the lively shares there on the days following, when their price climbed to 68, fell back to 64, surged upward excitedly to above 70, and then more excitedly to 75.

Jerry Legg watched the antics stonily, and sneered when he read the financial columns of other newspapers. They told of "confident buying by interests identified with the Union Fabrics Company." They told also of "increasing public interest in the stock in anticipation of a highly favorable statement of earnings which may be accompanied by inauguration of dividend payments, and possibly by other important disclosures." Sometimes they spoke of "aggressive pool operations," but not so disparagingly as to offend the elation of myriad readers who were finding Union Fabrics an entrancing stock which one had but to buy and hold in order to reap wealth.

Jerry deliberately hunted for that elation in brokers' offices up and down Wall Street. He grinned apologetically when reminded that he had been all wet on Fabrics ten or fifteen points lower, and he continued to grin while developing little intimacies which added to his store of knowledge of the game that Morris Bradley was playing so successfully. Also, he slid into chairs by the desks of alert young vice presidents of banks and trust companies, and used his grin as a corkscrew to draw out small hints and confidences concerning Arnold Moon and his works, and the status thereof. And then, one night, he told the whole story to Kirkpatrick across a table in a dim little Italian restaurant in Mulberry Street.

"And there you are!" said Jerry when he had told it all. "You can't print many names, but I've got the facts nailed down, and there won't be any comeback on them. It's as big a Wall Street scandal as you've ever seen break."

"I'll never see it break," Kirkpatrick said. "You're crazy. Forget it. Who'd print it? Who'd take a chance to raise hell with the Stock Exchange and smear some of the biggest houses in the Street and give the whole game a shot in the neck like that? And if anybody did print it, where would you get off? How much good would you be in Wall Street after springing a blast like that one? You'd never get your nose in anywhere again. Forget it, Jerry. If you've got to get it off your chest, stick a couple of girls in it and become an author. And don't use your own name either."

Jerry asked, scowling, "Do you mean that, Kirk?"

Kirkpatrick said, "Use your head. Of course I mean it. Don't you know that story would have the district attorney and the attorney-general downtown in five minutes yelling for blood—your blood if you couldn't come through with names and proofs? Don't you know it would start them yelping in Albany, and in Washington, and who knows where?"

"Well," said Jerry sullenly, "what of it?"

"Be your age, Jerry," Kirkpatrick growled. "You've got a buzz saw in your fingers, and you want to set it going. Forget it. Go on writing pleasant paragraphs for prosperous people. Write about the sweetness and light that suffuses the seething vortex of speculation. Be constructive. Write a book about the new era in finance and industry, and become a brilliant economist. Write uplift slush. I'll give you something to practice on. You know that sharpshooter Nathan Rupp pretty well, don't you?"

"I call him Nate," Jerry growled. "I've known him since he started on a shoestring as a curb broker. We used to play the ponies fifty-fifty and lose. He was a rotten picker. Then he gouged ten or twelve millions out of the stock market, but that wasn't fifty-fifty at all."

"The office hears Rupp is going to turn over his big place on Long Island to some sort of charity for kids, but they can't get a word out of him. They're hot for a special story and plenty of pictures, and they want someone who knows him to go after it. Make a stab at him tomorrow, Jerry, and see what you can do. And forget that other stuff—at least until there's a blow-up, and you have something to hang it on."

So Jerry Legg used his grin on Nathan Rupp the next morning, and Nathan Rupp grinned in return and said, "I don't know what you're talking about, Jerry, but if such a thing ever should come to pass, you'll know about it a week in advance. And now that that's settled, what's the matter with you? You look sour. Been losing money in the market?"

"No," said Jerry grimly, "but I've been missing some. Being decent has cost me fifteen thousand and more in the last three weeks. I'm a boob, Nate."

"Tell me about it, son," said Nathan Rupp and Jerry told him about it. The lanky Wall Street guerrilla tilted his chair far back, locked his hands behind his heavy thatch and listened unmoving until Jerry finished. Then he leaned forward and tapped Jerry's knee.

"Details," he said. "Let's have 'em. Just whose customers' men has Morrie Bradley fixed?"

"I can name eight that I'm sure of," said Jerry. "Boverton, Harris & Hoyt, Calhoun-Connor, J. D. Perry, Elphick & Meyer ——"

Rupp interrupted. "You can make a list of them. You think—you're fairly sure—that in each of those offices a customers' man has been paid to influence customers to buy Fabrics."

"One or more in each," said Jerry. "Some got cash and some got calls. The boys with the calls are in luck."

"And also some branch-office employes, eh?"

"I know of three there can't be much doubt about."

"Put them on the list. Who else?"

"At least two birds who write market letters and gossip flashes for the wires to out-of-town houses. I've got files of their stuff, and I scared one of them blue by telling him I knew he was getting a cut."

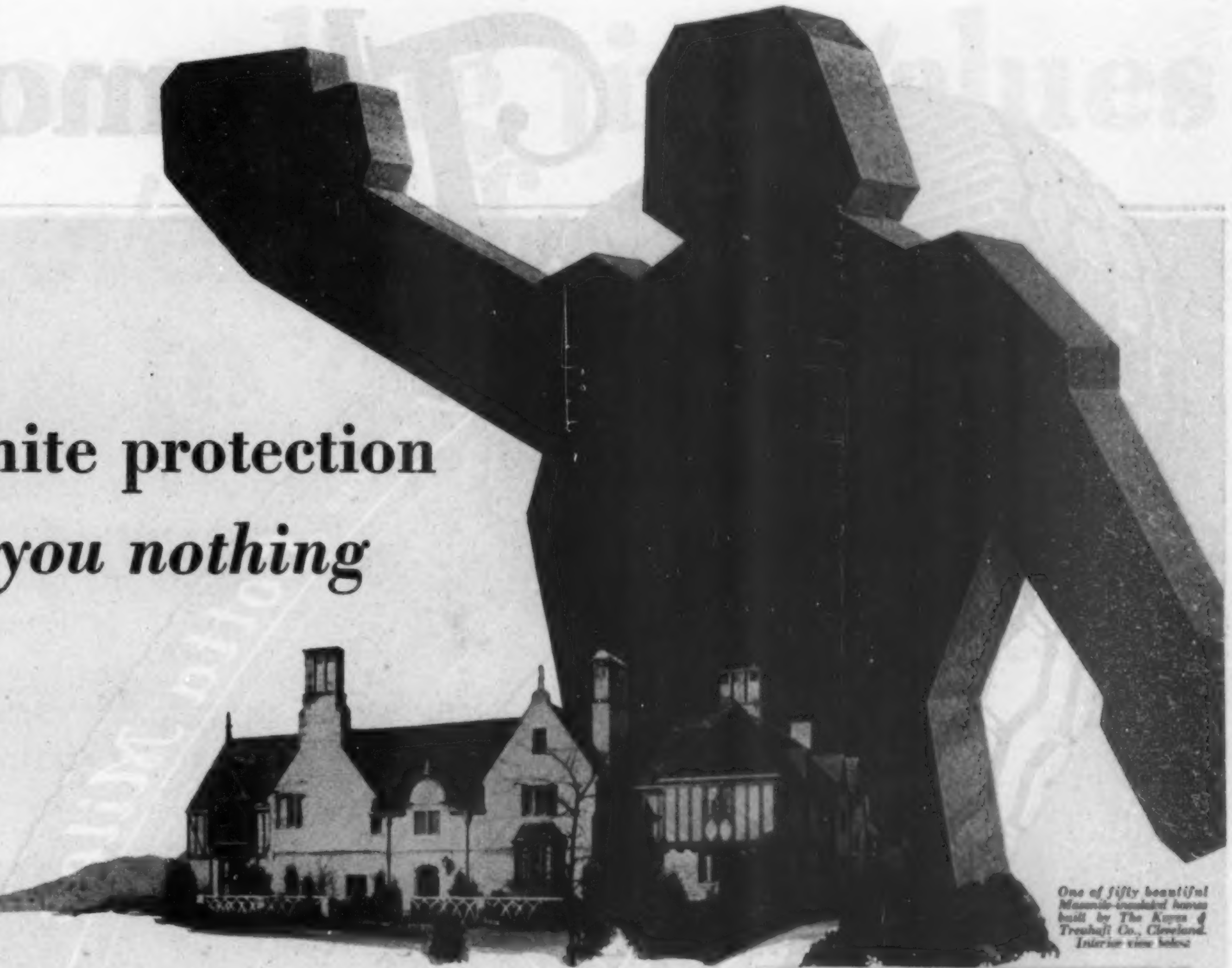
"But no firms, eh—no partners?"

"No, I don't think so. Bradley's play is with hired men, so far as I know. But he's using a lot of firms to handle his orders and carry stock for him, and that spreads the advertising. I've checked up on nearly twenty of them, and you can gamble there are twice as many. He has smeared the thing wide and thin. In most of the places where I spotted his name, or an alias, on the books, he was trading in and out of Fabrics, but not carrying more than two or three thousand shares of it. And the boys who tipped me off told me they were all keeping him up to stiff margins."

"And you think Arnold Moon is putting up the money—the stiff margins?"

"Most of the money. Where else would it come from? He may have partners, but that's the same thing. I'll gamble that Bradley isn't putting up his own jack. He's not that kind—not when he's in a play like this. He's doing the work, but you'll find Moon is financing it. And they're doing pretty well, Nate. They've got a lot of suckers in. In most of the offices I know, I run into guys who are long of the stuff. Maybe Bradley has distributed a lot of the stock already. Maybe they're making a good get-away."

"I don't think so," said Nathan Rupp. "I'll tell you something about Union Fabrics you haven't mentioned. Do you know the Fabrics Company has—or had—a lot of its stock in its treasury, authorized but never sold? Do you know that Arnold Moon has—or had—a call on some or all of that stock at about forty dollars a share? I mean Moon has a buyer's option like that from his company. Do you know that, Jerry?" (Continued on Page 89)



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The fleet's in!
Gleaming, beautiful.
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A year
And an idea
Ahead of the times.
New,
But true
To the old Hupp tradition
Of mechanical excellence
Beyond reproach.

●

The four
Straight-Eights,
Born of engineering,
Pioneering,
Developing Straight-Eights
For six straight years,
From the very
Birth of the Straight-Eight
Idea.

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The Century Six
Smooth, fast,
Built to last,
Built for beauty
Yet
Built for duty!
Topping its field
In everything
But price!

●

You have
A road.
You have two hands.
A foot for the throttle.
Two eyes.
Take a Hupp
Six or Eight
Let demonstration,
Not conversation,
Tell you
Which motor car
Your hard-earned dollars
Should buy!

HUPMOBILE

1931 SIXES AND EIGHTS

THE COMPLETE 1931 HUPMOBILE LINE

The 1931 CENTURY SIX, 70 H. P.	FROM	$ 1145
The 1931 CENTURY EIGHT, 90 H. P.	FROM	$ 1345
The 1931 100 H. P. EIGHT	FROM	$ 1695
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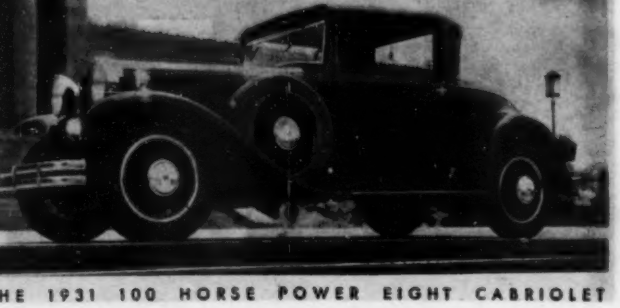
PRICES AT THE FACTORY



THE 1931 100 HORSE POWER EIGHT CABRIOLET

(Continued from Page 84)

"I didn't," said Jerry. "I've muffed that part."

"Well, I know it. And that's the stock they want to sell, I think. That's the stock they want to work off on the crowd at a fat price. But they haven't done it yet, you see. If any big block of Fabrics had been passed out, the stock wouldn't be staying so strong in the market. They haven't sold it yet, Jerry. And maybe they won't sell it. Who knows?"

"Don't ask me, Nate. I'm dumb. I pass up Bradley's hush money and he gags me the next minute. Then I get mad and dig up all this slime, and I can't print it. Bradley offered me a thousand Fabrics at 58, and the stock was 75 this morning. That means seventeen thousand iron men have gone marching past and I haven't stopped one of them. The best I get is a pat on the back for being a square guy, and I have to do the patting myself, because I'm the only one who knows it. Boy, what a window cleaner I am!"

Nathan Rupp was not listening. He said gravely to the inkwell on his desk, "They started Fabrics up from somewhere below 40. It is 75 today. Today is Tuesday."

"Uh-huh," said Jerry. "And tomorrow will be Wednesday, and Fabrics will be higher still."

Rupp turned his eyes from the inkwell to Jerry's face. "Tomorrow will be Wednesday," he nodded, "and at twelve noon, on Wednesday, you will be standing just where you are now. Understand?"

Jerry saluted. "Okay, Nate. Why?"

"I'll think up a reason by that time," Rupp said. "Now run along and play in your own street the rest of the day."

Jerry Legg came out into the bright sweep of Broad Street, and realized suddenly that he was light-hearted. He wondered why his grouch had disappeared, and later that afternoon he wondered why he was again rumbling in his throat that swell new ballad of grim-jawed confidence: "But tomorrow! By the living God!"

He kept his Wednesday appointment with Nathan Rupp to the minute, and a stenographer followed him into Rupp's office. A trim, keen-faced man sat by Nathan's desk.

"Frank, this is Jerry Legg," Nathan said; and to Jerry, "Sit down and turn on exactly the same story you told me yesterday."

Jerry looked from one to the other, and at the girl with a notebook on her knee. "Haven't I got anything to say about this program?" he asked.

Nathan Rupp chuckled. "Think I'm letting you down, Jerry? This is Frank T. Gresham, deputy attorney-general of the state of New York. I thought we'd have to go uptown to see him, but he has come down to see us. Now shoot."

"You're not under oath, Mr. Legg," said Gresham, smiling. "This isn't official, and the stenographer is Mr. Rupp's own."

Jerry grinned. "Okay," he said. "I'll shoot."

An hour later Deputy Attorney-General Gresham pocketed a sheaf of notes he had made for himself and held out his hand.

"A good job, Legg," he said. "You've done a big job, and I'm grateful. I don't see any reason why you should get mixed up in this, but you have first call on any news I can let out. But nothing must be written or said yet—not until I've done a little investigating."

"Frank," said Nathan Rupp, "all I ask for myself is that you let Arnold Moon and Morris Bradley know sometime this afternoon that you want to talk to them both tomorrow. And be sure to tell them why."

"Nate," said Deputy Attorney-General Frank T. Gresham sincerely, "I expect to put the fear of God into the hearts of those two larks within an hour."

"No, Frank," Nathan Rupp said gravely. "You will oblige me by restraining your impetuous nature. Please, Frank, don't spill this until after three o'clock." And when Gresham had gone he explained to Jerry, "Not until after three, because the greater the surprise, the greater the fall."

Jerry showed perplexity. "Am I a stepchild, Nate?" he complained. "You're not treating me like one of the family at all."

"What do you want to know?" Rupp asked. "Can't you see it? You yourself have just been telling the state of New York that Morris Bradley has been breaking its laws—bribing regular employes of Stock Exchange firms to tout Union Fabrics. You've also given the state information about Bradley's twenty or more accounts, with Fabrics being bought and sold and carried in each of them. And that smells like washing—like Bradley orders given to one firm to buy, and to another firm to sell, the same Union Fabrics stock at the same price at the same time. That means dealings without real change of ownership, and it's illegal."

"Maybe it isn't washing," Jerry said. "I haven't any proof."

"Frank Gresham will find the proof, if there is any. And you've also given him reason to suspect that the sainted president of Union Fabrics is an interested party to all this, which is something for any self-respecting attorney-general to look into. I don't suppose Arnie Moon has left himself open. He could have financed Bradley without knowing about Bradley's dirty work, and that's probably what we'll hear."

"I hope you're wrong," Jerry muttered darkly. "The egg sewed me up, and I hope they plaster him."

"But that doesn't matter," said Rupp. "What does matter is what Arnold Moon will do when he hears that the majesty of the law has swooped down on this Fabrics bubble. I know Moon, and if I'm any judge of men, he'll quit cold then and there. Do you hear that, Jerry Legg? Raise a question of fraud and Arnie Moon will quit cold. I'll bet on that. If Morrie Bradley needs any money tomorrow to pay for the Fabrics he's buying at new high prices today, he won't get it from Moon, or anybody else. And that, Jerry, is where we'll reap."

"We?" asked Jerry. "Where do I come in?"

"Nowhere," said Nathan Rupp, "unless so notified by me. But tomorrow ——"

"Uh-huh," said Jerry alertly, and rumbled, "'But tomorrow! By the living God.' Do you know that one? If I had the voice to sing that one, Nate, I'd probably forgive Bradley tonight."

He went away wondering what Nate Rupp had schemed and what he had meant by "we." He was still puzzling that the next morning when he slipped into an office near the subway exit to see how the market had acted during its first half hour of new life. He searched the quotation board for Union Fabrics' record, and found that no figures had been posted below the stock's symbol there.

"No Fabrics this morning?" he asked a clerk, pointing, and the clerk said, "Not yet. There's some mix-up on the floor. We're trying to find out what it is."

An hour later, in another customers' room, the Union Fabrics slate was still blank and a news ticker was clicking the explanation. Jerry Legg read it with a queer feeling of guilt. There were no bids on the Stock Exchange for Union Fabrics shares, except at prices far below the previous day's closing quotation of 74½. "No near bids whatever," was the way the ticker put it. "Pool support has been withdrawn."

And because of that, the specialist in Union Fabrics shares, by order of a committee, had refrained from executing any of the large number of urgent selling orders which had accumulated in his hands. There had been no transactions in Union Fabrics, and there would be none until, as the news-ticker said, "a market has been established at a reasonable price." And the ticker added: "The accumulated selling orders are said to total about 20,000 shares."

He should, Jerry thought, beat it over to Broadway and see Bradley. But he wouldn't. Someone else could do that first. He should drop into Harris & Hoyt's office, or Boverton's, or Calhoun-Connor's. But he wouldn't. He'd do that later. He should go to see Nathan Rupp. And he did. Rupp was sitting at ease in his tilted chair, his long legs spread, his hands locked behind his thatch.

"Looking for news?" he inquired blandly as Jerry came in.

Jerry turned on his grin. "Are we reaping this morning?" he asked cheerfully; and Rupp said, "Not just yet."

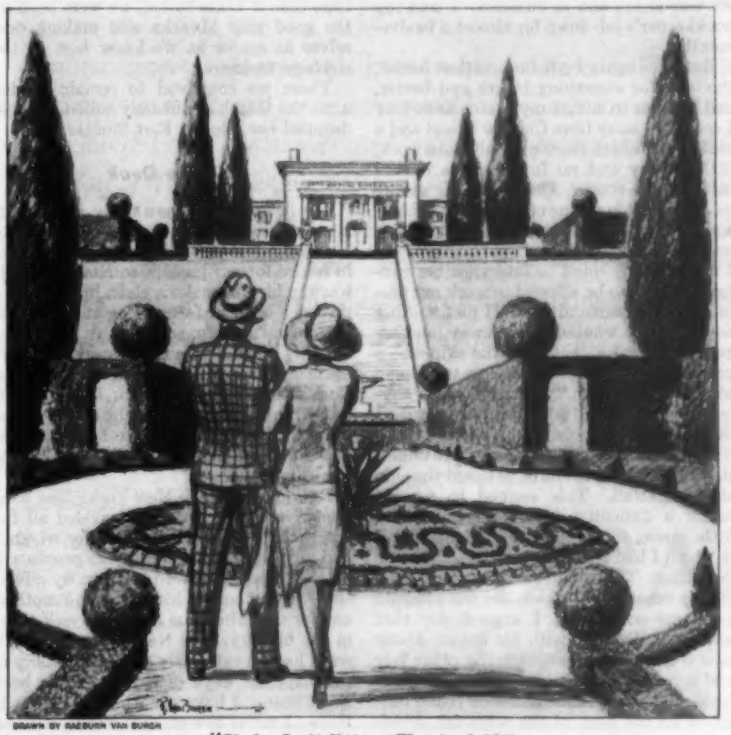
"Nobody wants that stock, eh?" Jerry groped.

"Not even Bradley. But I hear of a few bids around 48."

Jerry gulped. "Twenty-seven points down! Nothing higher than that?"

"But there are plenty of selling orders," said Nathan comfortably, "and there will be more."

Jerry squirmed a little. "This is Page 1 stuff," he said. "Heard from Gresham, Nate?"



DRAWN BY RAEBURN VAN BURGH

"Clyde, Isn't Nature Wonderful?"

"Who's Gresham?" asked Nathan Rupp lazily. "Do you mean that attorney-general person who was in here yesterday? Why should I hear from him? Having done my duty as a citizen by calling attention to certain suspicious circumstances, I am not further concerned."

Jerry chuckled, "Complete lack of interest, eh?"

"No interest at all in the legal aspects of the matter," Rupp twinkled. "But I'm gratified by the fulfillment of my prophecy that Arnie Moon would quit cold. And, of course, I'm sorry for Bradley. Morrie is in what is called a plight. It's too bad. He's loaded with a wad of Fabrics stock which has melted overnight. He must either put up a lot of money, which he can't get, or he must sell out a lot of the stock, which he can't do—not in the market. I'm sorry. In fact, I've let him know indirectly that I am disposed to assist him in a modest way."

"Yeh?" said Jerry doubtfully.

"I might buy a little of his Fabrics from him—at a satisfactory price."

"They call you a sharpshooter, Nate," Jerry said. "How low is a satisfactory price?"

"One who sows," said Nathan Rupp, "should reap as advantageously as possible. Maybe this is friend Morris now."

He reached for the telephone that was buzzing, and Jerry heard: "Hello, Morris. . . . Yes, I know. Hard luck. . . . Yes, I guessed that. . . . Well, I'll take a little, to help. . . . Not that much. Five thousand is all I can handle. . . . What price? . . . Nonsense! . . . Forty. Forty, and not an eighth more. I'll take over five thousand from you at 40. . . . No, that's my limit. Take it or leave it, Morrie. I'll wait for the market and get it cheaper. . . . Yes, either privately or in the market. . . .. All right. Call me within half an hour. After that, I may change my mind. Good-by."

Nathan Rupp laid down his telephone softly and stared at Jerry Legg. "A couple of days ago," he said gravely, "a little fellow came in here wailing about some money he hadn't made, and calling himself a dumb-bell for running straight. The lad's sad tale so disturbed me that, after I had thrown him out, I picked up my phone and recklessly sold five thousand shares of Union Fabrics stock. I sold it short. I might have sold more, but I didn't want to knock the price down and attract attention. As it was, I had to knock it down from above 75 to below 73 in order to put out as much as I did, and that was enough damage to do in one day."

"That was Tuesday afternoon," said Jerry. "I remember. The stock sold off and then rallied again. Why didn't you tell me you were the seller?"

"Why should I tell you? I'm talking about a little fellow who may have to say to somebody that he hasn't ever had any interest in Union Fabrics, although Morrie Bradley once tried to give him one. That's why I haven't told him yet that he has an interest in it."

"I get you, Nate," said Jerry, grinning happily. "He doesn't know anything about it."

"Nothing. He doesn't know that he is joint account with me in the sale of five thousand Fabrics at an average price of about 74, and he doesn't know that I am about to buy in that five thousand shares at 40, thereby reaping—I said, reaping—a profit of something like one hundred and seventy thousand dollars for the joint account."

"Joint account?" gasped Jerry.

"Fifty-fifty," said Nathan Rupp. "That's the way the little fellow and I used to split the losses we made in pool rooms, playing the horses on my scientific dope. And that's the way we'll split now."

"But, Nate, you don't mean ——"

"Fifty-fifty," said Nathan Rupp firmly, "but he doesn't know it. I'm not going to tell him today."

Jerry Rupp grinned. "But tomorrow!" he rumbled.

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60
70

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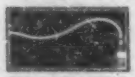

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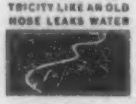

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LEAVES FROM THE LIPTON LOGS

(Continued from Page 15)

away the dishes, she turned to her man and upbraided him bitterly for his deception. Quick action followed. The hot-blooded Spaniard, convinced that I had betrayed him, turned on me, and before I realized what was happening, he had drawn a knife from his belt and slashed me across the face with it.

Only my agility and fleetness of foot prevented me from being murdered. Dodging the infuriated man, I rushed to the door and out of the cabin. He pursued me all the way to the overseer's house. Fortunately, Mr. Matthews, the overseer, was on the spot, and he not only gave me instant shelter but held off the enraged Spaniard with a loaded revolver. My wounds were dressed and I remained with Mr. Matthews that night. In the morning the Spaniard came up with profuse apologies. His wife, fully believing that her husband had killed me, told him that she had been suspicious of us going off to the woods together, taking the ink bottle and pen with us, and that after we had gone to sleep she had searched our pockets and found the letter. The whole dramatic incident had a happy ending. Husband and wife agreed to let bygones be bygones; they implored me to return to their cabin, which I did, and the three of us were the best possible friends for the rest of the time I remained on the rice fields.

A White-Collar Job

Perhaps Mr. Matthews had formed a favorable opinion of me in connection with the settling up of this shindy with the Spaniard; at all events I was promoted to the plantation office as accountant and bookkeeper. This job, coming after months of hard physical work in the fields, was a wonderful bit of luck. It gave me an opportunity to expand in a new direction, to equip myself just a little better for the battle of life. I had a natural aptitude, I found, for figures, and my skill in penmanship was given full scope. I did my level best to keep the plantation books better than they had ever been kept before. All through life I have discovered that the boy or the man who can do things even a shade better than the other fellow is the one to whom the plums will fall sooner or later. This is obvious, I can hear some of my readers say. It is, but, nevertheless, it is astonishing how many people miss the obvious in life and in business. I held my bookkeeper's job down for almost a twelvemonth.

But once again I got that restless feelin', the urge for something bigger and better, and I began to cudgel my brains as to how I could get away from Coosaw Island and a business in which there was only hard work, little money and no future. The chance came in due course. One day a big sailing schooner put in at one of the island anchorages not far from our rice farm. I heard she was bound for Charleston, and immediately I made up my mind to interview her captain and ask to be allowed to work my passage to the mainland town. I met another boy who also wanted to get away, and together we had a chat with the skipper—a genial chap who was not averse to helping us. "But," he said, "you must not let anybody know a word about it. Otherwise I shall get into trouble."

The captain also clearly gave us to understand that we would have to board the ship after nightfall. This seemed to present rather a difficulty, but I remembered a little canoe, the property of the Spaniard, in which I had frequently gratified my love for sailing. This would have to be borrowed for the occasion. Besides, the son of Spain owed me something, I argued, for that uncalled-for attack with his knife. About nine o'clock in the evening the other boy and myself stole down to the water's edge, embarked in the canoe and soon found ourselves on the deck of the schooner, which sailed away a few minutes afterwards. My farewell to the rice plantation on Coosaw Island might have taken place in more conventional circumstances, I felt, and I was sorry not to have said good-by to Mr. Matthews, the overseer, but the chance to make a get-away was too good to be missed. And once aboard the tall schooner, the sense of freedom and adventure was again within me.

On the passage to Charleston we called at a real desert island. Totally uninhabited, it would have proved an ideal spot for the landing of a Robinson Crusoe. My friend and I were thrilled to the core as our small boat grounded on the pebbly beach. Spread along the shores of the island were many piles of carefully cut wood, evidently collected and stacked by some person or persons whose idea was to return and ship the material to the mainland. Our skipper, however, acted upon the principle that findings were keepings, and his crew, assisted by the two stowaways, were kept busy for hours transferring the wood to the deck of the schooner. It proved valuable "salvage" at Charleston.

When we arrived at the great Carolina port, it was to discover the entire population seething with excitement over a disastrous fire which had broken out the previous day and was still raging and threatening the complete destruction of the town. This was bad luck for Charleston and thousands of its citizens, but it was good luck for me, because I immediately got a job with one of the fire-engine squads at fifty cents an hour. I became an enthusiastic fireman at this remunerative pay and would not have minded very much had the conflagration lasted a month. But it was all out in a day or two, and soon my boy friend and myself were tramping the streets and docks looking for work. An occasional odd job or two came our way, but the fire, instead of causing employment, had the reverse effect and in no time at all we were penniless.

Moodily walking along the quayside, we came abreast of a steamer called the Moneka, taking on the last of her cargo for New York. A sudden longing to be back there again seized me. And the longing inspired an idea. Great bales of cotton were being pushed on board across a flat gangway. Why not help to push one on board, and stay on board? I suggested this to my chum. Instantly he gave the plan his blessing. The ruse worked splendidly. In less time than it takes to tell, we were both on the good ship Moneka and making ourselves as scarce as we knew how in the steerage quarters.

There we contrived to remain hidden until the ship had not only sailed but had dropped her pilot at Fort Sumter.

Hit the Deck

The purser's face was a study, some hours later, when we boldly reported ourselves to him and asked to be given some work to do in return for our passage to New York! It was my idea to make a clean breast of our presence on board—carrying the war into the enemy's camp, so to speak. We were speedily taken before the captain, and here again my candor and straightforward admissions seemed to impress him. In any event, he told me off for work on the deck and the other boy was sent below to help the stokers. I think I had the lighter share of the punishment.

Back once more to New York. The companion with whom I had traveled all the way from Coosaw Island and for whom I had developed a real liking—as people will do for those introduced to them by adversity—went home to his father and mother, and for the third time I found myself alone in the big city. For New York I have always had an extremely soft side. Many of the happiest days of my life have been spent there. I have countless good friends there. I never tire of New York; it has a fascination peculiarly its own. All the same, I must admit that on this occasion I experienced a very thin time of it. I had not much money in my pockets, and New York, like most other places, does not offer a boisterously warm welcome to the man or boy with a decided scarcity of dollars in his possession. Trade had not yet begun to recover from the effects of the Civil War, and in the cities, particularly, employment was difficult to secure. For several days after stepping off the Moneka I tried to find a billet, but without success, so once again I shook the dust of Broadway off my feet and took the long trail.

For the next few months I wandered over different parts of the States, taking a job at this thing or the next, and passing on when the work was finished or I felt that I could better myself. Always, for some unexplained reason, I seemed to gravitate south. Perhaps I liked the warmth! By and by I landed at Carlton, seven miles from New Orleans. Here I was lucky to get a berth with the local tram-car company and equally fortunate to find good lodgings with the wife of the foreman of the car yard. This lady, to whom I paid five dollars a week for my board and lodging, was an exceedingly kind and motherly person. She took a great fancy to me, and her face beamed with pleasure when I told her that the pancakes she made were just like my mother's. This pancake story has an interesting little sequel.

An Old Lady From Carlton

Fully forty years afterwards I happened to be at New Orleans—in the autumn of 1912, to be exact—and this time I was staying with my party at the St. Charles Hotel. The morning after my arrival I was looking out of my bedroom window and ruminating on the changed conditions under which I was making my second visit to the magnificent city on the Mississippi when the bellhop came up with the announcement that an old lady who knew me as a boy had called to pay her respects to me. I went downstairs wondering who this could be, and was delighted beyond measure to discover that it was none other than my old landlady from Carlton. She had followed my career all through the years and, learning from the papers that I was in New Orleans, had made up her mind to come and see me. You may be sure I gave her a fine welcome, and at luncheon that day she was my most honored guest.

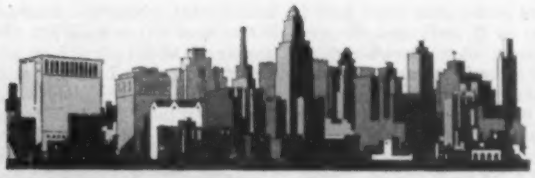
During the meal she leaned over the table and said, "Do you remember saying, Sir Thomas, that my pancakes were every bit as good as those your mother used to make?"

Laughingly I replied that I not only remembered saying it but that I remembered the pancakes even better. This meeting was for me a most refreshing link with the past; and I can truthfully say that in all America there was no one with whom I would rather have renewed a friendship than with this dear old lady.

I feel I could go on indefinitely recalling these youthful experiences in different parts of the States, but I must really pass on to the chain of events which had so much influence in molding my whole future career. Eventually I returned to New York, where I was fortunate in obtaining a post as an assistant in a prosperous grocery store.

Here, at last, was a business that appealed to me. I liked it from the outset. I could see possibilities in it. People must eat, I told myself, and the store that tempted people to buy good food would never be empty of customers. Certainly our store was a busy place; it was run on up-to-date methods. These I studied keenly all the time I was employed there. I thought I could see subtle differences between shopkeeping in America as compared with the methods of the tradespeople in

(Continued on Page 93)



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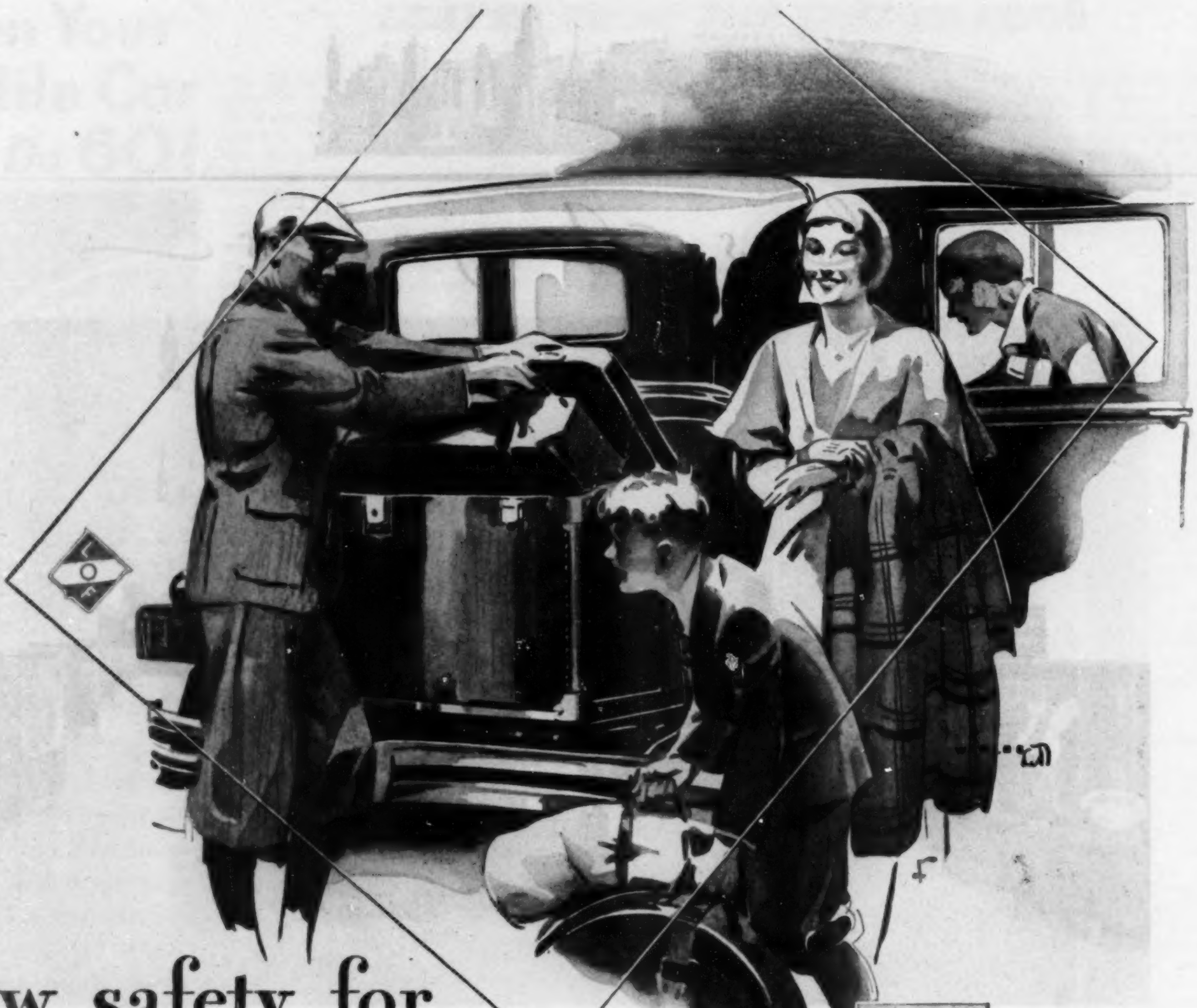

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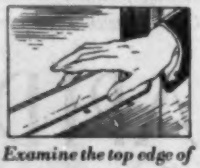
THE EDGE TEST



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LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD SAFETY GLASS

(Continued from Page 90)

Glasgow. The wares offered, the food sold, might not be any better, but it seemed to me that they were shown to fuller advantage, the assistants took a more personal interest in the customers they served—in short, there was an atmosphere in a New York shop even in those days which seemed to me to invite trade and hold it.

Promotion came to me rapidly in the store. Probably I would have done very well there had I stuck to it, but about this time a tremendous longing assailed me to see my father and mother again. This feeling became overpowering as the months went on. So I saved all the money I could from my wages, and when I had five hundred dollars I booked my passage for Glasgow. My great longing was to see "the old folks at home," but, looking back now over the years, I think I must have had some undefined resolve to apply my American experiences and wit-sharpening adventures to whatever should befall me on my return to my native land. I did not know it at the time, but as events proved, I went home to make my fortune, thus reversing the usual order of things, whereby emigrant lads have gone to America from all corners of the earth to improve their lot.

To go back to my mother empty-handed would be an impossible thing. I must take her a gift, or gifts, to prove how successful I had been across the seas. What should these gifts consist of? Their selection cost me many hours of anxious consideration. And if you made ten thousand guesses I don't think you could name the articles. They were a barrel of flour and an American rocking-chair!

The steamship on which I recrossed the Atlantic arrived at Glasgow early on a Saturday morning. Of course I should have hurried ashore the moment the vessel tied up, and dashed home to my parents. But instead, I hatched and carried out a scheme to make my home-coming a much more spectacular affair. Waiting on board the ship until the hour when I knew most of my old companions would be returning from their work, I then hired a cab. Placing the barrel of flour and the rocking-chair on the top of the vehicle, I told the driver to proceed to the end of Crown Street and then drive slowly along that thoroughfare. My plan could not have worked better. Leaning out of the window of the cab, I saluted all my friends with a shout and a cheery wave of the hand. Thus my return caused quite a sensation among my friends. Needless to say, my parents were overjoyed to have me back. Far into that night and again on Sunday we sat round the fire while I told them the stories of my adventures. And when my mother said that her rocking-chair was the most comfortable thing she had ever sat in, I felt that all my hardships and hard work had been well worth while.

Growing Pains of a Merchant

On the Monday morning I started work as an assistant in the wee butter-and-egg shop. I was now quite a young man, tall and strong, and the old shop seemed very small indeed. But, on my return, trade began to improve, and soon my mother had quite a tidy bank balance on the right side. I had a good few pounds of my own, and this knowledge caused me to begin dreaming the dreams which I was so soon to translate into realities.

For a long time I hesitated about broaching the subject of extension to my father and mother, but, as the business increased and showed a gradually rising profit, I began to feel that no time should be lost in striking out in a bold attempt to improve the family position and prospects. Moreover, I was taking a very keen personal interest in the business. I instituted lots of little ideas for cementing the relationships between customers and ourselves, did most of the buying and all the window dressing, in addition to the serving. When, one memorable day, I discovered that there were exactly one hundred and one pounds to our credit in the bank, I decided to take the bull by the horns and insist on this large sum of money being used to the fullest advantage.

That same evening I sprang my bombshell on father and mother.

"Look here," I said. "What is the use of money lying in the bank? It is doing no good there. Why not let me open a shop and start trading on my own account? Money makes money. But it only makes money rapidly if it is used properly. We are doing as well in the Crown Street shop as we can ever hope to do. If I open another shop I can double the profits."

My parents were staggered at the idea. I do believe for a moment or two they thought that I had gone clean out of my wits. What? Risk all the hard-won savings of years in a wildcat scheme of starting another shop, with all the worry and anxiety which another business would entail? Not on any consideration! The project over which I had so fondly built my castles in the air had perforce to be abandoned for the time being. I resolved, however, to raise it again at the first likely opportunity. This came sooner than I had anticipated.

It's an Ill Wind

A steamer from Philadelphia arrived at Glasgow after an exceedingly stormy passage. Owing to the delay on the voyage, portions of the cargo were advertised to be sold off in lots, on the quayside, for what they would bring. Fate determined that I should read this advertisement, and fate, as I see it, equally determined that hams and bacon should be the first portions of the cargo to meet my eyes on wandering down to the old Broomielaw on the day of the auction sale.

I had a few pounds in my pocket, drawn from the bank in case of eventualities, and with this money I became proprietor of a fairly large consignment of hams and bacon, all of which I afterwards sold to small shopkeepers in Glasgow side streets and made a profit of eighteen pounds. This was my first venture in the world of business. Its complete success greatly encouraged me. Repeatedly I kept telling myself that if I could make eighteen pounds off selling a few hams, I could make hundreds of pounds by selling a thousand of them. The operation was the same; the quantities didn't matter. All that did matter was the possession of vision, determination, quickness to see an opening or to seize a chance. Success and fortune seldom come stalking up one's home street uninvited, I told myself. No, you had to go out and meet them more than halfway.

Arguments on these lines I sedulously introduced in my talks with both father and mother, hoping that in time they might relent in their ultra-cautious business outlook. Always my father shook his head.

"We are only humble folks, Tom," he would say, "and we should be thankful that we have done so well. If we followed your plan, people would say that we were riding for a fall, that the peas were shooting above the sticks. Come back to earth, my boy, and stop building castles in the air."

On the other hand, my mother was more inclined to listen to me as time went on. When we were together I outlined to her my big idea for starting not only one shop but shops all over Glasgow.

"Who knows, mother," I remember saying to her once, "but that there may be a Lipton shop in every city in Scotland? But I must begin soon, before any other person gets the same idea. If we can make three-pounds-a-week profit in one shop, I can make six pounds in two and thirty pounds in ten. The main thing today is to get the second shop started." And I proceeded to tell her about an empty shop in Stobcross Street on which I had had my eye for a few weeks. At this stage I don't think I would have had any difficulty in persuading my mother to let me embark on my own. My father was still dubious.

In order to let him have a concrete example of what I meant by up-to-date business methods, I did a daring thing. It cost me a good few of the sovereigns I had saved up, but before I committed myself to the scheme I was convinced that it was a sound business proposition. One morning there drove up to the door of the wee shop in Crown Street a smart, newly painted grocer's van with the word LIPTON painted along each side, and between the shafts was a smart little horse in a shining set of brand-new harness.

My father was standing at the door when the equipage drew up. I kept in the background and watched him with anxious eyes and a beating heart.

"What on earth does this mean?" I heard him ask the man in charge as the latter jumped down from the van and saluted him.

"It's your new horse and van, ordered by your son, sir," replied the man. "And I must say that it's a fine, smart turn-out and will do your shop credit."

"Well, I don't want anything to do with it," promptly said my father, "and you can take it back to where it came from."

Without another word, he turned into the shop. Later in the day it was my painful task to go back on my bargain with Messrs. Leckie & Co., the saddlers in Stockwell Street, from whom I had ordered the outfit. "But never fear," I told them. "I shall soon want the horse and van myself, as I am opening up on my own account in Stobcross Street very shortly."

The Beginning of a Career

This incident of the horse and van, however, broke down my father's last scruples about letting me have my business head. My mother openly turned in my favor, pointing out to her husband that it was better to have a son who was pushful, self-reliant and ambitious than one who would simply be content to accept things as they were. Besides, she argued, the boy had looked after himself for three years in America and had been of great assistance in building up the Crown Street business. For her part she thoroughly believed in Tom and his ability to make good! And that was that.

So it came about that on my twenty-first birthday I started business on my own account in a small shop in Stobcross Street, Glasgow. Here it was that I commenced my career as a merchant. The capital I put into the venture was exactly one hundred pounds. But of this sum I expended less than half on furnishings and stock in trade, keeping the balance for contingencies and extensions.

I worked tremendously hard to have the shop spick-and-span against the opening day. The premises were painted and redecorated inside and out, and I introduced many new ideas in the way of fittings and general equipment. But it was to the stock I paid most attention. Most of it came direct from Ireland, and it was purchased at such keen rates that on my opening day I was announcing prices which quickly caused a sensation among my competitors all over the district. Indeed, when it became known that I was offering good ham at fivepence and sixpence a pound, with an extra special brand at sevenpence, my opponents hurried along to Stobcross Street to find out who was undercutting them so drastically. Before I had been open many hours there were little crowds round my window, and they didn't all stay outside either. My first day's drawings were two pounds, six shillings—considerably more than we had ever drawn in a single day at the wee shop in Crown Street.

The Beacon of Stobcross Street

Stobcross Street was then, as it still is, right in the heart of a densely populated district of Central Glasgow. The street is lined on each side with tall tenements occupied by respectable working people. In the days of which I am writing there were many small shops in the street, but I saw to it that my premises were the brightest and most attractive in the thoroughfare. I kept the place scrupulously clean, I wore white overalls and apron, and when there were no customers to serve, I went outside and polished the window. This gave me an opportunity to give a cheery good day or good evening to any of the housewives passing up and down the street, and occasionally to draw their attention to some titbit or another in the window which I could strongly recommend. As often as not, they were prevailed upon to enter the shop and become purchasers. When night came on I did not spare the gas, and Lipton's shop flashed like a beacon to all and sundry in the long street.

I worked late and early. I was manager, shopman, buyer, cashier and message boy all in one. If I had provisions to collect off the Irish boats, I went down to the quay myself with a handcart early in the mornings; if my customers wanted anything sent to their homes I shut up the shop temporarily and delivered their orders in person.

On that proud day in my life, when I was presented with the freedom of my native city of Glasgow in 1923, I drove, together with an old friend who had known me in my early days, past the fine, spacious buildings of Glasgow University, and at once these days of my youth came vividly back to me.

"How well I remember attending this university daily when a lad," I said, sighing.

Hearing this little speech, my old friend looked pained. University education indeed! Hitherto he had known me as a man with no frills. Could it be that I was now putting on side?

Seeing his perplexity, I then explained: "Surely you, of all people, have not forgotten that I passed through Glasgow University," I said. "Regularly as clockwork every morning for three years I passed through it on my way to deliver groceries at the door of the kitchens, which then used to be at the top of the building." At this we both laughed heartily.

I do not need to say that my whole heart was in my first little shop. For me, at that time, I can assure you, there was no throwing down tools at six P.M. sharp, no watching the clock for the hour to leave off. I didn't work like that in my youth. I got it into my head that a man could attain almost anything he liked, if only he had the mind. So I stuck to my work all day long and far into the night. Often, I was on duty from six in the morning until midnight. Frequently, indeed, I slept in the little back shop, so that I could be up bright and early next morning to take advantage of some bargain in butter, or eggs, or bacon which I knew would be on offer. But the work was a joy to me. I lived solely for my little business.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Blackwood. The third will appear next week.

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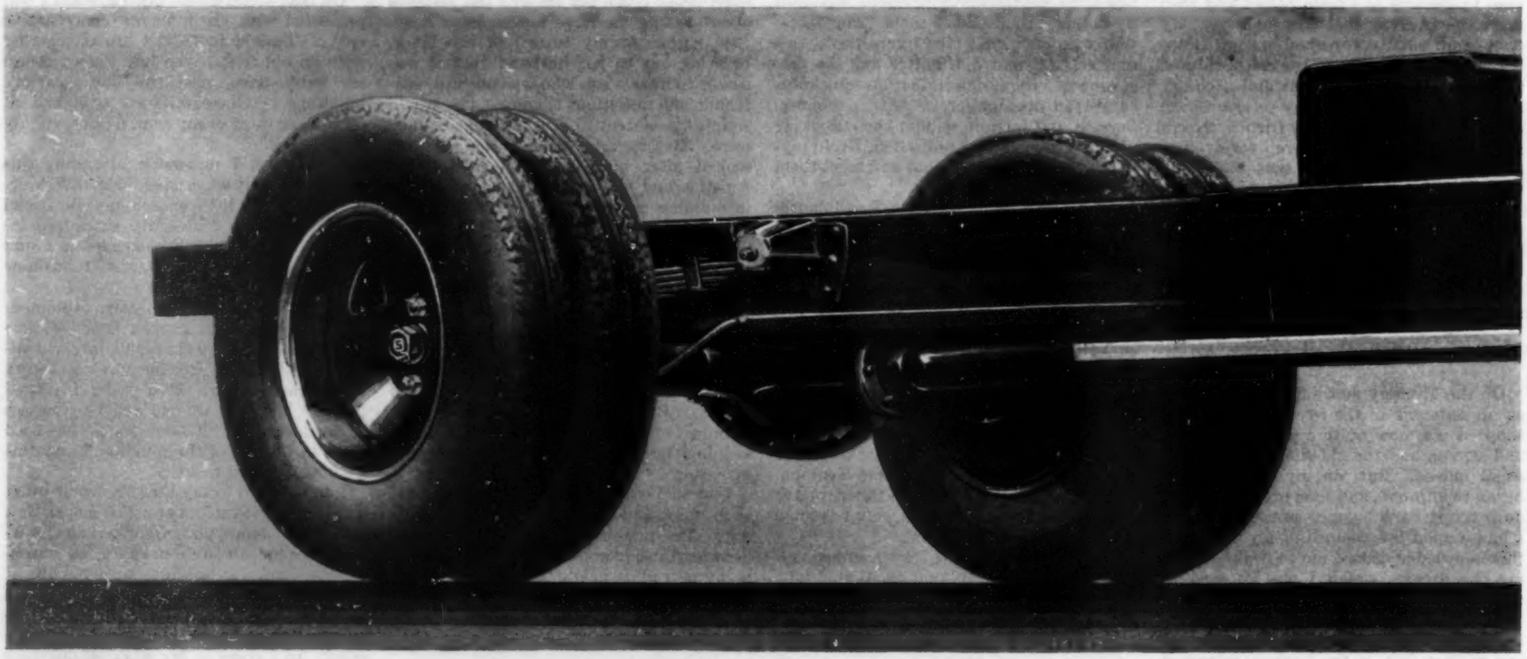

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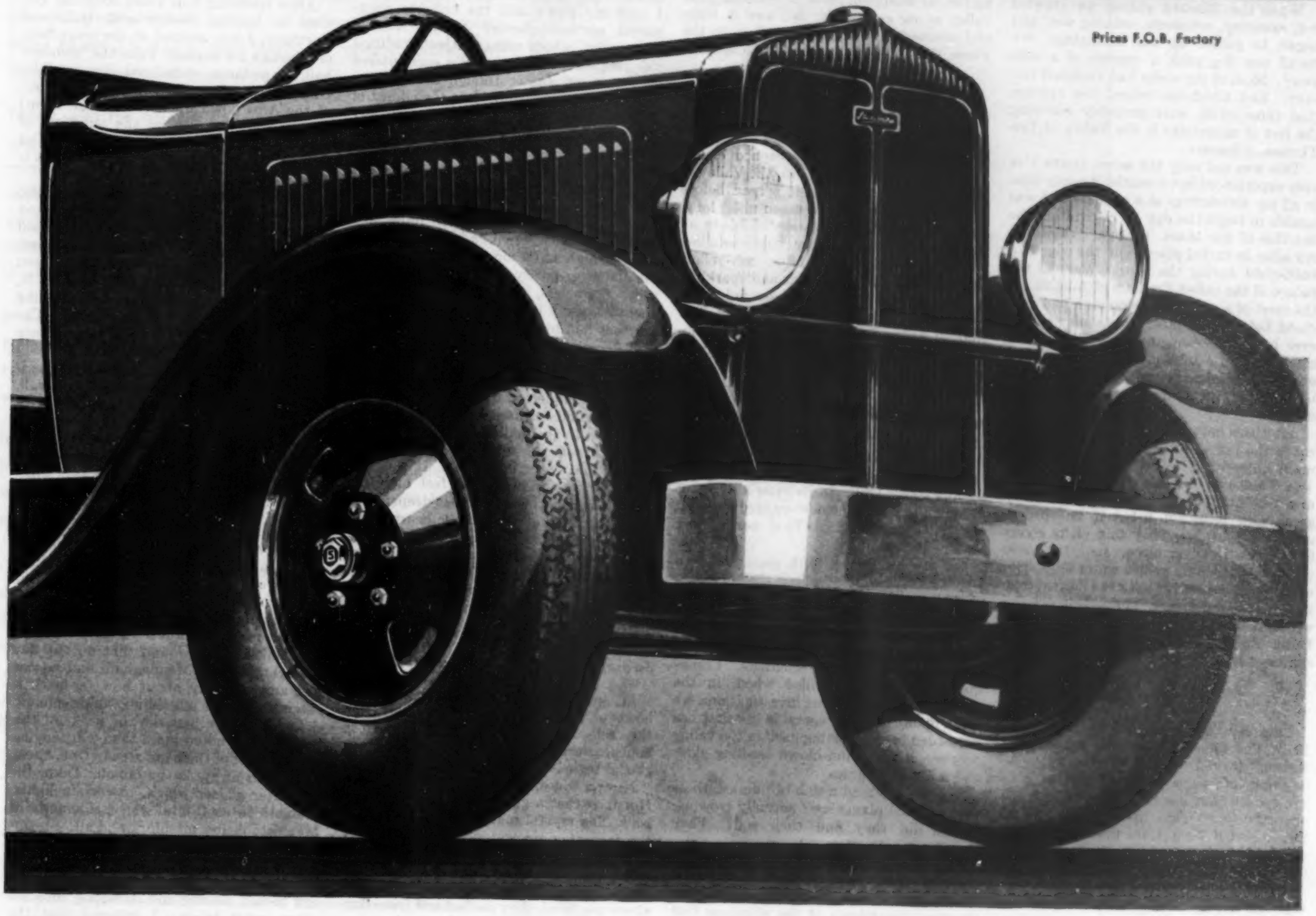

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VOLCANOES PACKED IN ICE

(Continued from Page 19)

Then I heard my companions yelling at one another. I raised my head from the shelter of my sleeping bag and nearly had it blown off by a terrific blast of wind. The gloom was thick with flying pumice. Pieces as large as baseballs were bounding off me. I felt the gust, like a giant, trying to pick me up and toss me into the valley below. I saw my ninety-pound pack roll along until it lodged in a crevice. Amid the roar and the din the four of us managed to lay hold of our pack dogs and to wedge ourselves into a slight depression. Then came the blizzard, the increasing velocity of which beggars description.

Tremendous, universal—how shall I find words for that experience? To lie high in a nest of smoking mountains while the mighty wind from Bering Sea used the peaks for harp strings! It was like listening to the Overture from Tannhäuser amplified a hundred times. But even cosmic music eventually becomes tiresome. This Katmai grand opera did. For we were obliged to listen to it thirty-six hours, lying there huddled in our sleeping bags, unable to stir, unable to eat. Every inch of our bodies ached from the continuous pelting of pumice stone and sleet.

When the blizzard abated we crawled out, ravenous, whiskery, soaking wet, and began to gather up our belongings. We found one dog pack a quarter of a mile away. Most of our socks had vanished forever. Red Chisholm voiced the opinion that those socks were probably adorning the feet of mountains in the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes.

This was not only the worst storm I've ever experienced but it marks the only time in all my wanderings as a priest that I was unable to begin the day by celebrating the sacrifice of the Mass. Though I've set up my altar in varied places—on the edge of a battlefield during the World War; in the palace of the exiled Empress of Austria; on the crest of a range where no man had ever stood before—the most spectacular altar I ever had was when, in the clear morning after the blizzard, I put out the sacred Host on a slab of Katmai pumice, and had, in the background, two smoking volcanoes for candles.

After this enforced rest, we proceeded to cover the last stretch between us and our main objective, the mysterious Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. I've talked with men who hunted in this valley when it lay green and beautiful between its spruce-ranked mountains. They told of its rivers bordered with silver birch. Its little lakes, where moose fed on yellow water lilies. The miles of tundra, sweet with the flowers that bloom in damp places. Through it ran the well-traveled trail that crossed the Alaska Peninsula from the Pacific Slope to the shores of Bering Sea.

Paradise Lost

Thus lay the sylvan valley on June 5, 1912. The following day the eruption of Katmai turned it into a flaming, gas-belching inferno, a valley of awe such as the eye of man has never before had the opportunity to gaze upon. According to Dr. Robert F. Griggs, the first to report on this wonder, if one could set all volcanoes of the New World, from the fifty-four of the Aleutians to those of Patagonia, as closely together as they could stand, their emanations would present much less of a spectacle, except during periods of dangerous eruption, than he saw every day in the Valley of the Smokes.

I was eager to get into this region to see what changes had taken place since Doctor Griggs had seen it. We made our way over Katmai Pass, and descended into the valley totally blinded by another quick-rising blizzard. We proceeded by instinct and my memory of the map I had studied. After hours of exhausting travel I became aware that the earth was flattening out beneath my feet. I groped forward with increasing caution. The ground began to feel queer under my ragged soles. Then, though I couldn't see two feet ahead, my numbed body suddenly tingled with a thrill of wonder and awe. I braced myself against the wind, listening.

From the front, from the sides, rolling through the keening of the blizzard, came the voice of the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes—the deep roaring and sighing of hidden fumaroles. When the boys caught up to me, we four stood clinging to the collars of our pack dogs, wondering what marvels lay beyond the obscuring blanket of the storm. And as we shivered in the icy sleet, there came a turn in the wind and we were suddenly enveloped in a cloud of hot steam. Heat was never more welcome; though, of course, the moment the vapor struck us it condensed and flowed off in drenching rivulets. We yelled with joy as we capered about, getting warm.

It was dark when we made camp at the head of the valley in a gigantic crack at the base of a mountain. This Dantesque shelter was heated by a vent so hot we cooked our supper over it under the light of a torch. This unique stove, however, did not make up for our disappointment in not seeing the valley as we entered it. So, sore in body and subdued in spirit, we curled up on the warm, steaming earth and went to sleep.

The Valley of a Dream

But the next morning, when we looked out of our cave, this is what we saw: From a blue sky piled with pearl-toned clouds the sun poured gloriously into the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. It spread before us, seven miles wide, seventeen miles long, and not a sprig of vegetation visible in all its strange sweep. On either side rose a line of lofty, smoking mountains, ash-yellow slopes hung with snow fields and sparkling blue glaciers. The feet of those volcanoes were gashed with fissures red as blood. The smooth valley floor was yellow, but punctured with fumaroles ringed with brilliant red, blue, violet and orange—hundreds of vents sending up billowing puffs of steam.

The stillness was unearthly. From the distance of our camp I got the impression of sunlight on a weird, silent country of dream. Not a sound. Not a breath of wind. Only stately columns of smoke rising steadily in a sterile land. In its utter absence of organic life it was the new-molded world in the dawn of creation. That period just before God said:

> Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit . . . —Genesis i, 11.

How plant life is to return to the valley, which is, of course, absolutely devoid of soil, is a mystery now engaging the minds of certain agricultural scientists. Consequently, we were thrilled when, in the course of our subsequent investigations, we came upon the first vegetable life that has succeeded in establishing itself in the valley proper—a tiny, wind-blown seedling alder and a bunch of grass.

Sheltered behind a slab of pumice, these venturesome plants were actually growing. Where did they find their soil? They brought it with them.

My observations in the field led me to conclude that the chief agent for the revitalization of this sterile vale is not the chemical breakdown of the elements that compose the valley floor, but the mighty wind that blows from Bering Sea. It uproots grass and small trees from the Bering's green shores, and literally carries them, humus clinging to their matted roots, across miles of ash-covered wastes into the barren valley. Often, when we were obliged to take shelter in a fissure to escape the blizzards of pumice which blow up so frequently, we amused ourselves by watching small, uprooted trees being blown along like tumbleweeds.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes is growing cold. Comparing its present activity with that reported by the first explorers, we found a noticeable difference in the number and intensity of its fumaroles. Instead of thousands of smokes, there are now only hundreds, and we noted many square miles without a single live vent.

An important discovery, from a commercial standpoint, is this: Despite the subterranean activity, an airplane could land in many places in the valley. We mapped these natural landing fields. They are the work of that old Bering wind, which is gradually filling up gullies and dead fumaroles with sand, pumice, anything it picks up, and covering them with ash. Heavy rains pack the ashes until they form a hard, smooth mass. I predict that Alaskan aviators will soon be taking tourists, by plane, into this remote but intensely interesting region, which is part of a national monument created by President Wilson in 1918.

Alaska is unique in the infinite variety of its natural wonders. I had no sooner become inured to its volcanic marvels than it put forth something in the way of ice phenomena which made me doubt the evidence of my own senses. It happened when I took my party into the hitherto unexplored northern border of the Katmai Monument, which country Aleut tradition has peopled with giants. We encountered no giants, of course, though the grizzlies were a bit too plentiful. But the climax of that trip was when I looked through my field glasses and saw a weird, ghostly mass filling a V-shaped valley between mountains. It mystified all of us until we drew near enough to see that it was a glacier.

But such a glacier! From high peaks it came winding down for fifteen miles to a gravel moraine where it ended in an ice cliff 200 feet high and a mile across. Instead of the alabaster purity we have a right to expect of glaciers, this one carried on its back the heavy blanket of gray and purple ash that had buried it during the eruption of Katmai nearly two decades ago. In the course of its slow march down the valley it had heaved and split open until its somber covering was pierced by innumerable crystal spikes and serrated ridges of pure sapphire ice. In the middle of the frontal wall was hollowed an immense cavern. Four trains could enter it abreast. It was perhaps 150 feet wide and 80 feet high—an arch of scintillating azure that deepened to purple as it penetrated to the heart of the glacier. Out of the cavern sprang a roaring, silt-white river, with blocks of ice, blue as forget-me-nots, dancing on its turbulent surface. This, the strangest glacier I have ever seen, does not appear on Alaskan maps.

Snowflakes That Fell Centuries Ago

My most wonderful experience on ice, however, happened some 2000 miles from the ash-covered wastes of Katmai, in Southeastern Alaska, one of the great glacial regions of the world.

Now, a widespread misbelief, even in the North, is that a glacier is frozen water. It isn't. The crystal masses that topple from the face of a tidewater glacier are really snowflakes which fell centuries ago many miles back among mountain peaks. Up in those catchment basins thousands of feet above sea level, they melted and froze during the days and nights of countless seasons, until, welded by the pressure of their own weight, they became solid ice—a frigid sheet from 500 to 1000 feet deep. When the mass reached certain proportions it began to move downward.

Brittle and inelastic as ice looks, it actually flows like water. It sweeps down from its cloud-wrapped basin invisibly slow—literally a movement of the ages. Yet it comes in eddies, rapids, wild cascades, depending on the angle of the channel beneath. And like a river it seeks the sea, swinging to avoid obstructions, or damming up against them until, by the very force of its own bulk, it flows on either side, to join again lower down. It comes grinding, gouging out its own channel through the living rock. Here again one lives in the morning of creation, for the eye beholds this mighty chisel of Nature fashioning hills and valleys that shall become green under the sunlight of a future that is centuries away.

In Alaska today more than 5000 of these remnants of the last Ice Age are slowly molding the landscape of tomorrow. About twenty-five of them are dropping icebergs into tidewaters that never freeze. And, strange to say, the real glacial area of the territory lies along the southeastern coast, where the vegetation is almost tropical in its luxuriance, and the climate is much milder than that of New York. On the farthest shores of the Arctic, and in the great Yukon Basin, where temperatures are lowest, there are no glaciers. There never have been any, authorities maintain, even during the last Ice Age.

Humming Birds, Flowers and Ice

After spending four years studying glaciers in Austria, Switzerland, Italy and Germany, I was amazed at the magnitude of Alaska's ice masses. Take the Mendenhall, for instance, considered very small by Northerners. One might set all the glaciers of the Alps down upon it and lose them! The Mendenhall lies on the outskirts of Juneau, the capital of the territory. You ride out there in an automobile and this is what you see:

The catchment basin set high in granite peaks, needle-sharp against the sky, and from it a gelid torrent of alabaster, emerald and sapphire pouring forward and down between spruce-green mountains. As you stand before it you feel the breath of it, cool, ineffably pure. You feel the brooding repose of its slow, majestic sweep. The noble simplicity of it stirs you to reverence and awe.

It flows out on its gravel moraine, ending in a fan three miles wide. Its wall, more than 200 feet high, is spiked with crystal pinnacles that glitter in the sun. In one end looms an indigo cavern from which the Mendenhall River rushes. At the other end lies a placid lake where argosies of small bergs circle in the reflection of the forest that borders the shore.

Juneau youths and maidens drive out to make love under its scintillating blue wall in the moonlight. Citizens motor visiting friends out to hear them exclaim at the luxuriant vegetation and the flocks of humming birds that hover over the flowers that bloom within a few yards of its melting flanks. But I found that no one had ever climbed the Mendenhall, and no one had any curiosity about how far back it extended. Maps offered no enlightenment.

Licking down between the peaks of this region I had noted more than 200 tongues of ice—most of them unnamed. One, about fifty miles away, is the famous Taku, the tidewater glacier which, in certain lights, presents on its frontal wall a silhouette of Mephistopheles, pitchfork and all. Steamers stop within a short distance, and some 20,000 tourists a year watch the bergs which break continuously from its lofty ice cliff to fall, roaring and splashing, into the green water below. I believed that the Taku and the Mendenhall were tentacles of one great octopus of ice that should lie back of the coast range. But, as this was my first season in this part of the country, I had difficulty finding anyone who would go with me to find out.

"Going to look for gold?" was the question that invariably greeted me. After hearing my reason, the response came, with true Alaskan frankness: "Nobody but a

(Continued on Page 101)

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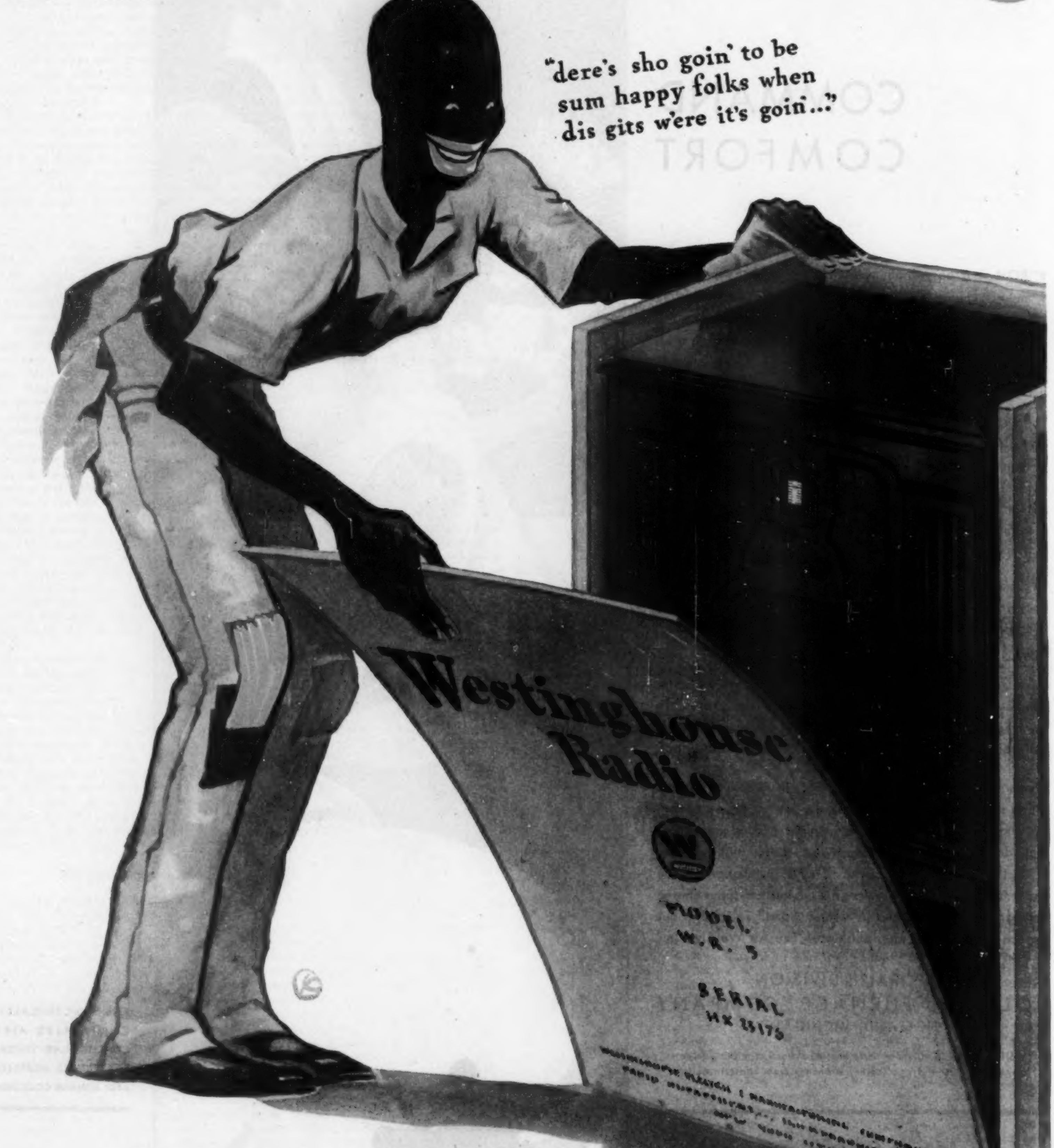
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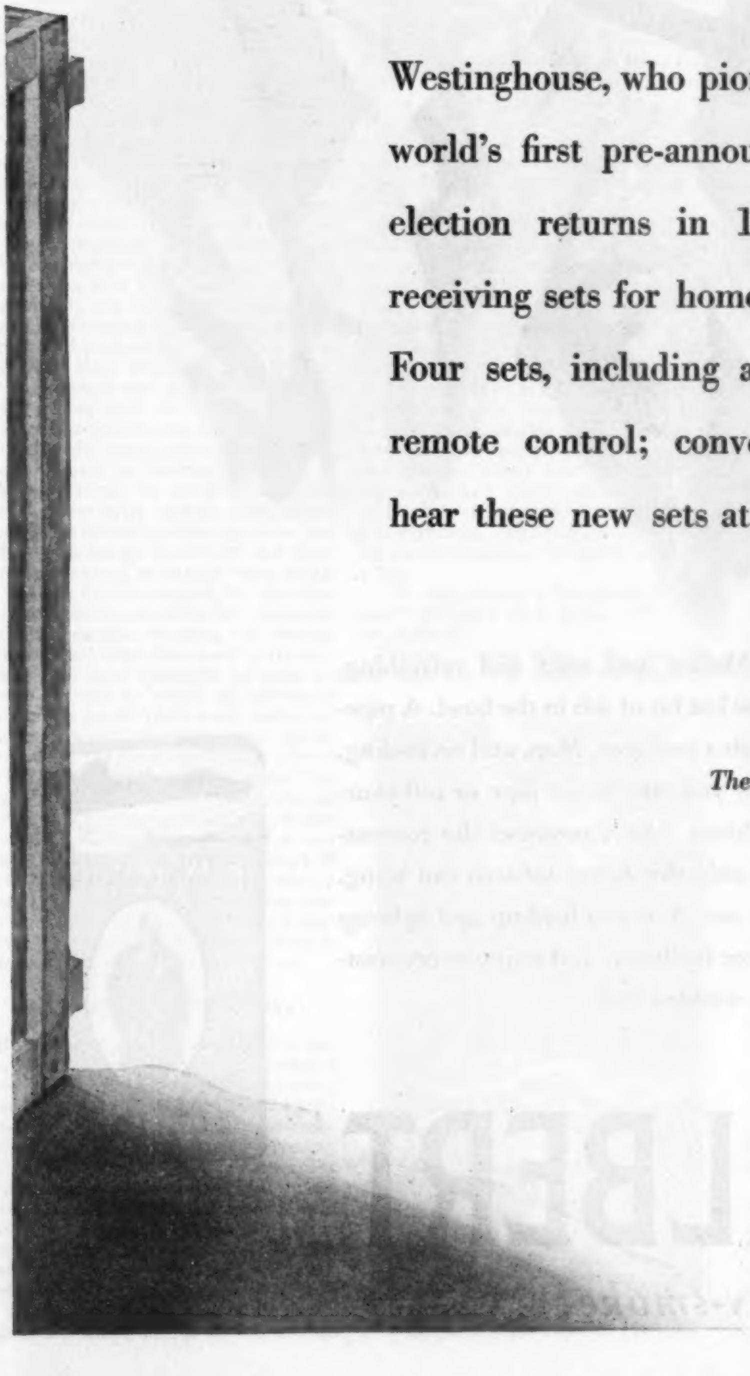

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(Continued from Page 96)

crazy sky pilot would risk his life just to look at a bunch of ice."

The Indians shook their heads and repeated their tradition of a valley back there where some long-dead chief had seen tracks eight feet apart and big as a washtub. They refused to venture into a region where monsters were reputed to browse on the tops of spruce trees, as a deer nibbles grass. And they warned me especially against the Taku, the dreaded *Sitth Klummu Gutta*, or Spirits' Home. They declared that no man could cross the Spirits' Home, and live.

I finally rounded up a Swiss prospector, Jack Koby, one reckless high-school student and three pack dogs. A word about Alaskan pack dogs: These strong, ungainly and altogether lovable animals have contributed much toward furthering the surveying and mapping of the country, but they have never shared the limelight which has played upon the Northern sled dog. They are the mountain climbers, going where no horse could possibly travel. Gallant, cheerful, under forty-pound packs, they will scramble day after day up the most perilous steeps. If unable to negotiate a perpendicular wall of rock, they wait, with wagging tails, until their masters can haul them to the top by ropes. Gentle and affectionate, they are, nevertheless, so courageous they will tackle and hamstring a bull moose or fight a grizzly until they bring him down.

"Pack dogs won't go across a glacier, though," Juneau sages informed me. And as our little party set out, the sporting fraternity of the town laid bets, with odds of ten to one, that we'd never come back.

It was a hot summer day when we scaled the blue wall of the Mendenhall and, roped together for safety, began our ascent of its icy slope. It proved to be a series of ice cascades roughened by frigid pinnacles the size and height of skyscrapers. Crevasses yawned between, 200 and 300 feet deep. One slip and many a Juneau gambler would have cashed in on his bet! As we edged our way about these swimming blue abysses, our dogs whined and cowered under their packs, pulling back on their ropes. That is, all except Sparky, the sire of the other two. After an hour's travel that amazing animal became so proficient that he not only went ahead by himself across bad stretches, but after making them, would return to his fearful and reluctant sons, and with nose nudgings, woof-woofs and backward movements, encourage them along. He was sure-footed as a goat, but the other two were continually falling into crevasses, where they dangled, shrieking and clawing, until we could hoist them back to the top.

Slowly, in steps made with ice picks, we worked our way up toward the catchment basin in the peaks. The hot sun baked our heads, blackened our faces with glacier burn, and at the same time created a freezing slush that soaked us to our ankles. The rarefied air made distances diabolically deceiving. I remember one peak in particular that beckoned from what appeared to be a half-mile distance. It took five hours of the hardest going to reach it. The proximity of magnetic ore rendered our compass useless from the start, and with every height gained, new glacial vistas, breath-taking in their vastness, opened up ahead of us.

A Camp in the Witch Ring

High lights of that trip come back to me: The strange splendor of the sun sinking, a blood-red ball, behind a row of peaks sharp as bears' claws. Night, stars, and the wind blowing cold. Our first camp, a flat bowlder, where we huddled wet and shivering, the center of a dim, vast circle set about with shafts of black rock that shot up out of the ice plane straight to the high, cold stars. They formed a witch ring of fantastic shapes—giant Cleopatra's Needles, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Gargantuan blade of a sword; and, weirdest of all with its suggestion of detached espionage, a watchtower with a cleft at the top through which the moon watched us like a cosmic eye.

We were the tiniest things in creation. Amid such enormities our ears actually ached to hear some corresponding sound. There wasn't a whisper. The stillness was so awful we couldn't sleep. Dawn came, crystal clear on a frozen world.

Further hours of trudging across white wastes brought us to the rim of a mighty amphitheater. It looked like an immense crater hollowed in a mountain of pure ice. But after we had let ourselves down its 500-foot wall and crossed its five-mile floor, we found our way blocked by a glaciated rock cliff. This wall was scored with perpendicular chimneys—cracks a foot or two deep and just wide enough to accommodate a man's body.

"There's only one way to scale this, boys," I decided. "We'll take a chance on pressure climbing."

Dwarfs Among Cathedrals

Pressure climbing is accomplished by crawling into a narrow fissure and expanding the body by pressing hands and feet, arms and legs, against all sides of the crack. In this way it is possible to inch your way up—if you don't get dizzy and fall out. When you reach a narrow ledge above, you cling there, like a sparrow against the wall of a skyscraper, until you regain strength to mount to the next ledge. I pressed myself up to the first resting place, about forty feet in the air, let down my rope, and, one by one, hauled up my companions and the dogs. Then I ascended to the next little rock shelf and did the same thing. After a long, hard struggle we could look down into that 1200 feet of emptiness swimming below us.

So far, all our traveling had been over dead ice, which is silent. Now, at last, we struck the Taku, the Spirits' Home, a magnificent, mysterious river of moving ice. Mile on mile, it flowed down toward us from its unknown source in the peaks. Miles wide, it filled the valley it had dug for itself between mountains. And it passed us, to flow mile on mile toward the distant blue waters below. We could hear the faint boom of its discharging bergs. As we gazed down on it we appreciated the warning of the Indians. Every foot was pinnacled, crevassed. And every moment a deep, thunderous roar announced the opening of a new crevasse. This living glacier was moving toward the sea at the rate of twelve feet a day.

"No man crosses a live glacier in summer," protested Jack Koby. "We never can make it."

It was only seven miles to the other side, but each foot held death. We talked the matter over. Suppose we reached the middle, only to find ourselves confronted by an impassable crevasse? Suppose the ice opened behind us in a frigid yawn wide enough to cut off our retreat? Suppose a sudden storm descended, wetting us so that we'd freeze as we stood marooned there in that frozen sea? But our food was gone. We couldn't go back. We had to take a chance.

As we invaded the Spirits' Home, everything of earth was shut from our sight. We entered an unreal country of blue and crystal—a world of frigid purity. We were puny man things, dwarfed among cathedrals of ice that soared into spires so tall the azure sky seemed to rest on them. We crawled to the top of crystal ridges, knife-edged, high as hills, and descended their farther slope to find ourselves in valleys of clear blue ice. We came upon astonishing lakes of water, indigo blue, that washed the base of alabaster cliffs. We saw indigo rivers roaring between canyon walls as transparent as glass. Behind us, our trail was marked by the bloody footprints of our dogs.

When we came to fissures not more than five feet wide, we leaped them. Ordinarily this is not difficult. You jump and at the same time reach out and stab your ice pick in to catch the opposite edge, thus anchoring yourself until you can scramble to safety. But when a frightened, tired dog is roped to you, the leap becomes another matter. If the animal hesitates one instant at the moment of the spring, down both go to the bottom of the crevasse. Here's where my university experience came in handy. I combined the methods of the Rooters' Club with Alpine technic. Standing on the brink grasping the dog's collar, I'd give him a pep talk, beginning gently and working up to a mighty climactic yell which invariably galvanized him into leaping with me across the blue gap.

Crossing the Spirits' Home

After hours of such travel we scaled a ridge, only to find below us a maelstrom of sunken crevasses. My heart sank. I knew we could never cross them. I stood wondering what my next move should be. My companions sank to their packs, exhausted. The dogs huddled against them, dead-beat. I wasn't much better, and we were all freezing, wet, hungry.

The silence was broken by Jack: "Father," he said, "I'm going blind."

I, too, had that gritty feeling under the eyelids that foretells snow blindness.

In this zero hour when human ingenuity was at an end, I took my beads from the pocket of my hunting shirt and, unobserved, I thought, began saying the rosary under my breath.

But Jack, who professes to be a heathen, saw me with his dimming eyes. "That's right,.Father," he said earnestly, "you do your stuff. We need all the help heaven can give us."

Well, we got that help.

After half an hour's rest, we turned back a way, and in a place where we never expected to find it, we discovered an ice ridge that led us straight across the honeycombed area to the welcome earth on the other side of the glacier. We had crossed the Spirits' Home. We had traversed ninety miles of unmapped ice and rock never before seen by man. We had proved the existence of the great ice sheet back of Juneau. A mile below us rose the smoke of a prospector's camp.

But those seventy-eight hours of travel had taken their toll. Our dogs could hardly stand on their bleeding feet. Our faces were black from glacier burn, our lips so swollen we couldn't articulate clearly. And I had lost twenty-eight pounds on the trip.

But that's the way of Alaska—fascinating land of fire and ice. It lures you with its incomparable beauty and mystery—and gives you a devil of a beating when you dare approach it. But the minute you leave its shores it begins to haunt you with memories of its strange loveliness, and gives you no peace until you return.

PHOTO. BY A. B. RINTOUL

A Scene in Clackamas Co., Oregon

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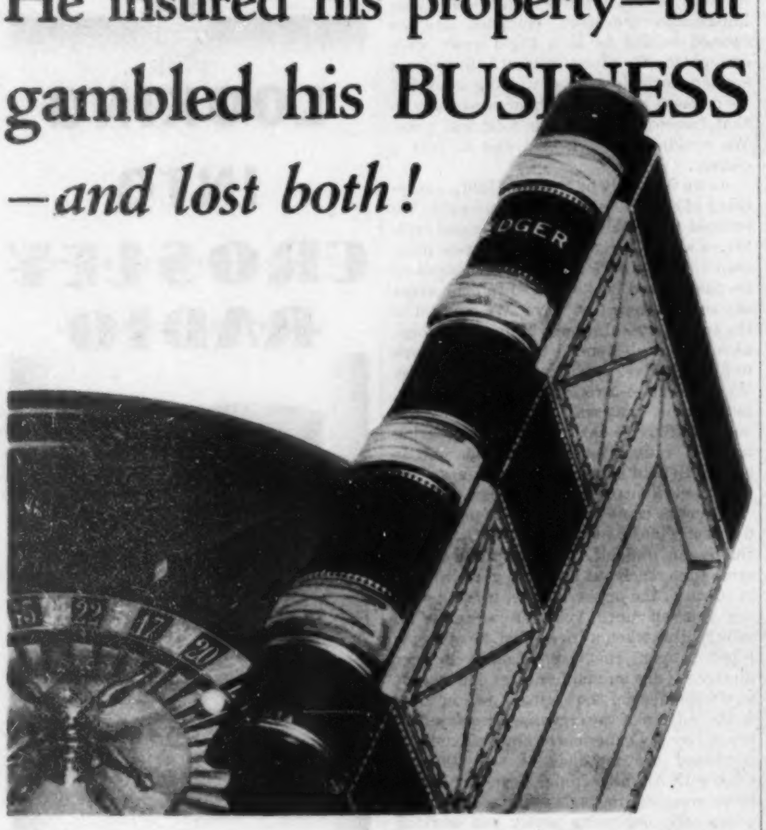

WHEN Fire came, his *property* insurance helped pay for rebuilding and for new equipment, but he had not anticipated stoppage of his *business*. Important employees had to be retained; taxes, advertising contracts, interest, branch offices, etc., had to be paid during the period of idleness.

His resources were not equal to the crisis; he lost everything—even title to the property.

Had he insured his BUSINESS with an ALLIANCE Use and Occupancy policy (Prospective Earnings Insurance), all such expenses and *even expected profit* would have been paid—exactly as though no fire had occurred. Similar protection may be applied to inactivity following damage by Windstorm, Explosion, etc., at very reasonable rates.

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Look for him in your classified telephone directory under "ALLIANCE *Insurance*". If he is not listed, write us for his name. We will gladly send you a booklet explaining Use and Occupancy Insurance.

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY
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and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life.

TWO PRESIDENTS

(Continued from Page 23)

was denied the seat. It would have been impossible for Penrose really to approve a man who had had the temerity to array himself against Quay.

Following my appointment to the Senate, I at once called on the President and was received by him with his usual cordiality. Among other things, he told me that some of my colleagues in the Senate were accustomed to gather at the White House on occasional evenings for a game of cards. He asked me to become one of the group. In somewhat apologetic fashion I had to explain that I had no card sense and had never learned to play. He put the matter by with a laugh and offered me, for my pipe, some of his favorite tobacco. We sat and smoked for some time while he talked in a most interesting way about some of the measures then pending in the Congress in which he took a special interest. I was beginning to appreciate better than ever before the immensity of the postwar problems of government. These looked formidable enough when seen at a distance, but they loomed larger as one approached the seat of government. I also realized, for the first time adequately, the network of political obligations spread in the way of a President nominated under the conditions which existed in the Republican National Convention of 1920. I doubt whether any man ever entered the White House confronted by a more stupendous task or with greater need of trustworthy lieutenants to advise him wisely and to act with loyalty in the execution of his plans. The vast majority of those whom he selected responded in fine spirit and with admirable efficiency. In a few instances it later turned out that his confidence had been misplaced. Naturally enough, this fact cast a shadow of eclipse over much of his Administration. Such occurrences are the tragedies of political life. At the time of which I am writing, however, the President was attacking his problems with wisdom and vigor, and he seemed fired by no other ambition than abundantly to justify the popular verdict which gave him his title to office.

An Era of Wise Legislation

I doubt if it is generally realized how important was the legislation enacted by the Congress in the years between 1920 and 1928. A student of legislation in whose judgment I confide puts it this way: "At no time in the history of the American Congress has there been such a quantity and variety of fundamental, constructive and forward-looking legislation as was enacted by the Congress under Presidents Harding and Coolidge. I very much question whether any quarter of a century of our national history can equal the record made in these eight years. It is of special significance that none of this legislation was sectional. None of it promoted the interest of any one class of citizens at the expense of any other class."

I have reviewed the legislative history of this period and I do not think that the comment thus quoted is an overstatement. In the field of agricultural relief there were more than a score of acts of major importance. Some of these were in the form of amendments and amplifications of existing laws. Many inaugurated new policies and were steps in advance of anything previously undertaken. The financial legislation was even more significant. To reduce the interest-bearing public debt by nearly seven billions of dollars and to re-fund, at a reduced interest rate, more than four billions of the remainder was in itself a stupendous achievement. Nor must it be forgotten that four Federal tax-reduction laws were enacted, aggregating an annual saving to taxpayers of one billion, eight hundred million dollars; that annual interest charges were reduced by three hundred and twenty-six million; that the tariff legislation of 1922 produced an annual revenue in excess of half a billion of dollars and that the re-funding of more than eleven billions of foreign loans yielded an annual payment to us of interest and principal of more than ninety millions.

President Harding signed and put into operation the national budget law. The system of accounting and administration inaugurated by this legislation has become an accepted and necessary part of our governmental structure. The enactment of legislation in behalf of the ex-service men and their dependents was begun at a special session of the Sixty-seventh Congress summoned by President Harding. The original act and its amendments have created a system of hospitalization and insurance unrivaled, as far as I know, in any other country. Welfare legislation and miscellaneous acts too numerous to mention, all stand to the credit of this remarkable era. The act of Congress that embodied the budget system gave to the Director of the Budget and to the Comptroller General a status and authority which came as something of a shock to the officials in executive departments, who had been accustomed to have a free hand in seeking appropriations and in expending them. The budget system is now so much a matter of course that we forget the immense amount of executive self-control required to accept and enforce legislation which in so many respects subordinated the executive to the legislative. President Wilson had vetoed a similar act because he wanted the executive department to maintain its supremacy. President Harding not only signed the bill but overcame seemingly insurmountable obstacles and made the system work. When he persuaded General Dawes to become the first Director of the Budget he did a splendid thing, but even the General could not have made the machine work without steady executive support. One day the new Director called on the President and said: "I am not getting far with your heads of departments."

"Why not?" asked the President.

"Because I can't afford to cool my heels in their waiting rooms, and they won't come to see me," the Director answered.

Having learned which Cabinet officer was the latest recalcitrant, the President at once called him by telephone and requested him to come to the executive office. On his arrival, Mr. Harding said, "The General and I are talking over some items in the appropriation to your department and we want you to advise with us." The Cabinet officer sat down and the discussion began. Presently the President said, "I have no more time now to give you fellows. Just step into the other room and talk this out." They did so. The contact was established and the difficulty did not recur. This is typical of the method employed by Harding in bringing together minds which seemed far apart. There is something in such a method that leads one to recall the wisdom and tact of President McKinley.

A Contrast in Presidential Methods

Postwar industrial unrest was prevalent in 1922 and 1923. The strike of the railroad shopmen created a serious situation in the transportation field, while in the anthracite-coal region the situation was even more acute. The contrast between Mr. Harding's attitude toward those problems and the method of dealing with them subsequently adopted by Mr. Coolidge was as striking as were the other differences between these two men. Harding's approach was that of a warm-hearted, impulsive man who was ready to throw himself into the breach and to use the power of his personality to bring the warring elements together. Coolidge kept whatever feelings he had under stern control and played the part of an impersonal executive. In the case of the shopmen's strike, I foresaw trouble for the President if

(Continued on Page 104)

ESCAPE

CERTAIN TYPES of fiction stories are characterized these days by an old word to which a new definition has been given:

> **ESCAPE**—Flight from everyday life by a vicarious emotional experience, which takes one in mind far from the scene of commonplace activities.

The homemaker, her round of household duties done, finds escape of this sort in the pages of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. With Alice Duer Miller she adventures in a taxi with a noble driver. With F. Britten Austin she finds herself in the front-line trenches of France. With Zane Grey she gallops through the Southwest on a spirited horse. With Ruth Comfort Mitchell she battles for water and wealth in the San Joaquin. With Wilbur Daniel Steele she relives the days when the West was being settled. » » » » » » » »

Escape! Release for an hour from all thought of budgets and breakfasts and beds to make. Flight for a while that makes home happier when the journey's done—and the story's ended. » » » » » » » »

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, month after month, combines romance with reality, escape with the easier, better ways to do the everyday tasks of homemaking. » » »

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Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	Strained Tomato	Strained Green Beans

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(Continued from Page 102)

he became involved in an acute controversy of which the Railroad Labor Board had already taken jurisdiction. I wrote him a personal letter intended to suggest, tactfully, that sound administrative policy required him merely to enforce the decisions of the board and not himself to perform its functions. I received in reply the following letter, which shows clearly that his aim was true and that he was not to be diverted from his purpose:

> I had your autographed note of July 27th. Frankly, I do not agree with the proposition that the President, in a great emergency, cannot act as mediator in the settlement of any difficult problem. The difficulty with the railroad executives' position is that they expect me, as the responsible head of the Government, to enforce to the letter the decisions of the Railroad Labor Board as such decisions relate to the employes, while the railroads have again and again ignored the decisions of the board where the fulfillment was incumbent on railway managers. This is the very thing which necessitates mediation in order to bring about a settlement of the pending strike. I have already declared my support of the Labor Board. Any settlement which is negotiated through mediation will be based upon both managers and workingmen agreeing to accept the decisions of the Labor Board and complying therewith, as contemplated by the law.
>
> I am always grateful for your interest, and am very glad to have your suggestions.

As time went on, however, it became increasingly clear to him that he had undertaken an impossible task. He therefore asked me to attempt, through mediation, to allay some of the bitterness of feeling that had been engendered during the strike. I established friendly relations with the striking shopmen and held many conferences with the representatives of the carriers. It may be that these efforts did good. At all events, they relieved the President of a burden which had weighed heavily upon him. He wrote me, on March 5, 1923, an appreciative letter which, in his own hand, he marked "Personal and confidential." After this lapse of time there can be no objection to publishing it. It read as follows:

> From various parts of the country, especially from Pennsylvania, come reports of the continuing seriousness of conditions growing out of the shop crafts strike, which remains unsettled on a considerable minority of the country's railroads. Feeling strongly that this condition demands that every facility be afforded for promoting adjustment as soon as possible, I am asking you if you will continue, in such manner as your own good judgment may dictate, your most tactful and helpful efforts in behalf of such adjustments. Appeals have constantly come to me for some employment of the Government's influence to this end, but, as you know, the full measure of the Government's authority, as now fixed, has been futile thus far. I shall feel grateful if I may be assured of your readiness to continue the efforts you have been putting forth heretofore, and you will be confident of my support in every possible way.
>
> Most sincerely yours,
> WARREN G. HARDING.

The Coal Strike of 1922

Of course he received the assurance for which he asked, for I was anxious at all times to do what little I could to effectuate his policies and to support his Administration.

In earlier articles I have referred to the great anthracite-coal strike of 1922. It was in August of that year that Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, suggested that I might be of use as a mediator between miners and operators. A letter which he brought me from the President bore the date August twelfth and was as follows:

> I am told that Mr. Lewis has indicated willingness to confer at once with the anthracite operators, in case they invite him to do so. I suggest to you, as the senator from the state most directly concerned, that the operators will be acting in the public interest if they promptly send him a cordial invitation to attend a conference to be called by them at such time and place as they may choose, with a view to the immediate resumption of production in the anthracite field. I feel justified in making this suggestion, because these operators have manifested throughout a spirit of coöperation with the Administration in seeking a fair basis upon which to adjust the anthracite strike.
>
> I understand that as a basis of conference Mr. Lewis stipulates for a return of the men at the old-wage scale and the acceptance by the operators of the so-called Shamokin proposals. In extending their invitation I hope the operators will indicate a willingness to take the men back at the old scale till a commission or other agency has had an opportunity to examine into the whole situation. As to the Shamokin proposals, I am hopeful that Mr. Lewis will regard them as proper for consideration at the conference rather than as subjects of commitment in advance. I am hopeful of this because I credit both operators and miners with a sincere desire to resume anthracite production, and I am sure that neither will place any unnecessary obstacle in the way of fair adjustment.
>
> As to the time, I hope that the conference will take place in the immediate future.
>
> No time is to be lost. Even if production is resumed at once, the future consequences of past delays must necessarily be serious, but if there is any further delay, we shall be in danger of nothing short of nation-wide disaster.
>
> As to place, I suppose that there may be advantages in meeting somewhere in the anthracite region rather than in Washington. The mayors of several of the important cities in that region have assured me of an intense public sentiment among their people in favor of prompt settlement. It may be that in such an atmosphere the prospect of quickly reaching a fair adjustment would be bright. This, of course, is a point to be determined by those who issue the invitation.

Mr. Coolidge's Hands-Off Attitude

With such credentials to back me and with the indispensable support of my new colleague, Senator Reed, I was able to settle the strike upon a basis fair to the public, to the miners and to the operators. The settlement was followed by the creation of the United States Coal Commission, of which John Hays Hammond was the efficient chairman. Because publicity was avoided and every effort made to see both sides of the issue, the settlement thus effected was of great public value, but of no political advantage to me. When the agreement thus negotiated expired and another strike occurred, the then governor of Pennsylvania, Gifford Pinchot, was quick to perceive an opportunity to gain the powerful political support of the mine workers and actively championed their cause.

All these mediatorial efforts, which, in the President's case, were well meant, are in striking contrast to the canny aloofness of Mr. Coolidge. After his succession to the presidency he asked President Harding's secretary, George Christian, to carry on for a while until the new Administration should have established itself. Nobody could be more impressed than Christian by the difference between his two chiefs. "If I stayed much longer with the new President I should come to love him for the way he handles problems," he said, after a few weeks of contact. "One day," he added, "I responded to the President's bell and found Mr. Coolidge looking out of a window opening on the White House grounds while he smoked a big cigar. 'Mr. Christian,' said he, 'it is about time for many people to begin to come to the White House to discuss different phases of the coal strike. When anybody comes whose special problem concerns the state, refer him to the governor of Pennsylvania. If his problem has a national phase, refer him to the United States Coal Commission. In no event bring him to me.'" Mr. Coolidge resumed his cigar. As far as he was concerned, the strike was over.

In attempting to analyze Mr. Coolidge's character, some critics profess to find him devoid of feeling, while others declare him indifferent to public corruption. The first count in this indictment can be neither proved nor disproved. In the philosophy of men of the type to which Mr. Coolidge conforms, feeling is a thing to be hidden. Manifested feeling is, in their estimation, a weakness. One Sunday Mrs. Pepper and I had been to church with the President and Mrs. Coolidge. Afterward, at the luncheon table, he asked what we thought of the sermon. Its theme had been gratitude and the text was: "Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." I commended the sermon. The President said: "I'm not at all sure that the man who came back and prostrated himself was a bit more grateful than the nine who went about their business. When I appoint a man to office I don't want him to thank me. I want him to go and make good." There was much self-revelation in this remark, but no basis whatever for inferring insensibility. If Mr. Coolidge never thanked those that had served him faithfully, he was merely doing as he would that others should do to him.

The second count is altogether without foundation. It is impossible to contemplate Mr. Coolidge's rock-ribbed honesty without realizing that it is absolutely inconsistent with easy-going tolerance of dishonesty in others. In the presence of such dishonesty there is always open to the honest public man a choice between two courses—the utterance of fierce denunciation and the exertion of wholesome influence by silently but obviously pursuing a course of simple rectitude. It is mere matter of opinion as to which of these courses has the greater public value. Roosevelt was a denouncer. Denunciation went well with his temperament and physique. If Coolidge had attempted to burst forth in denunciation, it would have been an almost ludicrous performance. Such an explosion would have been out of keeping with a philosophy which substitutes performance for talk. A good way in which to test the two methods is with reference to the possibility of imitating them. Roosevelt has had many little imitators whose denunciation is unreal and ineffective. Nobody can imitate Coolidge's method without being the real thing.

Time's Verdict on Two Presidents

Looking from Capitol Hill toward the White House, one is tempted to appraise the contributions to national well-being made by Harding and Coolidge. It is, however, too soon to hazard more than a guess respecting the rank which history will accord to either of them. My own guess is that, as time passes, the attack on a single phase of Harding's private life and the default of those who betrayed his trust will cease to color estimates of his actual achievements.

After his death and after certain betrayals of his trust had been revealed, I insisted, in a speech before the Republican Convention of the state of Maine, that the honest and, therefore, the best policy was to admit the defaults, place them in their proper relation to achievements and trust the country to see the picture in just perspective. This, obviously enough, was sound common sense. It was, however, regarded as political heresy by those who, versed in the mechanics of party politics, are clever enough at tactics but stupid when it comes to strategy. I derived much amusement from the attacks made on this speech by those politicians of my own party whose only maxim is "Claim everything and admit nothing." They thus managed to present the Democratic mechanicians with something like an issue, which the latter, in their turn, fumbled by indulging in those absurd exaggerations which, in the judgment of millions, discredited the Democratic platform of 1928.

As to the Coolidge Administration, I always found myself admiring the practical wisdom with which domestic policies were fashioned and carried out, while sometimes irritated by the lack of that scientific imagination which is indispensable in dealing with foreign affairs. My guess is that Mr. Coolidge will be denied by posterity the rank of Pitt, but that he will be recognized as the Palmerston of our political history.

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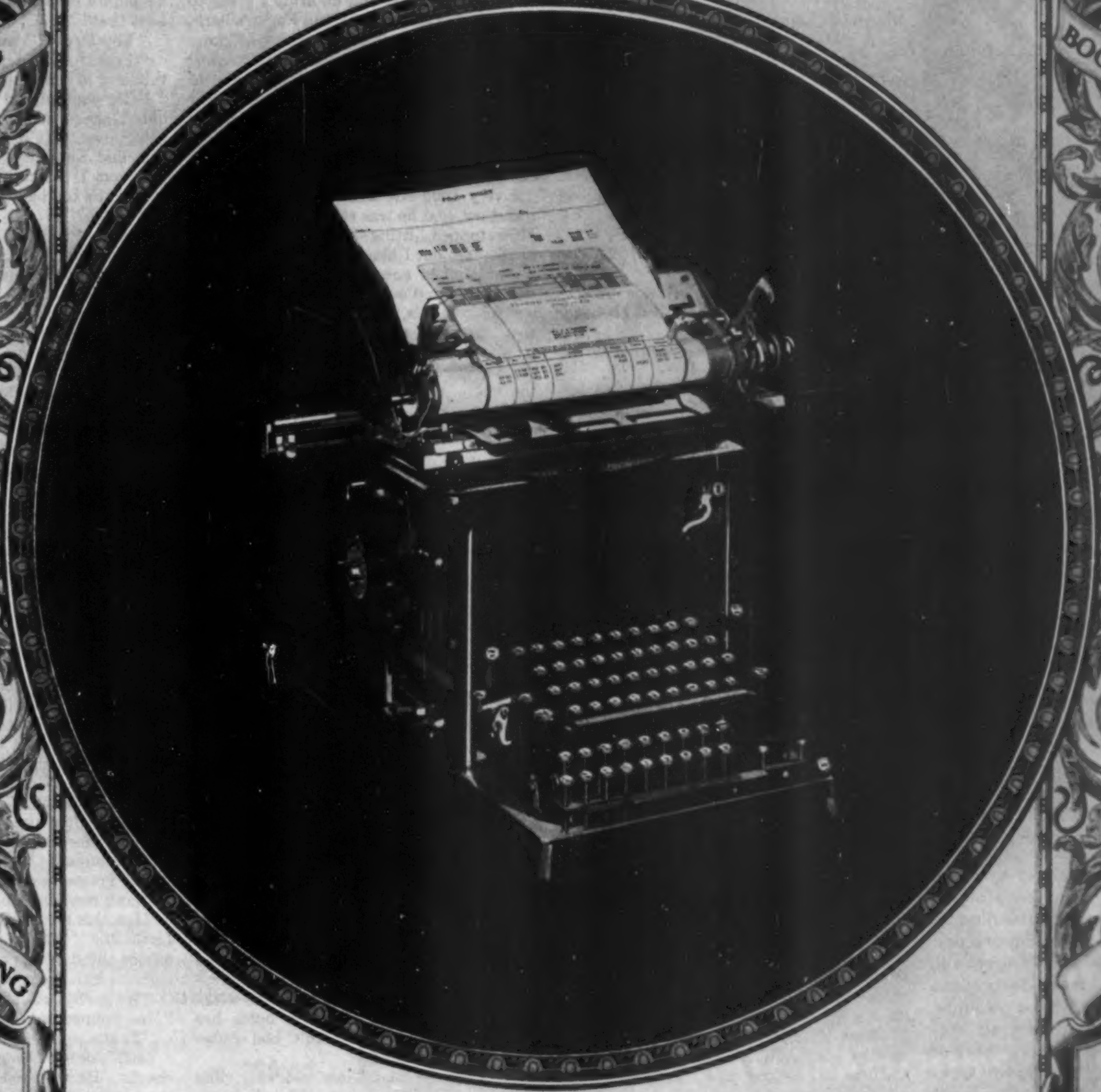

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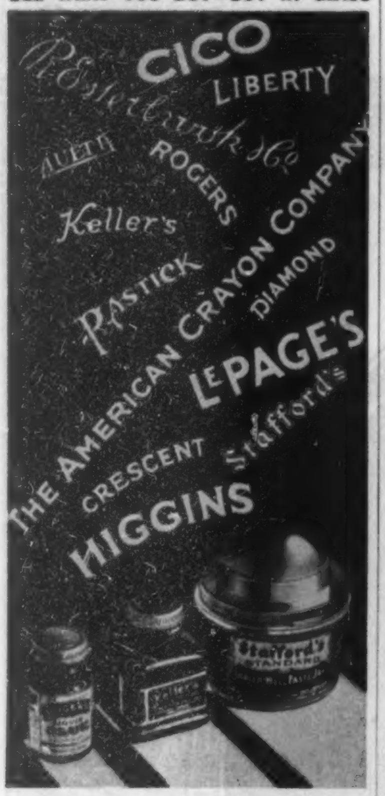

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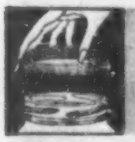

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WHITE PANTS

(Continued from Page 13)

He kicked on a little rudder and made for the beacon. He circled once to get the light on the wind sock, then he cut the gun and popped a parachute flare and sat down on the cleared space. Swede Swenson and the two hunkies from the farm came up through the blinding snow and stood leaning on their shovels.

"What have you got?" yelled Little Joe above the idling motor.

"I bane got chilblains," said Swede.

"Yeah? What'll you do when winter comes?"

"I go to t' Nort' Pole to get sunburn," said Swede. "Mr. Corsen telephone fifteen minutes ago. She's pretty bad at Melrose, but Mr. O'Connor he bane take off."

"Sweep it off the wings," said Little Joe, "and sweep it off on the lam. If Jack can ride it, so can we."

"You bane goin' on, Mister?"

"I'm getting paid for it, ain't I?"

"You better stop an' get warm."

Little Joe looked at the yellow smudge of the shack windows, but he shook his head. "I'll do."

The two men from the farm had the snow off the wings.

"Tell 'em in Melrose that me and my crate got this far, and I hope somebody's gettin' a check in this mail."

"They say she's thick at Melrose."

"Yeah? Well, if she's any thicker than here, I'll write to my congressman in the morning. Gangway for Santy Claus." Little Joe gave her the gun and slid down the cleared space into the night once more.

"—— threw away the keys to Paradise—
My indiscreet heart—
Longs for the sweetheart ——"

The night closed in on him again, as if a door had blown shut in his face. It roared toward him, smothering him, and the echo of its depths rang in his ears. Somewhere ahead was Jack O'Connor, hammering toward him with the westbound mail. On clear nights they blinked lights as they passed.

"Hey," said Little Joe, with a sudden thought, "keep on your side of the bed, Jack, my boy, and give me half the blankets."

He pulled off a point to starboard to make plenty of room. He squinted at his chronometer again. Nine o'clock. In the instrument dials, with the office light snapped on, he looked like one of those studio shots they make in the flying pictures—one of those shots of the lead that they strip in during the big fight scenes in which the hero, for some reason known to God alone, but closely connected with his dear old mother and the sweet, clean girl from home, who happens most opportunely to be Clara Bow, driving an ambulance around in circles through No Man's Land underneath the scrap, shoots down his opponent, but in so doing is wounded, poor fellow.

Close up. Hero with blood running from temple to chin from a wound in the left arm, head lolling like a knot in a wet towel, but jaws still set for God, for country and for Yale, pulling himself together for a three-point landing, the *croix de guerre* and his Paris leave.

Little Joe laughed and snapped off the light. Funny what a guy could think of. He was bumping again on his strap and getting suddenly mad about it. "What are you trying to do—get me sore?" he yelled. That'd be Little River. The air was always bent at Little River. Forty-five minutes to Pickwick. The snow was cutting in on him hard now, lashing at his face like a needle spray, giving him a run for his money. He pointed out a few irregularities in the weather's ancestry and attacked its future and its moral stamina. Weather got him that way. It made him so so-and-so mad he couldn't see straight. He'd yell at it over the rim of the cockpit and pound his fists on his knees and hunch a shoulder into it and talk to it out of the corner of his mouth: "Yeah, you will? You will not! See? I'll stop your so-and-so clock, see?" He was fighting it now. His feet were numb and clammy inside his boots and he had to beat his hands on the cowl continually. There was a band of cooling sweat under his belt. "Yes, you! I'm going to Pickwick, see, and you and no army's going to stop me." Years ago, behind Fogan's barn, Little Joe had got that way taking a licking from Big McGinnis. He had fought until he couldn't see, then something inside of him laughed, and the laugh screeched through his broken teeth and blew bubbles in the red lace of his lips: "Go on now; lick me," and McGinnis had, but it wasn't fun.

Every time Joe went down, he got up somehow, and he was still getting up when Mac stopped hitting—getting up and babbling, "Go on; I like it."

Joe laughed now into the sweep of the night wind and settled back.

"White pants," he thought; "I wish you were up here now. Women with their stupid ideas! Where do they get that stuff anyway?" He was talking to Patsy across the table: "You little red-haired brat, what do you know about it anyway? Why don't you grow up? Did you ever sit in an open job on a night like this larruping the mail for a bunch of saps who got along all right when the mail came in on the train? No, you bet your elbow you didn't!"

Then a funny thing happened. Patsy talked back to him.

"Yes?" she said. "And what of it? I bet I could if I got the chance. What are you trying to do—excuse yourself? You're not yellow, are you?"

"Say, I'll smack you right in the eye. What do you mean—yellow? Just because a guy gets a chance to make more money on an easier job!"

"Stop excusing yourself, then."

"Who's doing any excusing? I'm just telling you."

"Oh, shut up. I'm sick and tired of hearing you talk. Go on into Pickwick."

Little Joe snorted. "That's where I'm going, and just for that you can get out and walk."

Patsy grinned. "I suppose you want to take Evelyn along? She'd look fine in her earrings and her snaky black gown. She'd get cold and start blubbering. What are you doing—getting yourself a wife or a museum piece? Little Joe Alexander marrying a woman like that—a woman who sticks her little finger out when she holds her teacup; a woman who can't boil coffee even."

Pickwick. It was there suddenly, like a strong hunch in poker. The darkness ripped into two halves as the floods went on below.

The cleared track swept upward automatically, caught the undercarriage wheels with a bump and rolled them along toward the snow-banked hangars.

Somebody looked into his face and whistled.

"It's Joe Alexander!"

"Who'd you think it was—the garbage man?"

Long-dead legs with bed springs in the knees began to thump him awkwardly toward the lighted windows of the supe's office. Men were following him and coming toward him through the swirling snow. He saw them dimly, like shadows behind drawn shades. His hands were fumbling for his cigarette case, but the fingers bent in all directions like the fingers of a rubber glove. Somebody stuck a skag in his mouth and lit it.

He pushed somebody else away and yanked off his gloves. The snow he rubbed on began to burn his hands, and life seared into his feet again. His heart shriveled with the shock. He kicked open the shack door and threw his helmet and goggles on the desk top.

A hand was on his shoulder.

"Gee, I'm glad to see you, Joe!"

"Yeah?"

"We'd given you up. Melrose never spotted you."

"Melrose? Where am I?"

"Pickwick."

"I'm a son of a gun." Little Joe grinned. "I plumb forgot about Melrose. Can you beat that?"

"You forgot?" said the supe.

"Yeah. After I left Hannenville I got thinking of something else."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, when you didn't check in and they didn't spot you going over, Melrose flashed the hit and run, and we've got gangs out looking for you from Hannenville on."

"That's too bad," said Little Joe. "Got any coffee? . . . Yeah, I plumb forgot Melrose. Pickwick, eh? Well, fill her up and let's go."

The supe shook his head. "You're staying here, I guess."

"Not a chance. I got this far, didn't I? Well, I'm going in." He poured himself a steaming cup from the blackened pot. "It's not bad, Bill—not nearly as bad as it looks. Me and my bicycle ride it fine. You wouldn't cheat a guy out of the rest of the fun, would you?"

"I'll flash for you and see if there's a chance of a break." The superintendent took the telephone and buzzed Larrabee.

"Joe Alexander's in. Pickwick. What's your weather? Eh? . . . All right." He looked at Little Joe.

"It's cleared, but it's cold as sin. It's broken with a thirty-mile wind." He buzzed Melrose.

"Pickwick," he said. "Alexander's in here. . . . Yeah, all right. Tell O'Connor that they've got a high ceiling with visibility at Larrabee and a thirty-mile wind this way. It'll break in an hour for you." He looked at Little Joe. "Melrose says to bust you on the nose."

"Yeah, a little cross-country exercise'll do 'em good. Well, let's go." He reached for his gloves and went out with the superintendent after him.

"Don't forget, now, to land at Larrabee," said the supe.

The grease monkeys had the ship serviced and warming up.

"Let this be a lesson to you guys," said Little Joe. "Always take your mother's advice and don't go wrong like I did." He climbed into the cockpit.

"We gave you another flare," said Hogan. "You popped one."

"That's right—at Hannenville."

Little Joe shot his gun and waved for the chocks. He whipped the ship around into the wind and let her have it. The hangars blurred past him in the driving snow. The poplars along the St. Bury's Road were ahead. He counted for them as he always did, lifted at nine and zoomed at twelve. The night banged shut in his face once more. Forty-five minutes now. He settled to it, figuring the wind against the mileage to Larrabee. Twenty more minutes ought to bring him out in the open. He climbed now for the Rakanoke Hills. No Hump tonight; take it straight over the top at an even four thousand. It was thicker and colder. He could see his room in the Larrabee-Wilson Hotel—the one he always had. He ought to be in the bathtub inside of an hour and twenty minutes, counting the ride down from the field to town—in the bathtub curling his toes under the warm, soapy water.

He'd call Evelyn as soon as he got in, and talk to her for a few minutes—tell her about the job with Southwestern. Then he'd make a date with her and take her riding in Jack O'Connor's car. Take her out to Fairview Park. She kept talking about California. Now she could have it. What was the guy's name she had thought she was sweet on out there? Speed Willets. Little

(Continued on Page 108)

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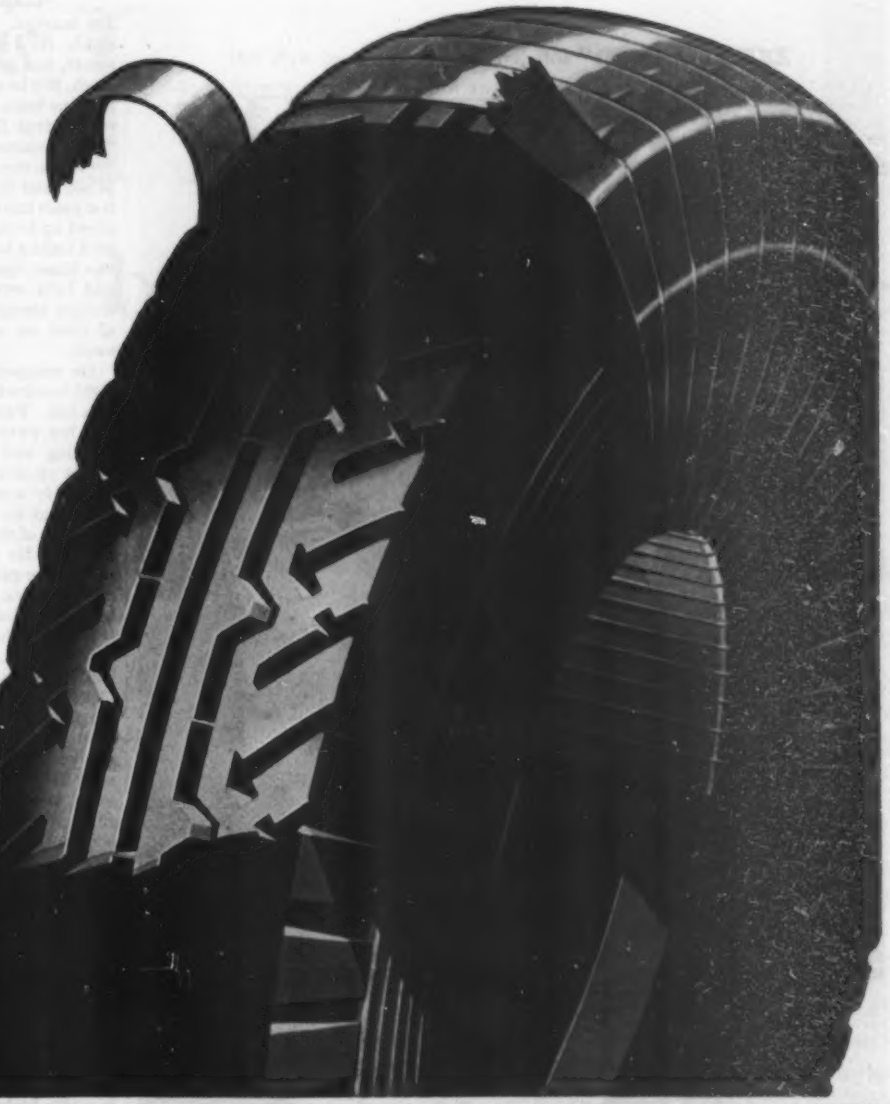

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(Continued from Page 106)

Joe laughed. That'd be one on Speed all right. He'd gone out to make dough in real estate, but he hadn't figured on Little Joe. Gosh, it'd be swell having a little bungalow to come home to. Somehow it didn't occur to him that Evelyn didn't like bungalows. "Large rooms," she always said vaguely; "room to move around in and breathe in." It sounded fine when she said it. Well, a few years more and he'd have enough dough saved up to put the engine across, and then he'd build a big rambling house on a hilltop like those Spanish houses at Palos Verdes, and have servants and everything. Gee, Evelyn always looked swell with that sort of tired air of hers—quiet and cool and swell!

He snapped on the office light—thirty-eight hundred. It was as thick as the inside of a hat. Twenty-five minutes more.

A hot wave of oil slammed into his face, blinding and choking him. He put his hands up and wiped furiously at his goggles. He was coughing and spitting and tearing at his burned lips with his fingers. The roar of the motor broke into a racking scream. He snapped off the switch and turned the gas cock. The nose dropped off and the stick died in his hand. The wires howled suddenly through the echoing silence. He shoved the stick forward until she bit, then he eased her out of the flat spin the stall had thrown her into and looked overside into the well of darkness. He popped a flare and the steel wires of fear knotted around his heart. Trees, snow shrouded, in a long thick rank not a hundred feet under him. Trees slanting downward into the shadows of the Rakanoke ravines below. He kicked half around and slid downhill.

The flare below him struck in the trees and its light circle shrank to a smudge. The smudge dodged under his tail, and in a moment it was behind and above him. He flattened the glide and held her.

He held the glide as long as he could. His nerves screamed and yelled at him to pop the other flare, and he did it just in time. He yanked back on the stick as light burst over the trees ahead; the controls slopped and he went down in a dead, flat pancake. The world broke up suddenly in white flashes around his head.

Patsy and Ma stepped down on the North Pickwick platform at four A.M. It was bleak and cold, and their knees creaked with day-coach cramp. The dawn wind swept across the freight yards, swirling snow spume under the yellow lights, biting at ears and noses, and howling like a hurt dog.

Cousin Tod Patterson, with his mittened hands pressed tightly against his ear muffs, met them and opened the door of the waiting room. The big pot-bellied stove roared in the smoky light.

"Worst in years," said Tod.

"What's wrong with John?" Ma asked him.

"He's pretty bad, Aunt Grace. They've got him in the company hospital." Tod shook his head. "They tried to bust up the plant yesterday, and when he came out of the office to see what they were up to, one of the Polaks pulled a gun. He's got one in his stomach and one in his right lung, but the doctors say there's a chance."

Ma nodded.

Tod piled them into the sedan and ran them out to the house. Hattie was waiting for them with breakfast and a hot bath drawn.

"I wonder," said Pat, "if Joe got through."

"Who's Joe?" Tod asked.

"Joe Alexander."

"The mail pilot?" Tod shook his head. "He got to the Pickwick Field O. K. One of the mechanics was down to the station just before No. 8 came in. Alexander hadn't checked in at Larrabee."

"But he was due at Pickwick at quarter after nine!"

"That's right. He was late, but he pulled out of Pickwick at twenty to ten."

"Twenty to ten!" Pat looked at her watch. "Almost seven hours ago! Ma, do you hear that?"

Ma nodded.

"But Joe's down somewhere, Ma!"

"The mechanic said they figured he was in the hills," Tod said. "He shouldn't have taken off, only the weather broke at Larrabee and he thought he could make it. They've got gangs out looking for him."

Pat's face was white. "Seven hours," she said. "It's forty minutes by air to Larrabee. Did Croton spot him?"

"No."

"And it was clear there?"

Tod nodded.

"Then he's on this side," said Pat. "How about the emergency field at the Pines?"

"They didn't get him either, but it would have been thick there when he passed over."

"How's the Croton road?"

"Pretty clear, I guess," said Tod. "The Cramer stage came through. The wind kept it clear in the hills."

The telephone bell jangled. Tod answered it and nodded to his mother.

"They want you," he said. "It's the hospital."

"Oh, no." Aunt Hattie's hands flew to her bosom. Tod grabbed up her coat. "Oh, no," said Aunt Hattie again, softly, desperately.

"I'll come," said Ma.

Tod opened the door for them and put them in the sedan. The motor barked in the cold air. Pat watched them drive off. She was not thinking of her Uncle John. She stood for a moment at the window.

Seven hours, and it was clear at Croton. If he'd crossed the ridge they'd have seen his lights. They didn't see him at the Pines, but if he was down between the Pines and Pickwick, it was flat country, and he could have got to a telephone in seven hours. He must be between the Pines and Croton, in the hills. She pressed her fingers to her temples, trying to think. He wouldn't have crashed even in weather; he knew the hills too well. If it was thick, he'd have climbed over and not made for the Hump. The Hump was too risky—wait—if he wasn't going over the Hump, he'd 've kept north until he crossed the hills.

She was twisting the crank on the telephone. When a voice spoke at the other end, she pulled herself together and tried to remember what it was she wanted to say.

"Pickwick Field," said the voice.

"Is—is Bill Hogan there?"

"Nope, he's gone home."

"Home!"

The pages of the telephone book flew in her fingers. She twisted the crank again.

"Cousin Effie, it's Pat! Is Bill there?"

"Pat! Where are you?"

"At Aunt Hattie's. Is Bill there? It's awfully important, Effie."

"Bill's been out all night. There's a pilot down somewhere between ——"

"I know—I know!" said Pat. "I've got to speak to Bill!"

"He's just gone to bed. I'll tell him when I call him at eight. . . . How is John Patterson?"

"Listen, Effie; you've got to wake Bill up! It's about Joe Alexander ——"

"Why, he's the pilot ——"

"Effie, for goodness' sake, wake Bill."

A gruff voice barked into the phone: "What's on your mind, Pat? I wasn't asleep."

"Bill! Oh, listen, Bill; it's about Joe. There's no news yet?"

"Not a thing, Pat. We've been out all night."

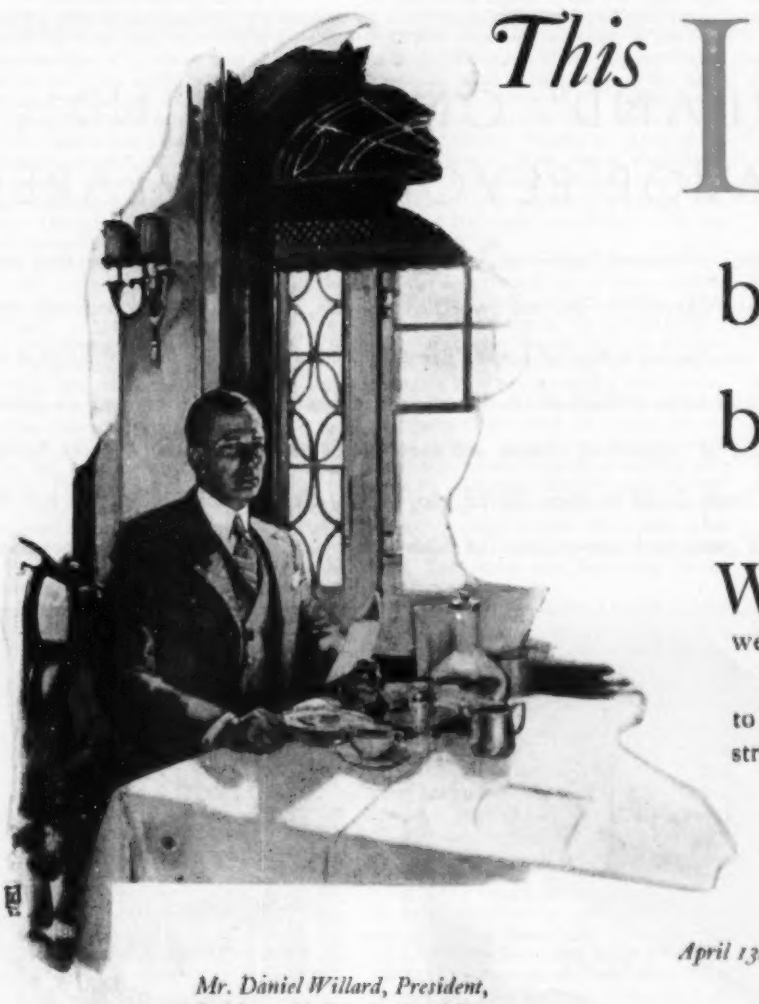
"Now, Bill, figure with me, will you? On a clear night he'd make for the Hump, because it saves him twenty-five hundred feet. But last night he'd go over the top, wouldn't he? Now, listen; the Hump takes him twenty-five or thirty miles south, doesn't it? No—no, don't say anything! I know I'm right. Just tell me this: Did he land at Melrose?"

"No," said Bill, "he said he forgot."

"He didn't forget!" yelled Pat. "I'm right! He's done it twice before. He didn't

(Continued on Page 111)

This LETTER says better what *we* have been trying to say



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But there is one thing that costs us practically nothing to give, which the public notices and remembers most—that spirit of kindly consideration and attentive service which comes only as the natural result of a desire to serve our patrons well. That is the kind of service we are constantly trying to give you when you ride on our railroad.

April 13th.

Mr. Daniel Willard, President,
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I found it was because I like your meals; like the smoothness with which your fast trains make speed without seeming hurry or seeming danger; am able to rely on being on time to an unusual degree; and, above all, because there is co-operation on your road between your men and the Company which my intelligence endorses as enlightened and economical; at the same time my conscience approves it as right.

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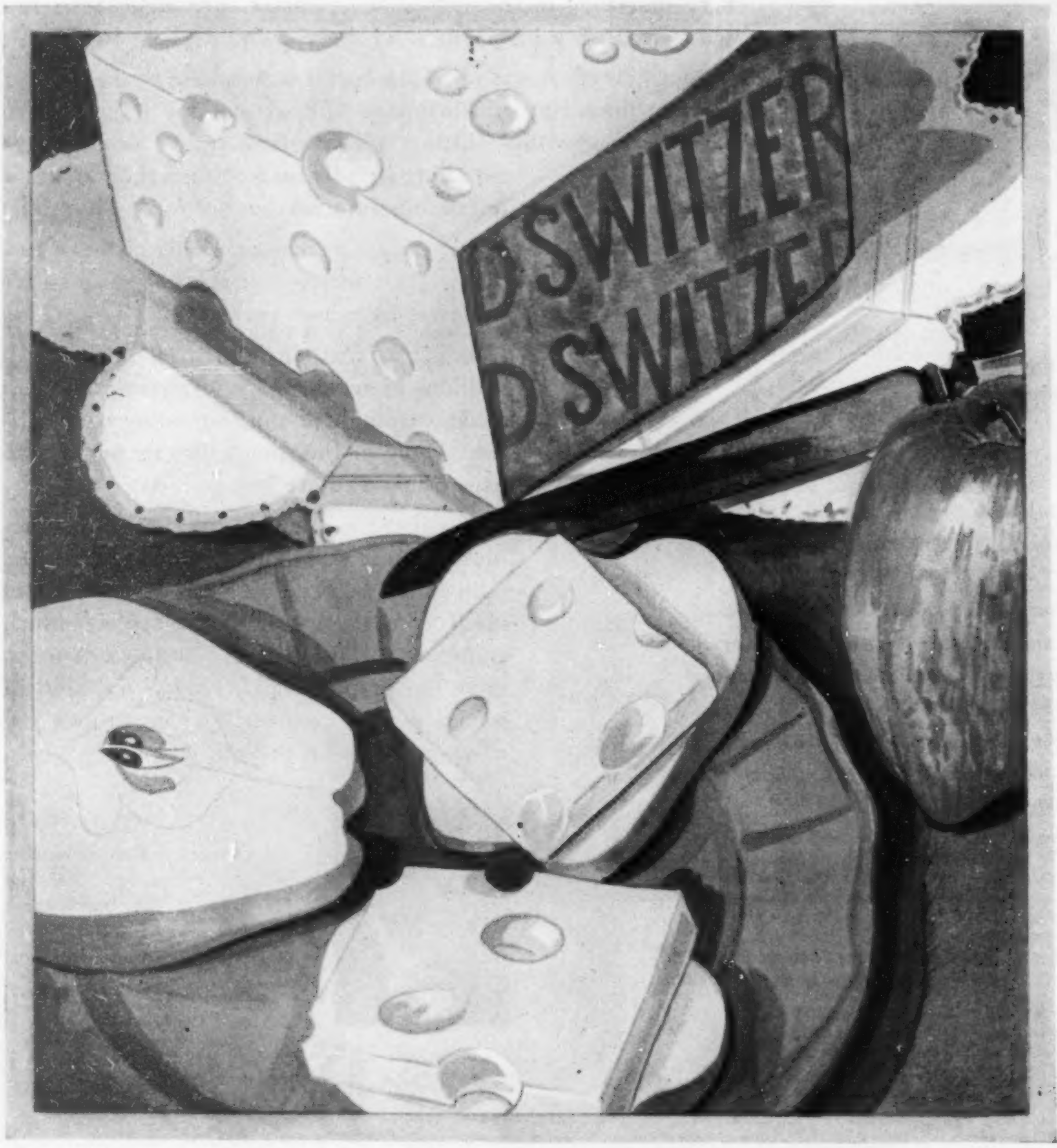

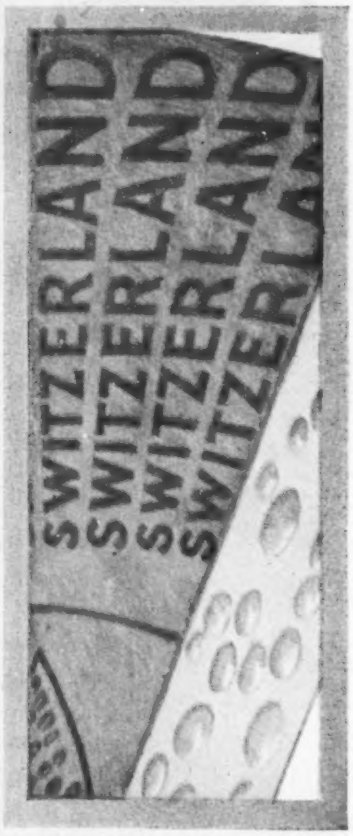

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SWITZERLAND CHEESE

AN ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED BY THE SWITZERLAND CHEESE ASSOCIATION OF BERNE, SWITZERLAND

(Continued from Page 108)

land at Melrose because he laid a straight course to save time, and he's done that over the hills. That's why they didn't spot him at the Pines. Bill, he's somewhere on Mount Frémont."

"But, Pat, listen to me ——"

"If I had a map I could show you—and it's engine trouble, Bill. He didn't misjudge and crash; his engine conked. That's all that would stop him. I can see it, I tell you. His engine conked, and he would have turned then to try to get back down. He's down below Frémont somewhere."

"It's a hunch," said Bill. "Most of the guys are out around the Pines and the Hump."

"He'll freeze to death, Bill!"

"I'll call the field," said Bill.

"No, Bill, they may not believe you; we've got to go ourselves. The Croton road is clear—the stage got through. Can't you call the field and tell them you're going? You can pick me up at Bilgraves' Drug Store. I'll bring coffee ——"

"I believe you're right, Pat. He flew a straight-line course! I'm sure you're right! Twenty minutes and I'll be in."

Pat emptied the coffeepot into Aunt Hattie's vacuum bottle and wrapped a muffler around her neck. Then she was running through the last cold blackness of the night, her feet thumping and stumbling through the soft snow and her heart beating furiously.

She shrank back into the darkened doorway of Bilgraves', out of the wind, waiting, her mind still racing.

Bill Hogan drove up.

"Come on!" he yelled. She popped in beside him. "Listen," he said, as he turned down Main for the Croton road. "This is going to be tough. I got chains and a shovel and an extra five gallons of gas. We'll make for Sontag's and go right over, but it don't say we'll find him. So think. If the bus came over, it'd've been on top about ten o'clock. Now, figurin' the driver keepin' his eyes open, he could've seen a flare for miles around. Well, he didn't. I just buzzed him at the hotel. It may mean something or nothing. Let's say there wasn't no flare for him to see. O. K. That's got Little Joe still in the air at ten o'clock, and the time takes him thirty-odd miles from the Pickwick Field. That leaves him about ten more minutes to get over the top of the range. All right. Now, if nothing happened before ten, the bus would have spotted a flare for the next ten minutes, figuring wild like; so we've got Joe on this side. O. K. Now, for ten minutes out of Pickwick he's got flat lands. So we'll cut that out. That leaves us with the ten minutes between ten of ten and the time the bus topped the ridge itself, and it puts Little Joe between Sontag's and the fire ranger's station."

Pat nodded.

"Well, it's all we got to go on, so let's go!"

The sky to the eastward melted into cold gray light. The snow-banked ditches at the sides of the road stood out presently in deep shadow. Shrouded trees sprang into vague shape against the gray shoulders of the foothills.

"Coffee," said Bill. Pat poured him some in the screw top of the vacuum bottle.

"Tough going down here," he grunted.

The gray turned to a pasty white, flushed with dirty pink. Bill snapped off the yellow beams of the headlights and the cold morning closed in about them.

At 7:30 they were pounding on the door on Sontag's General Store. Sontag himself opened it. Had he heard a plane the night before? Well, mebbe he did and mebbe he didn't. They stamped their feet and blew on their hands. "Come to think of it, mebbe it was a plane—one of them crazy fellows." He'd thought it was an auto, but there hadn't been anyone at the door. Yes. That'd a bin about ten o'clock. He was just shuttin' up.

They were into the car and off, leaving him standing there in his galluses, scratching his head and pulling the collar of his flannel shirt up around his stubbly chin.

The road over the hills lay before them, swept clean. They boiled up in second, pounding their hands together and frosting the windshield with their breathing. Mile after mile they ticked off, racing on the down grades, crawling on the ups, each silent with thoughts they would not give voice to. Bill took the left-hand side and Pat the right, searching the ravines for what they dared not see. Five more miles and they'd be at the deserted ranger station. They must find something in the next five miles.

Bill spotted it—a torn rag of silk, billowing in the breeze in the top branches of a tamarack. He stopped the car and got out stiffly, pointing.

"A parachute flare. Which way now—up or down?"

Pat yelled at him and started racing down the side of the hill. She stumbled and pitched headfirst into a drift, thrashing her arms and legs, kicking out of the flying snow and running on with Bill after her.

Little Joe looked up at them with reddened eyes.

"Had a fire for a time," he babbled. "Got light! Geez! My arm and my feet!" He was lying where he had fallen, with his registered bag under him. They got him out on the roadway and made him walk. He yelled and screamed and tried to hit them. They rubbed his feet with ice. They poured corn from Bill's flask into his battered face. He cursed and sobbed.

"I'm going to Pickwick! Leave me alone! Geez, my arm!" It was broken at the wrist and the elbow, and frightfully swollen. They strapped it up with Pat's muffler and dumped him into the back seat. Bill went down into the ravine four times for the rest of the mail. They piled the bags around him, bracing him with them, and took him slowly back to Sontag's.

As they put him to bed, he tried to smile.

"Pat," he said, "you're a swell kid."

Little Joe sat in Ma's back yard in a wicker deck chair. His arm was out of the sling and getting back into shape gradually with the exercises the doctor made him take.

He looked at Pat and grinned. "Say," he said, "you know something I doped out at last?"

"No."

"About that letter."

"What letter?"

"Evelyn's—the one I asked you to read to me in the hospital the day your Uncle John went home."

"Oh!"

"Yeah. You see, no guy would propose to a girl by wire. Speed Willets must have written, and if he had hot news like making his pile in oil, as he did, he'd 've wanted the news to get there quick."

"I suppose so."

"Well, I'll bet you five dollars I carried his letter that night."

"What about it?"

"Well, I was just thinking how funny it was that a guy had to lose three toes, his front teeth and bust an arm before he could get the right girl, that's all."

"Which means what?" asked Pat.

"Which means that you and I go to California next month and get us a bungalow and a swell job with Southwestern."

"Is that so, Mr. Alexander?"

"Sure it's so," said Little Joe, "and you'd better believe it too."

"And what makes you think I'd marry you?"

"Well, it's pretty hard to dope out reasons, sweetheart, but they say that every man should have a wife—preferably his own—and I guess that goes with me."

"So I'm just a fill in, am I?"

"No, darlin', you're the sweetest little girl in the world. You've got a head on your shoulders, you're as pretty as a picture and I love you, Patsy."

"When did all this happen?"

"Before and after I got vamped and—and during it, I guess. I sort of knew it all the time, Patsy sweetheart, but it was the earrings that fooled me. Come here ——"

Pat came toward him.

"You see, those last few minutes before I cracked up, you were both there with me, but all the time I was waiting by the fire, it was only you, Pat. You stuck it and then you really came along. You know I can't make love, Pat, but I can tell the truth."

"Wait a minute."

She ran into the house and up the stairs. He looked at her when she came back. There was a small pearl clamped to the lobe of each of her tiny ears.

"Try it," she said, "now."

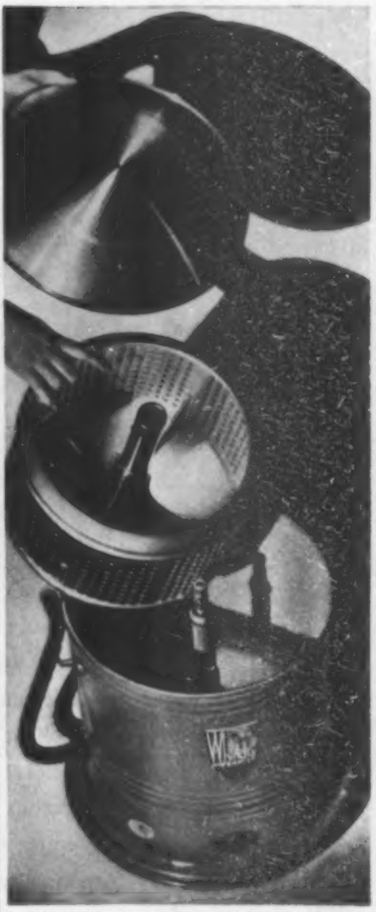
He got up out of his chair. "Pat ——"

"White Pants," she laughed.

Ma, peeling potatoes in the kitchen, dropped her knife and raised her hands to her spectacles. "Well, bless my soul!" She got up and turned her chair around. "Bless my soul." She settled comfortably once more to her work. The years stretched out before her, empty and lonely for a time, then they began to fill once more with chubby little Joes and Johnnies and Phils who barked their shins and burned their fingers and cut their foreheads and grew up into big serious bears, roaring around the house, eating big breakfasts and going places at night to get the traffic through and make the world go round.

She sniffled a bit to herself, and she smiled a bit to herself, and she went on paring her potatoes.

Fields of Blue Lupine in Paradise Valley, Mount Rainier National Park



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"HEINZ SALAD CREAM AND HEINZ MAYONNAISE—

"I really believe that you never know *all* the tasty deliciousness a salad can yield until you use Heinz Salad Cream with it. It's so delicate, so light, so creamy without being over rich—so *good* because of the new-laid eggs, fresh dairy cream, olive oil and mellowed vinegar which go into it, that it just doubles the goodness of *any* salad. Use it on all salads, cold meats, lobster, sandwiches and the like.

"Those who prefer mayonnaise will find Heinz Mayonnaise outstanding in flavor . . . with all the tasty goodness that makes Heinz Salad Cream so delightful.

"HEINZ PEANUT BUTTER—

"Little Spanish Nuts and Big Virginia Nuts—so very carefully selected. Bitter skins and hearts removed. . . The rest then ground into a smooth, rich, creamy butter that *stays* creamy and moist. Isn't it appetizing to work with? Its usual use, of course, is in sandwiches. But for something unusually interesting and tasty try this—

"GASPARILLA SALAD—

"Choose straight, *ripe* bananas, one for each person, peel and split lengthwise. On a salad plate prepare a bed of crisp, green leaves of lettuce. Lay the two halves of the banana on these, side by side—flat surfaces up. Prepare a dressing made as follows: equal parts of Heinz Mayonnaise and Heinz Peanut Butter. Mix until smooth; if too thick—add more mayonnaise. Spread liberally on upturned surfaces of bananas. Garnish plentifully with Heinz Stuffed Olives.

"HEINZ SANDWICH RELISH—

"Sandwiches are in infinite variety these days—from the wafer-thin dainty with its delicate filling which we serve at tea, to the one of many decks beloved by men.

"A particularly attractive tea sandwich is made in this way: Use bread a day old so that it may be sliced very thin. Remove all crusts. Spread with butter and then with Heinz Sandwich Relish. You and your guests will thoroughly enjoy the flavor of this delightful sandwich that keeps so desirably *moist.* And for the men use Heinz Sandwich Relish as a dressing on the robust sandwiches they like. Heinz Sandwich Relish gives *relish* indeed!

"HEINZ APPLE BUTTER—

"Of course you know Heinz Apple Butter—that delightful combination of select apples, aromatic spices, and sugar; you know that it is unequalled in *flavor* and *goodness.* Doubtless, you've used it as a spread for the children's bread and butter—for sandwiches—and in many other ways. Here's an attractive recipe—Old-Fashioned Apple Butter Cookies—so suitable for the picnic or tea, so nice an in-between-meals dainty for the children . . .

"OLD-FASHIONED APPLE BUTTER COOKIES

"*Heinz Pure Apple Butter · 2 cupfuls brown sugar · 1 whole egg*
1 cupful butter or lard · $5\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls flour · 1 cupful sour milk
1 level teaspoonful salt · 1 level teaspoonful soda

"Cream sugar and butter, or lard. Add egg, well beaten. Add sour milk mixed with soda and salt. Add flour to make soft dough. Roll dough to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thickness, shape with cooky cutter, spread with Heinz Pure Apple Butter and cover with cooky of equal size. Press edges together, sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake in moderate oven."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA.

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HEINZ SANDWICH RELISH
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HEINZ SALAD CREAM
HEINZ APPLE BUTTER

HEINZ

SANDWICH SPREADS AND SALAD CREAMS

THE NEW MODEL

(Continued from Page 9)

color, of course, was intended as a delicate compliment to the Soviet Government.

As soon as the paint was dry, I fastened on the banners and other paraphernalia. On top of the radiator I had a large red flag. At the rear I had a beautiful banner with a lot of Russian letters on it meaning, "Long Live the Revolution." On the side of the machine I put a number of smaller red flags and banners of various kinds. And as the crowning artistic touch I affixed two large colored pictures of Lenin and Karl Marx, who seem to be the chief patron saints of the country. As Karl Marx had by far the best-looking whiskers, I gave him the place of honor up in front. By the time I had finished the decorating, Gadget had returned from the hotel. She was, naturally, delighted with what I had done, and we at once asked Mr. Krimsky to take a ride with us.

"We are going to drive all over town," I said, "and let these bozos see what a real tractor looks like."

At first he was a little doubtful as to whether it would be legal for us to have a parade without securing a permit from the police, but I finally persuaded him that one tractor wasn't a parade and it ought to be just as lawful as three people riding in an automobile. He finally agreed; we all three climbed up into the broad and handsomely cushioned seat and I gave her the gas. With a splendid roaring and clanking I drove over the granite pavement of the pier, and then continued along the water front and past the coal port, looking for a street to take me up the hill into the town.

Almost at once, however, I discovered something far better than a street. Directly in front of me I was delighted to observe a most magnificent flight of steps. These steps are broad and beautiful. They are made of stone; there must be several hundred of them; and they lead straight up the bluff to the town.

"This is a historic spot," said Mr. Krimsky. "During the evil reign of the Czar a company of soldiers fired from those steps into a crowd of rebellious citizens. It was a terrible massacre."

"That is most interesting," I replied, "because the place is about to be the scene of another historic event—the first Russian demonstration of the climbing abilities of the great Earthworm tractor."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to give the people of Odessa a show," I said, "and I'm going to give them a good one."

I drove to the bottom of the steps. I shifted into low. I started up.

"Stop!" yelled Mr. Krimsky. "You can't do this!"

"Sure I can!" I yelled back. And I kept on.

It was a rough ride, but the tractor rolled along up powerfully and surely, and I would have made it easily if it had not been for two very unfortunate occurrences. The first of these was the sudden appearance of a half a dozen gentlemen in uniform. Apparently they were policemen. They stood at the top of the steps, directly in my path, and held up their hands as a signal for me to stop. I couldn't go on without running over them. So I threw out the clutch, pulled on the brake and shifted the gears into neutral.

And then came the second unfortunate occurrence. The newfangled velvet-grip brakes refused to hold, and we started rolling backward. Mr. Krimsky let out an ear-shattering screech and leaped from the machine. Gadget let out an even louder yell, but stuck by me. And I would have made more noise than both of them, except that I was too busy. I pulled and heaved at the gear-shift lever, but the gears were already spinning so fast that I couldn't get them meshed. Faster and faster we rolled. The emergency brake seemed to be doing no good at all, but, by bearing down with all my strength on the two foot brakes, I found I could slow up our progress a little and do a certain amount of steering. Looking back over my shoulder, I could see the port, apparently very far away, and at a dizzy distance beneath me. A large crowd, which had gathered very rapidly at the bottom of the steps, was now dispersing even more rapidly. And it was just as well, or the famous steps of Odessa might have been the scene of another massacre. As it was, I almost hit a dozen or more fleeing pedestrians and came within inches of demolishing three dogs and a baby carriage. Down, down we went, for what seemed like hours, although I don't suppose it was really more than thirty seconds. At last we reached the bottom, rolled out over the flat pavement for a short distance, and came to a stop.

Fortunately, nobody was hurt, and, fortunately, the tractor was all right. The motor was still running, so I started back for the pier. But I was soon blocked by the crowd which had gathered. I stopped. Mr. Krimsky came running down the steps and climbed aboard just as another lot of policemen accosted us. They seemed very angry indeed, but Mr. Krimsky talked to them most effectively and showed them his official papers. They finally stepped back and shooed the crowd away from in front of us, and I was able to continue to the pier.

Here Mr. Krimsky bawled me out good and plenty for attempting to go up the steps. And for once in my life I was pretty near speechless. I couldn't say anything except to admit that the tractor was at fault.

"These improved brakes," I said, "are the finest in the world. But they are so new that apparently the boys at the factory don't understand them yet. They left them too loose. But I will readjust them right away, and we will never have an accident like this again."

"I am sure of one thing," said Mr. Krimsky, still somewhat sore; "you won't have any more accidents on those steps. If I ever see you driving in that direction again, I'll knock you over the head with one of your own big track wrenches."

"And I wouldn't blame you," I said.

At once I got busy and tightened up the brakes, after which I loaded the tractor and the plow onto a freight car. They will go out tonight, and Gadget, Mr. Krimsky and I will follow on the passenger train tomorrow morning. And by tomorrow afternoon we hope to be starting our great demonstration in the little village of Usk, which is on the banks of the River Bug, about a hundred and fifty versts—a hundred miles—northeast of here.

In conclusion, I wish to ask you to present my compliments to the final inspection department at the plant, and tell them that they are a disgrace to a respectable company. If they let any more machines come through without adjusting the brakes, I will go out there when I get home and fix them so their necks will need adjusting.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

USK, UKRAINIA, U. S. S. R.
7 P.M., June 5, 1928.

DEAR HENDERSON: Here we are, and everything is going fine. We have had a few minor accidents and mishaps, but nothing serious enough to interfere with our great selling campaign.

Gadget and I and Mr. Krimsky took the train out of Odessa this morning. The railroads here seem very good, in spite of the fact that the rails are clumsily spaced considerably farther apart than in America. We reached Usk about noon and found that the tractor had already arrived, or rather part of it had. Somewhere on the way somebody had stolen the carburetor and the magneto. Naturally, this made me very sore, particularly as Mr. Krimsky had been lecturing us most of the morning on the splendid loyalty of all the people to the Soviet Government. According to him, all the working class was doing everything possible to coöperate with the government in its efforts to improve the industry and agriculture of the country.

"It seems to me," I said, "that there is at least one guy in this country that has an awful funny idea of coöperation. He certainly has helped us a lot by swiping our carburetor and magneto."

"This is indeed most regrettable," said Mr. Krimsky, "but, of course, the crime could not have been committed by one of the working class. It was probably done by a former member of the so-called upper or middle classes as an expression of his counter-revolutionary bourgeois ideology."

"Oh, I see," I said. "That makes it all right, I suppose."

At this moment a couple of railroad officials arrived, leading a huge lout of a peasant who had a face like a chimpanzee. I was interested to observe that this uncouth creature was carrying in his hairy paws the missing magneto and carburetor. At once there was a long argument in Russian, or Ukrainian, or something—which, of course, neither Gadget nor I understood—and then Mr. Krimsky explained the matter to us.

It appeared that the strange-looking missing link who had taken our stuff was a good communist by the name of Ivan Tschukovsky. His act was due not to any counter-revolutionary bourgeois ideology but rather to a mistaken attempt to assist the Soviet Government in making a success of National Junk Week.

"And what," I asked, "is National Junk Week?"

"The government," explained Mr. Krimsky, "in order to promote the well-being of the nation, has designated certain weeks which are to be devoted to concentrated efforts on behalf of various worthy activities. We have had National Defense Week, National Health Week, and many others."

"Yes, yes," I said. "We have them in America. We have Be Kind to Animals Week, Eat More Cheese Week, and I don't know what all. It is a wonderful idea."

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Krimsky. "And it happens that this is National Junk Week, which is to be devoted to the prevention of waste all over the Soviet Union. All good citizens are urged to gather up and bring in to designated depots all junk which would otherwise go to waste, such as scrap iron, old brass, rags, bottles, and so on."

"And Comrade Tschukovsky," I said, "like the good communist he is, was trying to perform his daily good deed by converting my perfectly good tractor into junk?"

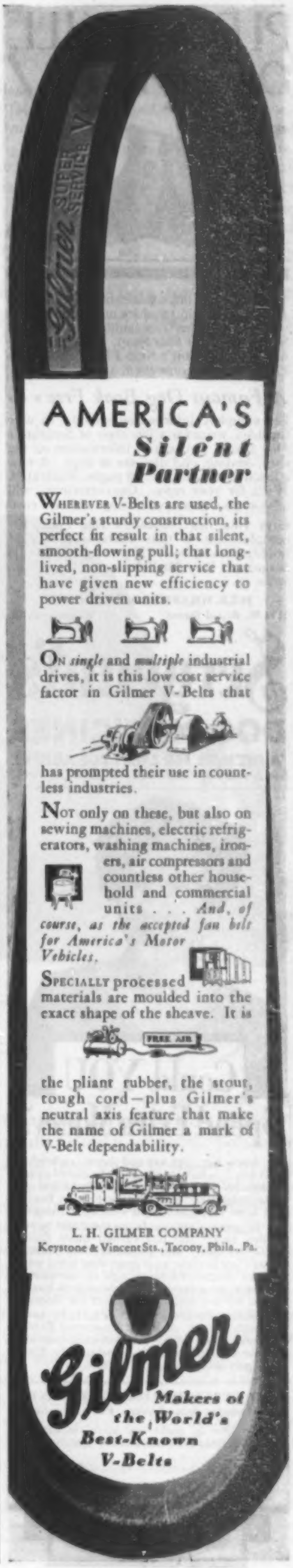
"Apparently that was it," said Mr. Krimsky. "He made a mistake. But he meant well, so everything is all right."

"Yes," I said, "but I hope there won't be too many of these errors."

As Comrade Tschukovsky shuffled away, I put the stuff back on the tractor. I unloaded the machine and the plow, and then we all climbed into the seat and drove down the main street of the village. Gadget and I were both much surprised at how primitive the place was. The village consisted of perhaps a hundred little shacks built of logs—something like the old American frontier log cabins. The roofs were straw. The main street was unpaved, and dry and dusty under the hot sun. It was very different from a French or Italian village; the only point of similarity being the manure piles and the pigs and chickens.

The entire population turned out to watch us as we went by. They appeared strong and healthy and very friendly, but a bit poverty-stricken.

"I thought you told me," I remarked to Mr. Krimsky, "that your new communistic



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In spare minutes or hours she might have idled away, she has earned more than $50.00—easily and pleasantly. Of course *you'd* like to make your spare time bring *you* smart clothes, vacation trips . . . spending money, as so many other school girls, business women and homemakers are doing.

Helen Barnes earned $71.25 in one month. Mrs. E. A. McMillen earned $3.60 in one spare hour. You can earn just as these women have done—*and quickly*. The coupon below brings all details.

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I'd like to make my spare moments "count," too. Please tell me how.

Name.................................*Age*..........
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system was going to make everybody rich. I don't see much evidence of it here."

"Give us time," he replied. "In another ten years you won't know this place."

I drove on. Near the end of the street Mr. Krimsky made some inquiries, and we finally stopped in front of the house of a man called Chipkoff, who was to be our host and who was to be taught how to drive the tractor.

I could see right away that Comrade Chipkoff was a regular guy, and that he and I were going to get along. Of course he couldn't speak English, but he had an intelligent face and I liked his looks.

We followed him into the house. It had three rooms—instead of just one, as in most of the other houses of the village—and it was all scrubbed up clean, and very neat. There was a new wooden floor in the main room, and a big stove made out of bricks. There were good-looking copper cooking utensils hanging around, and in one corner I saw an American sewing machine. Comrade Chipkoff introduced us to his wife and two children. They were a fine-looking family.

Mrs. Chipkoff set out a meal for us—simple and plain, but very good—and afterward I gave the good comrade a driving lesson. Mr. Krimsky went along as interpreter, and we made splendid progress. My pupil had never before seen a tractor, but he had such a quick mind that he learned with great rapidity, and I am going to let him drive in the big plowing demonstration which I plan to put on tomorrow morning.

If one of their own people drives the tractor, I think it will make a better impression upon the inhabitants of the village. And it is the inhabitants—practically all of whom belong to the local branch of the coöperative society—who will have to vote on whether they want to buy the machine or not.

As I was saying, Comrade Chipkoff showed up very well. Unfortunately, however, the tractor did not, and we had a slight accident. As we were driving around a small pasture lot on the outskirts of the village, I was suddenly startled to see the motor burst into flames. Comrade Chipkoff, who was driving, at once stopped the machine. We leaped to the ground and began throwing handfuls of dirt onto the fire, and we managed to extinguish it before it did any damage.

Examination showed that the newly designed gasoline tank had been resting on the newly designed support bracket in such a way that the natural vibration of the motor had caused said bracket to wear a small hole in said tank. The gasoline had poured out, and had in some way caught fire, probably from the hot exhaust manifold.

Fortunately, there was very little fuel in the tank at the time, so the fire was small. And the only repair work needed was the temporary plugging of the leak with cotton and shellac. But you can understand that I was greatly annoyed at having to apologize to Mr. Krimsky, and to explain all over again that this was a new model and there were a few things that were not yet quite adjusted.

[NOTE: I would respectfully suggest that you ask the engineering department why in the name of heaven, after all these years of building tractors, they have no more sense than to design a new model with a gasoline tank placed in such a way that it cannot help but wear a hole in itself.]

One good thing about this accident was that it demonstrated Comrade Chipkoff's presence of mind and efficiency in an emergency. I have every reason to believe that he will acquit himself nobly in our great plowing demonstration tomorrow.

It is now after supper. In a few minutes we are going down to a big village meeting at the communist clubhouse. An official from Moscow will be present to tell the people about the plans of the Soviet Government for agricultural improvement, and Mr. Krimsky will explain to them all about the tractor. After the meeting, we will have a good night's rest, and bright and early tomorrow morning we will show them what we can do.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

ODESSA, UKRAINIA, U. S. S. R.
Wednesday, June 6, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: It is with a feeling of deep despondency that I write this report. Our entire demonstration—mentally, morally, physically and mechanically—has gone completely haywire. It is hard for me to decide whether I am more disgusted with the absurd proceedings of the Soviet Government or with the pathetic performance of our boasted new-model thirty-horse-power Earthworm tractor. Both of them, to my way of thinking, are completely lousy.

The trouble began at the village meeting last night. Gadget and I, of course, could not understand any of the talk, but we could see that there was a very hot discussion going on. At the end of the meeting, Mr. Krimsky told us what it was all about. It appeared that the visiting Bolshevik from Moscow, with the support of a certain element in the town, had introduced, and finally carried, a resolution to expel our good friend Comrade Chipkoff from the local branch of the coöperative association. This was done on the ground that he was a *kulak*.

"And what," I asked, "is a *kulak?*"

"He is a man," explained Mr. Krimsky, "who violates the fundamental principles of communism by exploiting the labor of others for his own selfish gain."

"A sort of a grafter or profiteer?"

"Exactly. A *kulak* is a dishonest man."

"But Comrade Chipkoff seems to be such a good egg," I said. "I can't believe that he is really dishonest."

"I am sorry to say that he is. It was pretty definitely proved that he has been hiring laborers to help him with his farm work, by which he has made a selfish profit."

"You mean he didn't pay his hired help?"

"Oh, yes, he paid them very good wages. His crime was due to the fact that he made a profit for himself."

"But that isn't any crime at all back home," I said.

"Well, it is here," said Mr. Krimsky, "so poor old Chipkoff has been expelled from the association, and he is no longer eligible to drive the tractor. They have elected another man for this job."

"I suppose there is nothing we can do about it," I said, "but it certainly is a shame. Comrade Chipkoff has the makings of a swell tractor operator. What sort of a lad is our new candidate?"

"He is a *byedniak*."

"What kind of an animal is that?"

"It is not an animal. A *byedniak* is one of the poorer class of peasants. And the particular *byedniak* who has been chosen to drive the tractor happens to be Comrade Ivan Tschukovsky."

"Not that half-witted orang-utan that stole the carburetor?"

"It was Comrade Tschukovsky that removed the carburetor," admitted Mr. Krimsky. "But it appears that he is a very good communist, and has a great deal of influence with the other *byedniaks*, and also with the *seredniaks*."

"Pardon me?"

"A *seredniak* is one of the middle class of peasants."

"You certainly have all these bozos ticketed," I said. "But this whole proceeding sounds awful funny to me. I very much doubt if we want this Comrade Tschukovsky for an operator."

"He is just the man for us," said Mr. Krimsky. "He has been very active against the *kulaks*, and he has brought so many malefactors to justice that they have given him the name of Ivan the Terrible. He is very popular with the majority of the villagers—particularly, of course, the poorer elements. He has great influence. He can be of great assistance to us in making a sale."

"Then I suppose we shall have to use him," I said. "But I still have my doubts. He may have influence, and he may be a rip-snorting *kulak* bouncer, but that does not mean he would be so hot as a tractor driver."

"Didn't you tell me that this new model was so simple to drive that a mere child could handle it?"

"I guess you win," I said. "I believe I did say that. We will consider the matter settled. And now let's go back and get some sleep."

"All right," said Mr. Krimsky. "And that reminds me—we can't spend the night with Comrade Chipkoff after all."

"Why not?"

"He is now in disgrace, and it would be very unwise for us to associate with him. I have arranged for us to stay with Comrade Ivan Tschukovsky."

"O. K.," I said. "Let's go."

We got our suitcases from the Chipkoff house and took them over to our new residence. And here Gadget and I got the big shock of the evening. Ivan's house was even more terrible than he was. It was a one-room log shack with a dirt floor and a tremendous brick stove, the top of which was used as a bed by Ivan, his wife and four children. They assigned us a pile of straw in one corner. In another corner was a small pig—fortunately, penned in by some old planks—and there were about a dozen hens which roosted on the table and on the two rough wooden benches. We tried to be good sports, and settled ourselves on the straw, without, of course, removing any of our clothes. But before long we were attacked by a small army of some sort of minute creeping fauna. So Gadget and I promptly moved outside. And soon afterward Mr. Krimsky followed. Luckily, it was a warm night and we managed to get a small amount of sleep.

At the first crack of dawn, we got hold of old Ivan the Terrible and started to give him a lesson in driving the tractor. And from then on, our troubles increased very rapidly. Although Mr. Krimsky, acting as interpreter, explained everything to him with the greatest care, the poor thick-witted baboon did not seem able to grasp even the first principles. After an hour's work he seemed to know even less than when he started. Accordingly, we adjourned for breakfast, and after a miserable meal served by Ivan's greasy wife, we discovered that all the villagers had assembled and it was time to put on the great plowing demonstration. They had chosen a field to the east of town, on the edge of the cliffs overlooking the River Bug.

I decided to start things off myself. I climbed into the driver's seat and had Comrade Ivan Tschukovsky sit beside me. I hooked onto the big gang plow and drove out to the field, followed by several hundred of the villagers. I then struck a back furrow from the side of the field nearest the village clear over to the edge of the bluff, leaving only a narrow headland to be plowed later.

As long as I drove the machine myself, everything went beautifully, and for a few brief minutes I had a feeling that all would be well. The soil was a wonderful, rich, black loam which turned over so easily that I was able to pull the entire six bottoms, set right down to a depth of fourteen inches. The motor roared, the machine rolled smoothly back and forth over the field, and I could see that the villagers were gazing at my performance with the deepest admiration and awe.

After four or five rounds, I stopped and consulted with Mr. Krimsky and Gadget,

(Continued on Page 117)

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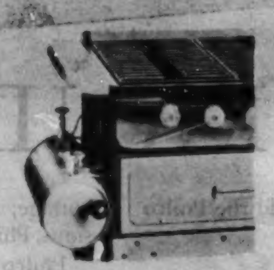
The Franklin Equipment Company, Monticello, Iowa, manufactures a large variety of ventilators from COP-R-LOY, The Copper Alloyed Steel.



An important feature of the Coleman Air-O-Gas Range is the safety fuel tank made of COP-R-LOY terne coated sheets. The Air-O-Gas Range is a product of the Coleman Lamp & Stove Company, Wichita, Kans.

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That is why well-known products of reputable manufacturers are made of COP-R-LOY today—the home laundry dryer, the refrigerator, the stove, metalware, gas water heaters and many other ingenious devices that would be quite unknown without workable steel that is also durable.

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Put confidence in any metal product which has as its base this time and laboratory tested copper alloyed steel, COP-R-LOY, made by one of America's very oldest steel manufacturers. If you would save with steel, select the article which carries the identity of this modern metal. Write for literature.

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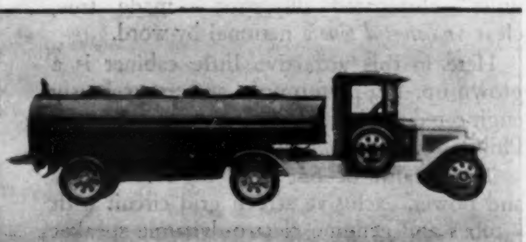
THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

The Davis Welding and Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, utilizes COP-R-LOY Sheets for the construction of tank truck bodies, of which the above is an example.

The McQuay Radiator Corporation, Minneapolis, Minn., uses COP-R-LOY full finished furniture sheets for modern radiator covers of excellent design and utility.



The Columbian Steel Tank Company, Kansas City, Mo., is the builder of this Columbian Frameless semi-trailer tank, for which COP-R-LOY Sheets are required.

(Continued from Page 114)

and Mr. Krimsky said it was now time to let old Ivan have a chance at the controls. I had him take the driver's seat and I sat beside him. We started off. We followed the last furrow which I had made across the field, and at first we got along fairly well. But when we reached the far end, I was startled to observe that Ivan made no effort either to stop the machine or to turn it around. The stupid brute merely sat perfectly still with his tremendous hands tightly grasping the steering wheel.

"It is time to turn!" I yelled.

Ivan did nothing.

"Turn it around!" I yelled.

Still Ivan did nothing. I grabbed the wheel myself, but Ivan was such a powerful creature, and he was holding it so rigidly, that I could not do a thing. And all this time we were rapidly approaching the edge of the bluff which overlooked the Bug River.

"You poor sap!" I yelled. "Turn that wheel!"

At last the huge gorilla seemed to get the idea. He gave one terrific heave with his massive arms. And the wheel, the steering post, and the entire precision-movement, super-delicate steering mechanism came out by the roots. Ivan twisted the fragments hither and thither in a vain effort to steer. But it was no use; everything was completely disconnected. And the tractor was almost at the edge of the bluff. I reached over and cut off the ignition. With my other hand, I jammed on the emergency brake, which I had readjusted so that it took hold all right. The machine stopped on the very brink of the bluff, with the front end of it hanging out in space.

For a moment, I thought we were safe, but I was mistaken. I suddenly felt that the edge of the bluff was beginning to crumble beneath the weight of the tractor. Apparently Ivan had enough sense to know what was going on. With a clumsy apelike bound, he jumped out of one side, while I leaped gracefully out the other. And the next instant my beautiful new-model thirty-horse-power Earthworm, with all its artistic red paint and everything, disappeared.

I stuck my head over the edge and looked down. I saw the great machine rolling and bounding across the sloping ground at the foot of the almost perpendicular cliff. Finally it came to rest on the level bottom land, a couple of hundred feet below me. And then, for the second time in two days, it burst into flames. This time there was no chance to throw on dirt. And there was a full tank of fifty gallons of gasoline. Obviously there was nothing to do but let it burn. The poor machine was such a complete wreck that I didn't even take the trouble to climb down the cliff to look at it.

The villagers all came rushing up in a high state of excitement, but I paid no attention to them. All at once I got mad. My disposition had not been improved by the uncomfortable night I had spent, and this disaster was more than I could stand. I walked right up to Mr. Krimsky and told him exactly what I thought of him and of the Soviet Government. After a certain amount of more or less general derogatory remarks, which I will not repeat, I ended up as follows:

"This is all the fault of your silly communistic theories. You want to throw out all the good, intelligent, efficient farmers like Comrade Chipkoff, and you insist on turning over the important jobs to mental defectives like this Ivan the Terrible. I should think when you are getting up a new system of government you'd get up one that has some sense to it."

About this time Mr. Krimsky himself began to get a little sore. "You are all wrong," he said. "It was not Ivan's fault; he tried to turn the machine around. The trouble is all with your boasted super-delicate steering mechanism. 'One touch from a baby's hand and the whole machine turns around.' Indeed! One touch from anybody else's hand and it comes to pieces. I should think that when you people build a new model you would get out one that had some sense to it."

[NOTE: I will have to admit that there was a little justice in what Mr. Krimsky said. I would suggest that you tell the engineering department that there is such a thing as making a tractor a little too super-delicate. But, of course, I wouldn't admit anything like that to Mr. Krimsky.]

"I do not care to argue with you," I said in a very loud voice, while all the villagers gathered around. "I only want to tell you that your whole Bolshevik system of government here is rotten, and it would be better for the country if you had some sort of a Czar back again who would run the country properly."

"You had better be careful," snarled Mr. Krimsky. "There may be agents of the Gay-Pay-Oo in this crowd, and some of them may understand English."

"And what," I asked, "is the Gay-Pay-Oo?"

"It is the secret police who are charged with suppressing just such counter-revolutionary sentiments as you have expressed. It may interest you to know that they would have the power to send you to Siberia, or to the dreadful prison on Solovyetzky Island."

"I care not that," I replied, snapping my fingers with a magnificent gesture, "for your old Google-Goo-Gay, or whatever it is. I only hope they are here and can understand what I say. My wife and I are completely through with you and your so-called government. We are going back to Odessa at once, and from there we are sailing on the first boat to sunny Italy. Good-by."

I took Gadget by the arm and we marched back to the village and down to the railroad station. Fortunately, there was a train for Odessa in just a few minutes, and we got aboard. I noticed that Mr. Krimsky got on the same train, but he had sense enough to ride in another car. The trip to Odessa was uneventful, except for the fact that my angry passions began to subside.

As you know, I am naturally of a pleasant, friendly disposition, and I do not stay mad at anybody for very long. Consequently, by the time we reached Odessa I had regained my usual poise and had decided that, after all, there is no sense in nourishing grudges against people—particularly people like Mr. Krimsky, who is, at bottom, a fairly decent chap.

Apparently Mr. Krimsky had the same idea. Gadget and I met him on the station platform and we all shook hands most cordially and apologized for our lack of courtesy earlier in the afternoon. Mr. Krimsky suggested that we might still be able to do business together. I agreed. And sometime later in the week we are going to put on a demonstration with the old-model sixty-horse-power tractor. In a future report I will let you know how we come out.

As we started for the hotel, Mr. Krimsky said: "I have the greatest admiration for you tractor people and for the way you are developing a new model with so many novel and improved ideas. You are public benefactors. Keep up the good work. But, whatever you do, don't try to sell me your new model until you have it working a lot better than it is now."

"Well spoken," I said. "And my sentiments toward you are exactly the same."

"How so?"

"I have the greatest admiration," I said, "for you Bolsheviks and for the way you are developing a new system of government with so many novel and improved ideas. You are public benefactors. Keep up the good work. But, whatever you do, don't try to sell me your new ideas until you have them working a whole lot better than they are now."

"That also was well spoken," said Mr. Krimsky.

"Of course it was," I replied. "And before I wish you good evening I have one more message. I want to present you with the remains of that poor old tractor out there on the banks of the River Bug. I hope you will accept it, with the compliments of the Earthworm Tractor Company, as our contribution to National Junk Week."

And that is all at present from your hard-working salesman,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.

AMBASSADORS

(Continued from Page 7)

girl born into this world along life's pathway to the Prince Charming who beckons her on—even though, at the end of the road, he remains only a vision.

Let me say a word here, if I may, about the picture folk of Hollywood. I refer to those whose life is devoted to creative work. It is devotion. The plain fact is that one's life is not one's own. Measure or appraise it as the outside world will, the fact remains that it is earnest, absorbing and self-sacrificing. The big world does not know the little world of Hollywood. And often the situation is saddening. There is much I might say in this connection, but I must be content here to point to a phase that concerns pictures. Hollywood is assailed with an overbalance of don'ts. It is a tribute, of course, to the power of the picture that so very many people and so many important agencies should concern themselves so greatly with it. But some do's would be greatly appreciated. It is not encouragement that is asked for, although all creative people can use it to advantage. Nor are yeses wanted, but rather that broad and intelligent interest that suggests the things of real progress. It is my earnest hope that picture creation will always have that measure of freedom which is so necessary to the spirit of creative work.

But to return to my theme: Each year America sends abroad many of its citizens who in some branch of effort have won public recognition. All these people are, in a large sense, ambassadors of their nation. I hold that our Government should consider them as valuable contacts between the people of America and the peoples of other nations. Let me interpose an emphatic negation here to a possible inference that I refer to anything as blatant as studied propaganda. I mean that our consuls, attachés and ambassadors should extend a friendly guidance; that is all.

When an American creates a good impression abroad he creates a good impression for America. A bad impression, likewise, is charged to one's country. Often a friendly hint regarding certain sectional or national prejudices, a suggestion regarding local conditions, may make a great difference.

American travelers must now carry the burden of representing America abroad, because we can no longer depend upon the motion picture. The silent picture, understandable to all, universal in its appeal, brought us close to natives of every corner of the world. The talking picture limits our message to those who understand the words we speak; in fact, some of those who understand the words may resent our intonation, accent and idiom. The silent picture has created a number of international idols, but the talking picture will not do so. The appeal of each American screen player is now limited to the audiences of the American theaters. Those stars who won their world-wide following before the advent of the talking pictures have a right to be proud, because when we pass, there will very likely be no such successors from the ranks of talking-picture favorites. Their languages circumscribe their sphere of appeal and influence.

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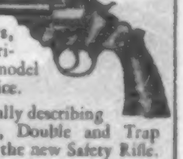

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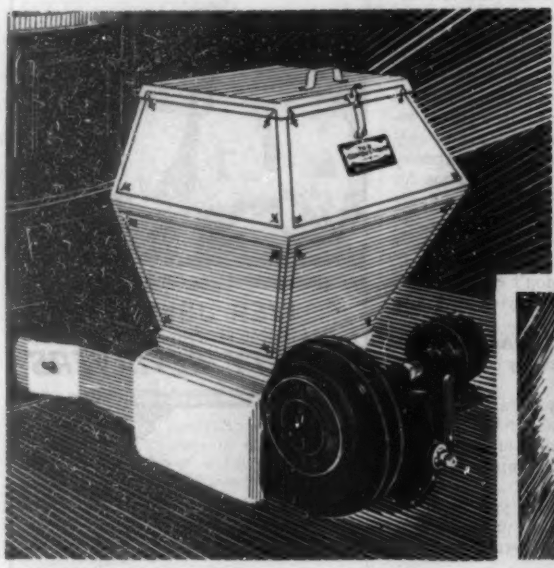

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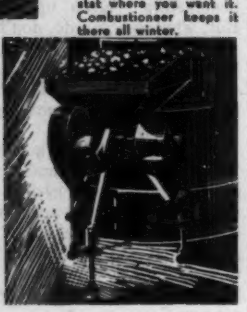

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Several methods of reaching foreign markets with American-made talkies have been tried. Some Hollywood studios, after finishing English versions, have remade their pictures with French and Spanish casts. In some instances foreign speech has been dubbed in. All this has been purely experimental, only certain stories having been chosen as most likely to appeal to foreign taste. The American producer hates to see the foreign market slipping away and will not lose it without a struggle. The difficulty with the situation does not lie in our inability to make foreign-language pictures, but in the fact that the returns may not justify the high cost of our careful production methods. The potential market for a picture in any one language could not begin to absorb, profitably, our more pretentious productions.

Then, too, the attitude of several foreign governments is anything but encouraging. Germany, France and England have been for some time passing regulatory and restrictive measures designed to cut down the leadership of American pictures in favor of their own. I mention this, not as a criticism but because the very opposition that American pictures meet is a recognition by foreign governments of the powerful hold of our films upon their people. The quota laws were aimed directly at our films. In effect they provide for the manufacture or release of an arbitrary proportion of home-made pictures to American-made pictures. Some American producers have engaged to make German pictures in Germany, English pictures in England and French pictures in France. Whether this will solve the problem arising from quotas remains to be seen.

The High Barrier of Language

The silent film has made several American stars so popular abroad that they have become almost national idols in many countries.

From all this, one thing is very evident: There is no chance of any new American screen players' becoming known in all the far corners of the world. In thousands of places where our pictures were understood our language is a barrier to shut us out. The stevedores who greeted us so vociferously in Alexandria, the students who clamored for autographs at Luxor, the crowds that followed us to the Parthenon, must feed their memories of us on old silent pictures, for we cannot reach them with our strange language.

"Well, what of it?" the cynic asks, and in answering that question I deliver my message.

Turn to the best possible account the contact of American celebrities with foreign peoples. The fine, efficient service of our consulates may be made to go a bit further and realize to the fullest the good-will value of cordial ovations. Our outstanding aviators, golfers, scientists and actors are our ambassadors. Would it not be wise to guide them to the way in which they can make the most friends for us?

The problems that have arisen from the far-reaching effect of motion pictures on the thought of the world demand a broader consideration than has yet been given to them. We can accomplish nothing definite by hit-or-miss discussion and editorial flights. It is a matter of world importance, and as such should take into account the interests of all nations.

A World Court of Motion Pictures

For any country to take selfish methods of protecting itself would not be necessary if there could be some great concerted effort to use the influence of all good pictures for the good of all people. A promising step has already been taken at Washington. Congress voted an appropriation for a Division of Films in the Department of Commerce. It is functioning in most capable hands; a competent trade commissioner is active abroad.

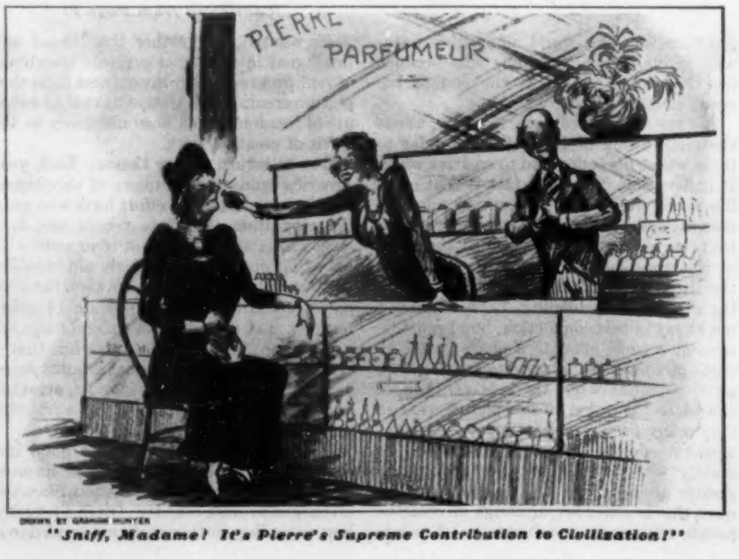
But there is so much to be done in behalf of that which, undeniably, has so vital a part in world relations.

I have spoken of Lindbergh, shining exponent of a new way to bring the countries of the world closer together. This modest and fine young American would have won his way, unaided, to the high esteem and affection he received. But our excellent ambassador to France was quick to extend to him his good offices. Is it not fitting to suggest that our motion pictures abroad, also ambassadors of good will, also agents of closer and better world contact, should have the same intelligent and effective patronage?

As I write this an important world conference on motion pictures is under way in Paris. That is a good sign, and some good is bound to come forth from it, if only a clearer understanding of some of the many problems of the world relations of motion pictures. Such conferences should continue.

I feel that there should be a World Court of motion pictures, a permanent one with regular sessions, at least once a year, and with the world's leading figures in active attendance. I make the suggestion with temerity; it is a solemn one, and perhaps the very same idea is already in the minds of the efficient organizations that concern themselves with motion-picture progress.

Nevertheless, I feel deeply in the matter. The picture is basic; it is international; it holds a foremost place alongside the forces that are shaping the world's progress. Governments should not be at odds about it, and need not be. There should be common meeting grounds for understanding; then coöperative effort will follow, and the results will be of vital benefit to all concerned. I am sure that there are men in every country who see in the broader phases of this matter the necessity for some such action.



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Now I must stop, with greetings, hoping to find you in the best of health. Once more affectionate greetings."

During the late hours of the afternoon our artillery intensifies its fire. From four to six o'clock it seems as though a mutual truce had been established between the two artilleries, since neither ours nor theirs fires a single shot. On the outer side of Hill 208 we look on at a half platoon of Austrians marching off in file. Not a single rifle shot is sent from our lines, despite the nearness and the visibility of the target. Perhaps it is a fatigue party. Our habits of innate chivalry do not allow us to fire on the enemy when he is unarmed.

19TH DECEMBER.

Last night a cat was scratching about near our wire. Can it be some missing animal from ruined Jamiano? Last night, taking advantage of its being the first evening without rain, I wandered about the battlefield a little. There is literally not a square yard that has not been lacerated and gashed by four or five shells. There are still some abandoned corpses. Ours and theirs.

Today at dawn two Bersaglieri of the sappers and miners brought us news of the French victory. Intense joy on all sides. There is less talk of peace than there was yesterday. Meanwhile it is raining for a change. Murderous weather. The Bersaglieri, all ragged and bearded and muddy, are writing their green post cards, sleeping, delousing and playing cards.

If one were to collect all the bits of broken iron—burst or dud shells, stakes for wire, iron roofing, equipment and so on—which are to be found on these battlefields, one could fill trains and trains with them.

Toward evening, a strip of crimson appears on the western horizon. It is no longer raining.

"The sun's shining at Venice!" I hear somebody saying in a voice that betrays an obvious homesickness.

We have just got back to our encampment. Today the enemy artillery has been completely silent. Only two scattered shrapnel fell on our lines. A conversation overheard in the darkness:

"What? Give Austria back the territory we have conquered?"

"Never!"

"Our dead would cry out for revenge!"

"And not the dead only; the living too."

20TH DECEMBER.

A cold night. But the sky has all that clearness which announces a fine day. The sun at last—the sun, the sun! Some of our own and the enemy aeroplanes pass over. Our artillery is at work as usual. Eight shots, one after the other, have fallen on the Austrian trench on Hill 208. The Austrians did not wait for the rest and scuttled away toward the third line.

A few Bersaglieri are going down to the dressing post with frost-bitten feet. This is not caused by the cold but by the dampness and the water in the trenches. However, they are not bad.

The subject of peace continues to be the order of the day, but nobody—I say nobody—will hear of a German peace.

Intense firing of our guns. The Austrians have sent down some twenty shrapnel on our third-line trenches.

A starry evening!

21ST DECEMBER.

"The stoicism of our wounded is surprising," a medical lieutenant said to me last night. "They come down or are carried here with their flesh all torn, and not a complaint comes from their lips. The abdominal cases retain complete command of their senses. One night, on the Jaworcek, they brought me a wounded man who had a leg smashed by the direct burst of a bomb. He said to me: 'Doctor, cut it off.' I gave him an injection and cut his leg off. That wounded man, whose name I still remember—it was Fumagalli—went away, as he

MY WAR DIARY

(Continued from Page 33)

had come, without a groan. The most serious wounds are those made by shells, especially by heavy shells. Bullet wounds from rifle, machine gun or shrapnel are often 'intelligent.'"

Today, the first day of winter, according to astronomy, is ushered in with a pale sun. There is a curtain of thunder clouds toward the sea. The enemy artillery has been idle for some days. Our own, on the other hand, keeps up great activity. There are hundreds and hundreds of shells falling daily on the enemy positions.

It now seems certain that the advance has been suspended. If only we could have given Austria an answer of the kind that France has given Germany!

22ND DECEMBER.

The Austrians bombard us regularly every evening with light trench guns which fire bombs that explode as formidably as twelve-inch shells.

Misty weather, but not raining. In the morning the guns are silent. Our own are silent too. The bombs last night—they fired more than three hundred—caused some casualties.

23RD DECEMBER.

Last night at one A.M. we were roused by a sudden and lively burst of rifle fire in our advanced-post trenches. It lasted about ten minutes. False alarm. A misty morning. Nevertheless, intense action by our artillery. In the afternoon, taking advantage of the mist, we buried a man of the 21st Infantry. He belonged to the '86 class, a Sardinian. In his pockets there was a small knife and a letter which said: "I hope soon to see you on winter leave."

An evening of rain and melancholy.

A welcome visit breaks the monotony of the rainy evening. I hear my name called. I come out of my hole and I recognize Benedetto Fasciolo, on the staff of the *Popolo* and now a captain of artillery, in company with Amilcarè De Ambris, a naval petty officer. My guests make themselves as comfortable as they can in my sumptuous hotel lit by a stump of candle. They had come to see me. They are stationed beyond the Isonzo. I appreciate this extremely friendly action as it deserves. We talk of all kinds of things both near and far. After some hours' conversation I see them to the highroad that leads to Deberdo.

It is late at night. On the slopes of Hill 144 the Germans are sending over their usual kegs of high explosive. A spurt of sparks and a formidable burst which ends in a high shrill whine.

"There's a war on here!" Fasciolo says to me, as he shakes my hand.

24TH DECEMBER.

My normal day. There is no reveille in the trenches in the morning. Our sleep is not measured by regulations, as in barracks, because its greater or less duration depends on events. At eight o'clock, breakfast. Then I read the newspapers. I write a few service post cards. At noon a fat meal—pig's lard sausage, cheese and fruit. The ration of fruit is as follows: One orange, or two apples, or four figs, or six chestnuts. One gets these in turn, of course. I forgot to mention a lemon, and this we get nearly every day. In the afternoon, nothing. If there is a mist I walk about the battlefield. One often gets some interesting *trouvailles*. The guns accompany us till evening. Then rations, and silence. The night, endless. Next day it is just the same.

Christmas Eve. Who thinks about it up here? A leaden sky, mist that drips very, very slowly.

All along the trenches there is sound of hammering on the cases of burst shells, to get off the copper driving bands to take home to the village; that is the *chic* thing in the trenches! A quiet afternoon. There is a slump in the subject of peace. Everybody understands in his heart of hearts that the hour has not yet struck.

The captain has given me the job of taking a letter of Christmas wishes to the colonel. The colonel has gone to the advanced trenches. I await his return. I add my own wishes to the captain's.

The colonel says to me: "I have been into the trenches to give the Bersaglieri my good wishes. But the best I can wish it is that the regiment should always do well."

I found a certain animation in the camp. Christmas presents have arrived. I see bottles of Barbera wine adorned with the tricolor, and packets of biscuits. It is a committee which sends them.

Today also, taking advantage of the low mist, the Bersaglieri have scattered over the battlefield to search the ground between the first and second lines. They have found a little bit of everything. Longo found a new-model Austrian mask, a small bugle for signals and a packet of letters for post or already posted. I shall try to decipher the German of that unknown Austrian. Bersagliere Spera found a pair of field glasses. I bought them. I had been looking for field glasses for some time. This Christmas present came to me off an Austrian officer who was evidently retiring rather hastily toward Jamiano. He may be still alive, or he may be dead. On this battlefield the signs of the precipitous Austrian flight are obvious and abundant. Packs, haversacks, blankets and an unbelievable quantity of ammunition. Also bayonet scabbards, bombs, papers and rags. Shell holes everywhere and shrapnel cases scattered about in thousands. The rain has made the lake rise. Some of our shelters are almost under water. The Austrian artillery did not fire a single round. And our own fired very little.

1ST JANUARY, 1917.

1916 died while I was marching on the road from Doberdo. I saluted 1917 on the march. That is a good omen.

For the first ten days we rested at Palazzatto, near Isola Morosini, in a muddy desert. Huts and camp beds. A bath. Anticholera inoculations. Quarantine. Boredom. From the tenth to the twentieth of January, we rested in the hutments of Santo Stefano, near Aquileia. I visit the museum. Make acquaintance of the sculptor, Furlan, of Milan, and of the fireman, Sana, of the Third Army, a Milanese interventionist of the days before the war, still enthusiastic. At night from eleven to twelve an aeroplane raid. Fifty-two bombs dropped without damage. I thought of the clusters of children I had seen playing in the streets of Aquileia. Trenchwork near the Roman walls. Discovery of old ruins. Instruction in bombing. Our instructor a cavalry sergeant major. He tells me that he also instructed the Milanese volunteers, Malusardi and Trere.

30TH JANUARY.

The soldiers coming back from leave have had a very bad morale for some time. They whisper in low voices of the brothel that Italy is now, since four old men and the women want peace. It is obvious that the officers are thinking of something else. At Rome they are wabbling. A government of national impotence!

1ST FEBRUARY.

Trench mortars. I have left my platoon, which is destined to form the 64th Battalion, probably in Italy. A second section of Bettica trench mortars has been formed and I have been offered command of it. Practice in the Polygon of Ronchi.

10TH FEBRUARY.

The freezing wind has stopped. A radiant sunny morning. A foretaste of spring. Minor jobs in communication trench. The usual artillery fire. The usual aeroplane raid. Some of their bombs fell right into their own trenches. The firing of the enemy artillery continues to be very irregular and correspondingly harmless.

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11TH FEBRUARY.

Shell fire. The Austrians fired at us with trench mortars, but without causing casualties. Only a few rounds. A resounding bang. When the trench bomb is falling it looks like a cat with its tail standing up.

12TH FEBRUARY.

Worked on Dead Man's Trench—Austrian. On the top of the rise there are still a dozen Austrian corpses and two Italian corpses unburied. A rainy afternoon. Warm southerly wind. The Lake of Doberdo is thawing. Mutual concentration of artillery fire.

13TH FEBRUARY.

The Lake of Doberdo, which is all covered with reeds, has the wretched aspect of a pond, like the "*pietra Rossa*" which borders it. Have the journalists who have called it "picturesque" ever really seen it? Violent firing. A few wounded. One wound self-inflicted. Nothing else. A bright, hot sun.

14TH FEBRUARY.

A sunny morning. A dead man goes by, wrapped in a bit of canvas. A few comrades are following him. A priest makes a few motions. The passers-by take off their caps and then go their ways. Last night the Austrians threw several bombs into our trench. At the feet of these hills are the cemeteries which make them sacred. Our own is getting larger. The short funeral did not interrupt the traffic or the movement of the others. I think with sorrow of that unknown soldier of Italy who is going to be put under the earth while the sky is heralding with its warmth the approach of spring. The guns are at work. The dead man is of the 531st Machine-gun Detachment. He was the only casualty of last night's bomb. An afternoon of shell fire. One of our shells made a direct hit on their trench. The boches yelled and ran away. One of their stretcher bearers came up. A concert by our heaviest guns on their first and second lines. From the extreme right of our trench I saw Duino. From up there one commands the whole of the Gulf of Panzano. Owing to the mist over the sea, I could not see Triest. Fired ten trench bombs at their wire. As a reprisal the Austrians fired seven six-inch shells on the reverse slope of Hill 144. One man wounded in the kneecap.

21ST FEBRUARY.

Worked the greater part of the night on a trench-mortar emplacement. Today at dawn I bid the Germans good morning with an Excelsior bomb, Mark B, which fell right into their trench. The glowing end of a cigarette went out, and probably the smoker too. Today they bombarded us for several hours on end. Our losses are not serious. Among those put out of action are two officers, one of whom is a trench-mortar officer. I increased the dose by way of good night. I fired two bombs. O. K. A sunny morning. The emplacements are finished. Tonight I count on getting a long sleep.

22ND FEBRUARY.

All leave suspended, both for officers and men. Another symptom. Inspection of iron rations and ammunition. Sun, three o'clock in the afternoon. Heavy projectiles meant for the enemy's first lines are coming from far away and passing over our heads. The clouds raised by the bursts from time to time darken the sun. I have become a smoker. A consequence of trench life. The Macedonias are excellent. The Austrians reply with double-action shells between the first and second line, two killed and five wounded in my company, the 5th. A man wounded in the arm is smoking a cigarette. Two are seriously wounded.

On the afternoon of the twenty-third of February, 1917, toward one o'clock, we were engaged in trial firing with a trench mortar on Hill 144. There were twenty people standing round me, including several officers. The squad was composed of the bravest soldiers in my company. The firing went off without the least incident until the last round but one. But this round—and we had fired two cases full—exploded in the barrel. I was hit by a shower of splinters and hurled several yards away. I cannot say any more. I only know that I was picked up almost at once by the other Bersaglieri who ran up, laid on a stretcher, carried to Doberdo for immediate treatment, and brought later on to this hospital, where I found the most loving and anxious care. The medical captain, Dr. Giuseppe Piccagnoni, the officer commanding the hospital at Busto Arsizio, and the two lieutenants, Doctors Egidio Calvini, of San Remo, and Luigi Scipioni, of Rosolini, Syracuse, are looking after me as though I was their brother.

[While Mussolini was lying in hospital, the enemy, in violation of all laws of civilization and humanity, bombarded that place of suffering from aeroplanes. The wounded man relates this painful episode in a page of his diary.]

MORNING, 18TH MARCH.

EIGHT A.M. A little sun. The usual hum of aeroplanes. A new wounded man came in last night. I could not close my eyes. My temperature this morning—37.8. Tonight it will be 40.

No dressing. The whistle of a bomb. It burst near the hospital. Another. A third. Still another. All within a few yards of the hospital. The sick orderly, Parisi, is calm.

"Is it possible," he says, "that they can't see the Red Cross on the roof? They have never bombed us once in these four months. So!"

Another shot. My neighbor, who has had his legs smashed by a bomb, is counting the bombs—fifteen so far.

"A nasty business," says a man wounded in the collar bone.

The dressings go on, on the ground floor. I see the stretchers coming out by the wide-open door. Shrieks of pain come up from below. A rumbling. A crash of glass in the corridor and in the wards. Our beds shook.

"That one fell nearer than the others," I say to Parisi.

I had hardly uttered these words when a huge cloud of dense white dust spreads from the wards on to the stairs. And out of the cloud of dust the wounded men who can walk come running into my ward. Those who could not move from their beds turned over on to their faces, mad with terror. Their yells filled the building. One man, recently wounded in the shoulder, rolled down the stairs.

All the wounded in that ward have been brought down to mine. Doctor Piccagnoni was on the ground floor and operating on a very serious case. After the explosion he left the case to his assistants and ran upstairs. He restored order to some extent and heartened them all up. His calmness and coolness were admirable. When the patients had been settled down, he went down again to finish the operation. Luckily the new casualties are not serious. The most seriously injured was a man just cured. And now a big splinter has badly injured his shoulder! They are still bandaging him up. He is losing a fearful lot of blood!

Those who can speak make comment: "The dirty cowards! The murderers! They are dead set on doing us in!"

The others, who cannot speak, stare at the wall with wide-open eyes. The whistling of the bombs—for the Austrians are going on dropping them—causes some moments of deathly silence. Doctor Piccagnoni, with Doctor Bella and the other two doctors, comes back to our ward and announces that in the afternoon all the patients will be taken to the other side of the Isonzo. All faces light up again.

"And what about me?" I ask.

"You stay here. You can't be moved. You shall keep me company!"

AFTERNOON.

All my companions in pain have gone. There is nobody left in the hospital but the doctors, the chaplain and the sick orderlies. I am the only patient. Deep silence in the dusk.

Editor's Note—This is the second and last of two articles by Signor Mussolini.

It Certainly is Hard on a Girl

"HONESTLY, Elvira, a girl has to be a mind reader or something to tell who to smack down and who not. It's all very well to say, 'When in doubt, slap!' But, my gracious, sometimes you do it when it looks like a boy is going to make a pass at you, and really he isn't at all. And then think what a jam you're in."

"Kid, I know just what you mean. Why, I was never more embarrassed in my life than the night I gave Bill Jones a terrible crack right in the eye, and, my gollies, here it turned out that all the poor boy was going to do was strike a match!"

"Gee, that certainly was embarrassing! I've had the same thing happen over and over again. And, honestly, the worst part of it is, I don't know my own strength. I rowed on the crew at school, and played basketball and everything. And the result of it is, what should I have but a big muscle on my arm! Can you imagine anything worse? Well, really, I had a date with a boy one night that had just recovered from having his nose broken when he ran his flivver into a telegraph pole. And do you know, I broke it all over again! Oh, it was perfectly awful. I never did get him to understand that all I'd intended to do was discourage him, not wreck him."

"Well, it surely is a problem. And really, it's all the men's fault that things are such a puzzle. They either ought to come out in the open and announce that they're going to try to kiss you, or else they ought to quit acting suspicious. Think how much simpler it would be if a boy would just come right out and say: 'Daisy, I want to kiss you.' Then a girl could simply answer: 'I don't know you well enough,' or 'Wait till the family goes to bed,' or 'No, I don't feel like it.' Or, of course, in extreme cases she might even sometimes say, 'Sure, go ahead.' But the way things are, you never know where you stand."

"Nope, I guess we'll just have to keep struggling along, relying on our woman's intuition, which isn't one bit reliable, if you ask me, and hope that we'll hit a good average and not too many innocent parties."

"Yes, sir, I suppose that's what we'll have to do. But, gee, it certainly is hard on a girl!"

—MARGE.

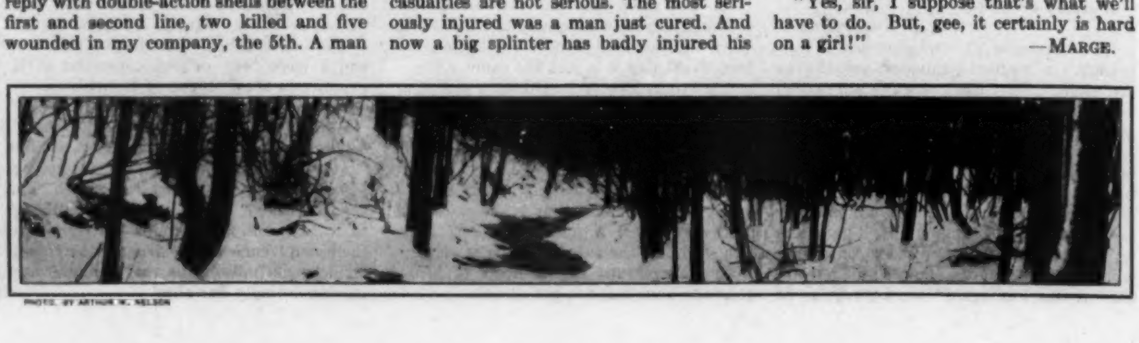
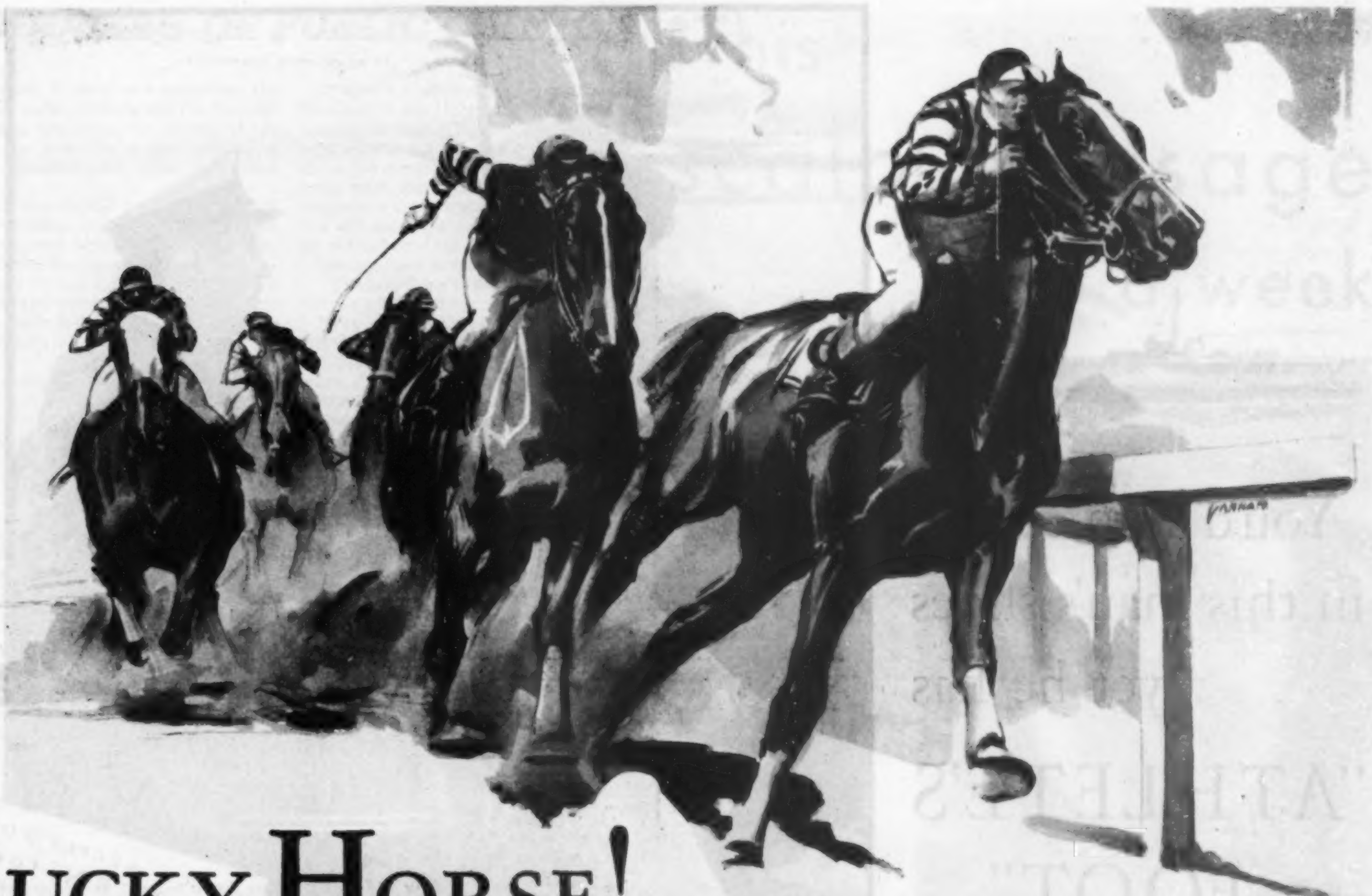


PHOTO. BY ARTHUR W. NELSON



LUCKY HORSE! *that holds the inside track*

Around the turn and into the home stretch they race, with one horse almost certain to win. That horse is the one that is next to the rail. It has yards less distance to travel—it holds "the inside track" to victory.

In the struggle for superlative quality in motor oils, certain oils hold the inside track from the start. They are the oils that are made from the finest crude—the oils that are refined entirely from Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude! For important as careful refining is to the quality of the finished oil, you must have quality material to begin with. Good oils can be made only from good material—the finest oils can be made only from the finest crude!

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE

. . the best start a motor oil can have

Mother Nature did not make all crude oils equal in quality, any more than she made all diamonds of the same size and beauty. To one crude—Pennsylvania Grade Crude—Mother Nature gave characteristics which she denied to other crude oils. She made this one crude remarkably free from impurities. She gave it a degree of "oiliness" matched in no other crude.

Refiners of Pennsylvania Grade Crude have made the most of this advantage in quality. With careful refining they have produced finished oils that are known the world over for their long life, their stubborn resistance to heat. Every day, these oils prove their superiority in the toughest lubricating tasks—in automobile, airplane, tractor and motor-boat engines, in locomotives, turbines and stationary machinery.

Try these oils in your own car! You'll get many more miles of super-lubrication. These oils effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption. They greatly prolong the life of a motor.

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil. It signifies that the oil is made entirely from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Every brand sold under this emblem is bonded to protect *you*. The individual brand or trade-mark is your assurance of careful refining. Use these oils—your motor, too, will hold "the inside track" in performance!

©1930, P. G. C. O. A.

THE HIGHEST GRADE CRUDE OIL IN THE WORLD

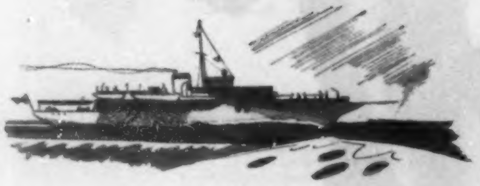
This Emblem Guarantees the Quality of the Crude Oil—the Maker's Individual Brand Guarantees the Quality of the Finished Product

Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION S. E. P. 8-30
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.
Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."

*Name*______________________________
*Address*______________________________
*City*________________ *State*____________



You'd like to be in this man's shoes . . . yet he has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN, too! Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

A YACHT, the graceful lines of which are as well known on Narragansett Bay as they are in the home port behind the Golden Gate—a half dozen town houses and country seats—a flock of gleaming motors and a railroad or two—this man has *everything* the world has to offer—*and* "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

A power among big men, he feels *furtive* about the dry, scaly condition between his little toes.* But he *will* know soon what worries him, for *now* all medical authority knows that what he has is a form of ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats. It thrives on damp floors everywhere.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."*

And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ, *tinea trichophyton*. This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or a dryness with scales.

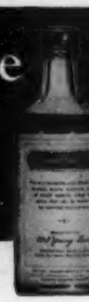
Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
217 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS. .



***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

MUDDLERS OF PUBLIC OPINION

(Continued from Page 36)

built of wood, it stood on a large float; the top of the leads which guided the hammer were eighty feet from the surface of the water. She drove the sticks, but that, as Dudley remarked, was what they built her for.

Dudley was tireless and wrought wonders. Pendleton suggested they unload more equipment on the headland—a creosoting plant. Dudley agreed, adding:

"If we just had a dinky up there, we'd make a Christmas tree outta this job. One of those little saddle-tank locomotives, a shovel and ten dump cars, and we'd pry the lid off."

"We could get the shovel and the cars ashore," said Pendleton, "but a dinky —— They're not knocked down. We figured on handling them at port."

Dudley took a fresh chew.

"She might get away from us," he admitted, "but I think we could do it."

"You want to try it?" demanded Pendleton incredulously.

"I'll try anything once," said the stony-eyed gent.

The two men went to the captain of the steamer.

"You can unload that creosoting plant up on the headland," said the skipper. "Port authorities O. K.'d it. Same graft you paid before."

"Fine," said Uncle Pete. "Say, would you give us a boost?"

"Sure," said the skipper. "Anything that I can do."

"We want to unload one of the dinkies up there."

"I'm sorry," answered the captain promptly, "but my winch would fall to pieces."

"I think we can get around that," said Uncle Pete. "We'll drop the frames, wheels an' cylinders. The heaviest thing you'll have will be the boiler. They're new engines; we can strip 'em pretty easy. I don't mean, understand, that it won't be the devil's own job, but if you'll keep steam on your winch tonight, we can unwheel her with a couple of big jacks. Will you do it?"

"I won't take chances with my winch," declared the captain stubbornly.

They discussed the capacity of the winch. According to the line-up, it was barely possible for them to unwheel one of the locomotives without overloading or breaking anything.

"Don't bust up my hold with those jacks," warned the skipper.

"I'll be down there with the boys all the time," promised Dudley.

"I gotta have someone off the ship with you too," said the captain. "Would you be willing to give the chief engineer a little sugar if he helped?"

"Sure," agreed Uncle Pete.

"Get your men down in the hold," said the captain. "If you want anything, Mr. Dudley, you let me know. I'll see the chief engineer."

Dudley and five men worked all that night below decks. It was stifling hot, the hold stank from forgotten cargoes, there was little air and less room to work in. They jacked the boiler off the frames and worked the cylinders off with the aid of the winch, having first of all dropped the wheels. An indescribably tough job; only those who have been through the mill can understand and, perhaps, appreciate the work these men accomplished. When morning came, they had the boiler blocked up flush with the deck. They skidded it away from the mouth of the hold and nailed it securely with blocking.

The ship steamed down to the headland and hove to. From dawn until noon Dudley and his men worked to rig a boom by which to drop the boiler over the side onto lighters. And it was precisely at noon, with the lighters alongside, the boom set to swing the load, that the construction men were served with a nice, tasty little revolution.

It wasn't a particularly big war, but on the beach it was highly successful. Pendleton was in Porto Robacco, all the white men were aboard the steamer. The reds shot a few mozos and Caribs, shot at a great many more, and won a great victory. They captured a camp motorboat, and the general and ten of his most popular playmates set out to board the steamer.

Dudley stood at the rail with the captain.

"The best thing to do," said the skipper, "is pay off."

"Pay off for what?" demanded Dudley angrily.

"You know as well as I do," answered the other. "This guy will say he's the governor of the province. Or he may elect himself *presidente*, for all I know. But the graft you paid the other boys he'll claim is his."

"I'll pay off," agreed Dudley grimly. "If that's what he wants, that's what he'll get. But if he wants trouble, he'll get that too."

"Go easy," advised the skipper.

Dudley considered. The heavy boiler was above the deck, on blocking; the lifting line from the boom was slack. Dudley put most of the strain on this boom, knocked out the chucks on one side. A man with a machete—a most dependable Swede—was placed alongside the taut Manila cable.

Dudley and the skipper and most of the men gathered in a group, in front of, yet clear of, the boiler, should it fall. Dudley was armed, as were also some of his men, but the skipper was not.

The natives came alongside, came aboard. No one contested their right to board the ship. They advanced over the deck in a body. The general was a dirty-necked mozo, with two big silver-mounted pistols sagging in worn holsters around his middle. He swaggered across the deck, sized up the men alongside the boiler. Afraid of him, were they?

He bowed to the captain. The captain bowed. As the captain straightened up, the general snatched a gun from a holster and shot the unarmed man twice through the body.

The captain sagged and slumped across Dudley's feet. The general faced Dudley now, a heavy gun in each hand.

"Good day!" said the general in dialect.

"Good day," replied Dudley in a cold, malignant voice, raising his empty right hand as in token of surrender.

The dependable Swede cut the heavy rope with one swipe of his machete, and down came the boiler in a half roll, half fall. The general threw a panic-stricken glance to the side, shot at Dudley, and was himself shot by the construction men. He found death with three of his men under the boiler; four more died before they reached the rail. They dropped the bodies into the sea, weighted with iron.

"They didn't make it," reported the Swede, referring to the swimmers. "You'd think the mate was shootin' at a target!"

"That's good," said Dudley grimly, thinking of the captain. The construction men went ashore, ready for trouble. There was no trouble. The reds had disappeared into the jungle; their leaders were dead, they had no stomach for a pitched fight. Dudley, by some magic, collected the scattered Caribs and convinced them the revolution was a washout. Late that afternoon they successfully set the boiler on lighters and worked it ashore, beaching it.

Here was where the party began. They worked nearly all that night under the protection of so-called federal soldiers, bringing the drag-line into position, preparing for daylight.

In the morning, using the drag-line for a crane, and with the help of all the Carib divers they could muster, plus a multitude of wooden rollers, they worked the boiler to land and blocked it up. Finally they were ready to apply the frames, cylinders and wheels, not to mention a few odd corners they'd knocked off.

• This scalp massage once a week

• Only faithful care can give you the kind of hair you long for

Nobody's hair ever seems to be just right. It's too oily, or too dry and fluffy. But constant care, fortunately, will give you a normal healthy scalp and so help to correct your particular trouble.

Once a week give the scalp a good massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. There's nothing better to cleanse the tiny hair follicles and keep them functioning properly. Apply it liberally to the scalp and massage thoroughly with a rotary motion. If you have an oily condition, apply the Tonic as described above, then wrap steaming towels around your head for a few minutes. After this treatment shampoo the hair and dry in the sun if possible.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

Do this without fail every week and you'll see improvement. Your hair will be unbelievably soft and shiny after the very first Tonic treatment. You can get "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at the nearest drug store. It is made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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SHIRTCRAFT AIRMAN
IT CAN'T SHRINK

WHITE
GREEN
PEACH
BLUE
SUNTAN
STEEL BLUE
TAN
GRAY

A $1.95 SHIRT in a whole Squadron of BROADCLOTH COLORS

Nothing gaudy, mind you. But man-to-man Shirt colors that have a happy way of mating-up with your suits and telling the whole world they belong. Eight Shirtcraft AIRMAN Shirt colors. All from the airport of Style. And only $1.95.

For the name of the dealer nearest you featuring the Shirtcraft "AIRMAN" for Men; or featuring the Shirtcraft "AIRMAN, Jr." for Boys, write to: THE SHIRTCRAFT COMPANY, 212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY; MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO; 846 SO. LOS ANGELES ST., LOS ANGELES.

SHIRTCRAFT AIRMAN
with the EVERFIT Collar (IT CAN'T SHRINK)

That same evening the frames and wheels came in on lighters, followed by the cylinders. They had a juicy time beaching these cylinders. But in spite of aches and pains unmentionable, by the following morning the locomotive was shaping up.

"You're a wonder, Dudley," Uncle Pete told his assistant.

"Thanks," said the weary, stony-eyed man. "I'll make you a proposition."

"What?"

"I can use two dinkies," said Dudley.

"All right," said Uncle Pete. "When do you want it?"

"Now," said Dudley.

"What?" from Pendleton incredulously.

"Right now," said Dudley emphatically.

"After all this grief," from Uncle Pete, "you beg for another dose?"

"I need two dinkies," said Dudley grimly.

"It's yours," said the king-pin. "Go get it."

And Dudley went and got it. "What's a little work?" said Mr. Dudley. "Hell's bells, boys," said Dudley; "that's what we get paid for."

V

THE nine-month-long rainy season hit Dudley and his men for the second time when they were north of the swamp, deep in the jungle. The construction men had been told they'd have to stop work during this rainy season, that it would be impossible to work.

"The hell with the rain," said Uncle Pete.

"Right," said the lean Dudley.

The rain came, and with the rain came malaria, and Dudley walked about with watery joints and a lightness in his head. Mose, his Negro cook and guardian, had died the year before, during the first rains.

With the downpour came the flying ants and the bottle-tailed gnats; perhaps to make delirium a blessing. These insects were a curse; they were far worse than a plague. Before the rains the flying ants were eggs in the bark of trees and in rotting wood. The water hatched them in the steamy jungle. They came in clouds, with sticky wings, and they covered everything. Covered everything—men, machines, cars, dump, engines, material piles—covered everything with a sticky, itching, filthy blanket.

As compared to the bottle-tailed gnats, however, these flying ants were like money from home. The gnats came suddenly one day, in swirling swarms, myriads of them. They carried a poison and they passed this poison around in liberal, generous doses. They stung like wasps. The faces of the men swelled up until their eyes closed and hands became puffy balls. A thick layer of cup grease was the only protection to exposed flesh, and this only partial. Netting failed to keep these insects out, so the men inclosed their bunks with sheets. A man had thus the choice of suffocating or being practically bitten to death, and suffocation was preferred at all times.

In the geometric center of all this grief, Dudley's men came to a stream. At first it was a sickly trickle, but the incessant downpour swelled it, made of it a torrent. Dudley had to cross with his drag-line—cross immediately or wait until after the rains.

With native help, the white men dammed the stream; felled trees across and the drag-line filled in with dirt. Fifty feet between banks, fifteen feet wide at the top. A job for giants. Loose rock and dirt, really nothing but mud; a slippery, hurriedly built causeway. They built big mats of wood to keep the drag-line from sinking from sight and for the caterpillars to get traction. They unhooked the big bucket and ran the cable across the stream to the largest tree they could find—this to help the machine get across.

They worked her past the center before the wooden mats began to sink. The dirt caved in on the upstream side as the water milled and rose. The machine sank a little at a time, sliding toward the water. They couldn't pull her out. The water rose steadily; it became a highly debatable question as to how long the dam would hold, and when the dam went, good-by drag-line. They rigged a block and tackle to steady her and help out the winding drum on the pull, using nearly all the spare cable they had, but they couldn't get her out. She kept sinking. They hooked a five-ton chain block to the block and tackle, they drove track spikes between the caterpillars of the machine to give it purchase and keep it from sliding—all to no avail. The water rose higher, the drag-line sank lower. Dudley was desperate.

They had a ten-ton tractor behind them; it was the last lone bean in the pot. If they could hook the tractor to the cable to the drum, the drag-line might come out. But they couldn't get the tractor past the drag-line, and they didn't have enough cable to run a line from a snatch block to reach the tractor in their rear.

A mile below them, the river spread, the banks flattened. The tractor could cross there, provided they could get the tractor through the jungle. Creepers, vines and undergrowth formed a barrier strong enough to hold any machine, no matter how powerful.

Dudley and four natives cut a path through the jungle, cut a trail for the tractor. They didn't know how much time they had; they had better than two miles of trail to cut. Dudley and four mozos, and Dudley used a machete with his men. Good boys they must have been, for the tractor came through.

Dudley's face was puffed beyond recognition, his eyes peeked through sallow, sickly flesh. He was out on his feet, but he wouldn't quit. They hooked the tractor to the drag-line cable, they yanked the drag-line out of the sink. The drag-line was half on the steep bank and half on the dam, when the latter went out with a rush, but they had all the cables taut and they pulled her in the clear. The tractor was hard to stop, but it didn't hold a candle to Dudley.

"All right, boys!" he shouted. "Clear away those cables! Get that bucket hung, Charlie. We'll get that fill started before quittin' time. Let's go!"

And they did.

Three days later Dudley died in the hospital at Porto Robacco. Malarial complications, said the company sawbones—over-exertion while physically drained of vitality.

VI

DUDLEY had built the railroad through the swamp and through most of the jungle before he cashed in his chips. A young man named Sloane—Eli Sloane—took Dudley's place and the work went on. Sloane came from the same school as had Dudley; he was the same type of man—a worker. He shoved the railroad to the top of the divide despite all difficulties.

It was precipitous country, but heavy with tropical growth; the jungle clung tenaciously to the mountains. Sloane had shut down the day before; every native on the job had been drafted into either the federal or the revolutionary army. What few had failed to enlist fled to the interior.

The Americans had gone through all this before; it was regrettable, but nothing to get worked-up over. But, unfortunately, Sloane's wife had just arrived, and indicated that she intended to stay. She was just about as easy to get rid of as the seven-year itch. She intended to be beside her husband, she said; the risks he took, she felt entitled to share.

"I'll not be a party to a companionate marriage," declared the young wife. And she stayed.

The revolutionary general—he'd been sensibly driving track spikes two short weeks before—issued an ultimatum—issued it in person. The Americanos must give the patriots an engine and some cars and the use of the railroad.

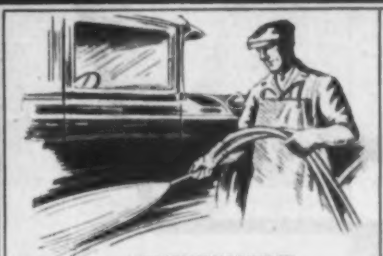
Nothing doing, he was told. "Also," said Señor Sloane, "don't play around my camp!"

The camp was at the end of rail, and just south of this point was a small native

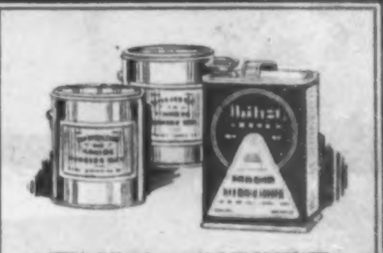
(Continued on Page 129)

Now Electric Polishing *for Your Car!*

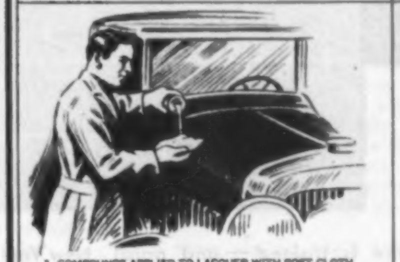
That dull, smoky road-film can now be quickly and safely removed *Electrically,* restoring the brilliant color and beauty that your car had when new!



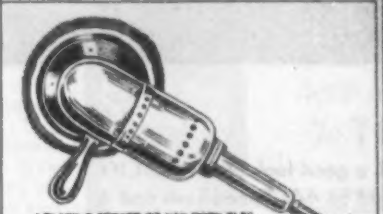
1. CAR THOROUGHLY WASHED



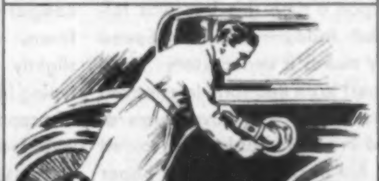
2. SPECIAL CLEANING AND WAXING COMPOUNDS USED



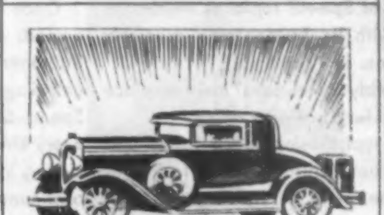
3. COMPOUNDS APPLIED TO LACQUER WITH SOFT CLOTH



4. BLACK & DECKER OR VAN DORN ELECTRIC POLISHER USED—SAFE, SLOW SPEED (ONLY 1200 R.P.M.) ABSOLUTELY PREVENTS BURNING LACQUER. WEIGHT ONLY 3½ LBS.



5. POLISHER REMOVES FILM: PRODUCES BRILLIANT WAXED FINISH



6. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINISH YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

WASHING will not do it! But the new ELECTRIC POLISHING METHOD actually restores the original finish and waxes the entire lacquered surface of your car, giving a hard protecting wax coating that prolongs the life of the lacquer.

The ELECTRIC POLISHING METHOD (Patent Applied for) is a product of the experimental laboratories of Black & Decker and Van Dorn. After two years collaboration with leading chemists they have designed and perfected an Electric Polishing Machine and special Cleaning and Waxing Compounds that restore the original beauty of your car in a few hours' time at a cost insignificant compared with the results obtained.

Think what it means! Instead of laborious hand cleaning, this Method applies scientific knowledge and electrical equipment to the last hand-job on your automobile—keeping it as beautiful as the day you drove it from the dealer's showroom.

Take pride in your car. Protect your investment. Keep your car NEW by having Electric Polishing done three or four times each year. Thousands of service stations and dealers are installing the Electric Polishing Method Equipment. There is one near you!

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PORTABLE ELECTRIC DRILL

PORTABLE ELECTRIC GRINDER

PORTABLE ELECTRIC HAMMER

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PORTABLE ELECTRIC SANDER

PART OF THE COMPLETE LINE OF PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS

BLACK & DECKER - VAN DORN
TOWSON, MARYLAND, U. S. A.

Please send me pictorial pamphlet illustrating the new ELECTRIC POLISHING METHOD, telling how it is applied, and how it will restore and preserve the finish of my automobile.

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Address:..
City:.................................... State:....................
☐ Car Owner ☐ Automotive Trade

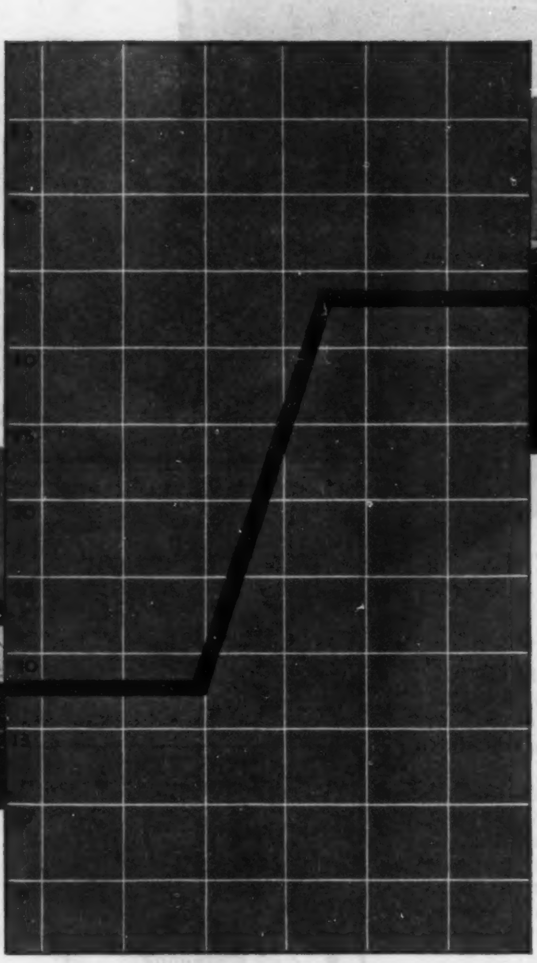
FOREIGN BRANCHES: Toronto, Ont., Can.; Slough, Bucks, Eng.; Sydney, Australia

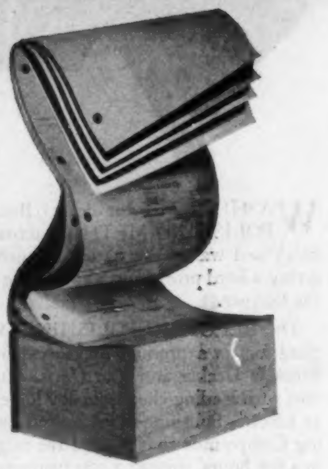
Typing-speed JUMPS with Rediform Interleaved

TRADE MARK

LOOSE FORMS AND LOOSE CARBONS ARE LOOSE OFFICE PRACTICE

The chart in the center shows proportion of time available for typing with loose forms and loose carbons as demonstrated at the last National Business Shows, compared with proportion of time available for productive typing with Rediform Interleaved Speed Stationery.





TAKE a good look at this chart. It's based on 643 Speed Tests and it shows what happens when Rediform Interleaved (Speed Stationery for this Age of Speed) replaces multi-copy typing with its burdensome assembly operations.

"Assembly Operations" have no place in the modern business office.

Every typist using loose forms and loose carbons must spend 25 to 50 per cent of her time assembling by hand her own multi-copy forms. She picks up a form, then a sheet of carbon, a form, a carbon, another form, another carbon, another form, and so on (depending on the number of copies needed). She jogs the set, places it in the machine, adjusts for typing. Each is a laborious hand operation (non-productive labor). Each steals time from the skilled typing (productive labor) for which she is trained — and paid!

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For Key Operations of Business

SPEED FORMS

(Continued from Page 126)

town—Los Ontegas. The Americans kept a few supplies there. This town, in the eyes of the revolutionists, was the corner stone for the conquest of the tropics—loot, American gold, whisky.

It was evening when the reds descended on the town. The sack of Los Ontegas was not warfare but slaughter. There was no defense; the federal soldiery promptly joined the revolutionists.

Later they moved north—these reds—shouting, yelling, firing their guns. The Americanos would give them an engine and some cars or they would deal with these Americanos as they had with Los Ontegas.

All the construction men retired to the office car—nine men and Mrs. Sloane. There was a steam-shovel runner, two dinky skinners, a boilermaker, a machinist, the storekeeper, a drag-line skinner, the paymaster, and Sloane and his wife. They had four rifles, two shotguns, and an arsenal of revolvers and pistols.

"Now listen," Sloane told them; "we'll have no shootin' unless it's show-down. They can't run off with a dinky; the rail's torn up this side of the main line. No matter what happens, don't start the fireworks unless it's show-down. It's tough luck if we get killed, but if they get killed it's murder."

They built a small bullet-proof barricade at one end of the car with kegs of nails, track spikes, tie plates and boiler steel. Sloane made his wife get behind it, and warned her that if she so much as stuck her head out, he'd whale the daylights out of her. The paymaster and one of the dinky skinners were behind the barricade also; there was only room for three. The other seven men arranged more or less bombproof shelters. Sloane prepared some half sticks of dynamite, fitted caps and fuses. The fuses were little longer than a finger joint.

"If they don't scare," said Sloane grimly, "we'll have to educate 'em."

It was after one when the reds approached camp. They were noisy; also they were, to some extent, visible. A tropical moonlit night approximates daylight.

A bullet smacked against the side of the car. Most of the mozos sought shelter behind some bunk cars directly opposite the office car. There was a tremendous clamor. They wanted engines. They wanted cars. They wanted money.

Sloane was watching directly before him, through a small window facing the bunk cars. The paymaster, watching through another window, reported that they were firing up one of the dinkies. There was a great racket from around the bunk cars, matched by silence from the office car. The reds, having nothing better to do, began firing at the office car. There was an unhealthy smacking of lead on light pine sheathing.

"The hell with this!" snarled the drag-line skinner, easing the hammer back on his rifle.

"Wait a minute," counseled Sloane, flat on his belly. "Get ready to open the door, Jerry"—he spoke to the drag-line skinner. "Open it just a bit," he advised. "There'll be hell to pay if it sticks!"

Jerry opened the door a crack. Sloane wriggled close. A match flared.

"Now!" cried Sloane, match in one hand, dynamite in the other.

Jerry swung the door open as the match was held to the fuse. The fuse spluttered. Sloane flung the dynamite toward the bunk cars, dropped back behind his protecting barricade. Jerry slammed the door shut as the dynamite went off.

"We're short a nice new bunk car," said Sloane, peering carefully out his window.

The clamor subsided, but an occasional bullet ripped through the sheathing. The paymaster reported that the reds were ganging around the dinky. There was silence in the car. It was stifling hot with the doors closed; the small, barred windows gave almost no ventilation.

"Let's open the gate," said Jerry. "I'd as soon be shot as smothered."

After some argument, they opened the door Sloane had used.

"How 'bout a smoke?" asked the machinist.

"Go back behind the safe if you wanta smoke," ordered Sloane.

"I'll be smokin' all night," declared the greasy neck. "That's pretty near the safest place in this car. . . . Hey, you!" he said to the boilermaker. "Crawl outta your barrel. I wanta smoke."

Lead drummed against the office car. Jerry closed the gate. The paymaster advised that they were moving the dinky.

"You all right, Mary?" called Sloane.

"Right as rain," answered his wife.

The iron skull was cursing fluidly and fluently. He had collected a faceful of splinters. The greasy neck, lying beside him, was laughing.

"Care for a smoke, old horse face?" he asked.

"Cut out that cursing!" ordered Sloane angrily.

"You oughtta see his face," called the greasy neck. "It looks worse'n ever!"

The Americans heard the exhaust of the dinky, heard it couple up to some cars.

"I'll give 'em two hundred yards to play with it in," sneered Sloane.

A few minutes later the paymaster called that the dinky had derailed and turned over. A moment later he advised: "They're comin' back!"

"I've had enough," from Sloane. "I've got a bellyful! . . . Jerry, you an' Jake come here to the door. If there's anybody left over at those bunk cars, try to pick 'em off. I'm gonna educate these mozos."

His wife left her shelter and started to argue.

"Shut up an' get back where you belong!" snarled the husband.

The young woman stared.

"Get back there!"

She went. Sloane grabbed up three half sticks of dynamite and slid out the door.

"I feel sorry for them mozos," said the greasy neck. "They was such nice boys too."

The natives were coming back; Sloane had slipped behind a stump, so the paymaster called. The reds came straggling along; there was a drunken hubbub.

"He lit a fuse," called the paymaster.

There was less than thirty yards between Sloane and the revolutionists when the American flung his first stick of explosive. It erupted among them. He flung two more, but the first had done the job. He returned to the car, climbed in.

"That'll be all for tonight," he said grimly. "Jerry, in about ten minutes you an' I'll slip out there an' see if there's any worth savin'. . . . You get the first-aid kit ready, honey," he advised his wife.

Jerry and Sloane brought in four mozos, and the young woman did what she could for them. One died, but the other three pulled through.

"Better get some sleep," Sloane advised his wife an hour or so later. "Not much more you can do. One of us 'll watch 'em."

"Look here," said the wife; "you've given about enough orders for one night. I'm not going to leave these boys to some butter-fingered man. You go to bed if you want to, but don't try to send me there!"

Sloane considered, stroking his chin. "Suit yourself, honey," he capitulated. He walked to the far end of the car, stood looking out in the bright moonlight at the bodies, the derailed dinky, the wrecked bunk car. But mostly at the bodies.

Jerry, the drag-line skinner, came up and stood beside him. Sloane turned to him.

Jerry," he said passionately, "maybe some day they'll learn to let us do our work!'

VII

UNCLE PETE arrived in the States. The railroad was built, the contract fulfilled. Uncle Pete was glad the job was over. It had been tough sledding more than once, but they'd come out O. K. Never would have done the job, never would have made a thin dime, though, if his men hadn't stood up and hit the ball.

A newspaper reporter met Uncle Pete when the boat docked.

"Mr. Pendleton," said the reporter, after a snappy introduction, "my paper would like to get something from you on the revolution."

"Well, young man," said Uncle Pete, "you'd better get hold of someone else. I didn't go down there to fight, you understand," warned the construction man. "I went down there with an outfit to build a railroad."

"Just tell me anything," said the reporter liberally.

"It's this way," said Uncle Pete. "It's potentially a rich country. Some day when they're stabilized, we'll realize how rich. They've got a crop of minerals that'd dazzle you, for instance. And they can grow anything—bananas, tropical fruits, coconuts—things like that. Some day it will be a big market for this country; it's a good market right now. It's our commercial future. In some way—don't ask me how—we've got to convince them that we're willing to do the right thing, but at the same time we can't afford to have 'em believe Uncle Sam is Santa Claus. I don't claim to be an expert on these matters, understand, but it looks to me as though we'll never settle the troubles down there with diplomacy. We'll settle them commercially."

"Keep right on talking," recommended the reporter.

"If I thought it would do any good, I'd talk all day," said Uncle Pete. He told the reporter of Mose, the Negro cook, of the unloading of the steamers, how Dudley worked the swamp both ways, of the rainy season and the bottle-tailed gnats, of the death of Dudley. "You might say the jungle finally licked Dudley, but just the same he put his mark on the jungle. And it's there to stay."

"That's good stuff," declared the reporter.

"You savvy if a man stays sober and tends to his own business he generally stays out of trouble," continued Uncle Pete. "Sometimes, though, a man can't stay out of jams. The man who took Dudley's place went through a mess; he had to bump off some natives. There wasn't any other way out for him. They were revolutionists and they attacked his camp, shot up the office car. His wife was in that car too. He didn't have much choice. But after it was all over, the federals tried to frame him for murder. The only reason they didn't get him was because the three witnesses these federals had wouldn't testify. They ran off in the jungle. They were three of the men he'd pretty near killed with dynamite; he'd gone out later and picked 'em up, and his wife nursed 'em. So they were grateful.

"You never can tell who'll help you. Don't think the average mozo is much different from the average human being. They're not. They need schools down there, they need good food, and they need steady work. . . . Well, I've got to go. I hope you can make something out of all this. You might put this in large type if you get a chance. They gave us all the bad breaks, they dealt 'em off the bottom, we paid off to crooks, see, and the climate and the swamps and jungle didn't help much, but, brother, you'll find eighty-five-pound rail on creosoted ties all the way from Porto Robacco to the valley. We built 'em a railroad!"

VIII

THE reporter who had written up the accomplishments of the construction men in the tropics was out on assignment when the evening edition came out. His first signed story. Even the hard-boiled chief had admitted it was a good story. He'd made the front page with a signed story.

He bought a paper, looked for his yarn. And instead of his write-up of the near miracle of railroad construction, the actually splendid achievements of Dudley, Sloane, and the rest, he found this: TOODLES SAYS SUGAR PLUM DOES LOVE HIM. And underneath this headline was the statement—the signed statement—of an asinine old jackass.

The reporter threw the paper in the gutter. That was obviously the best place for it.

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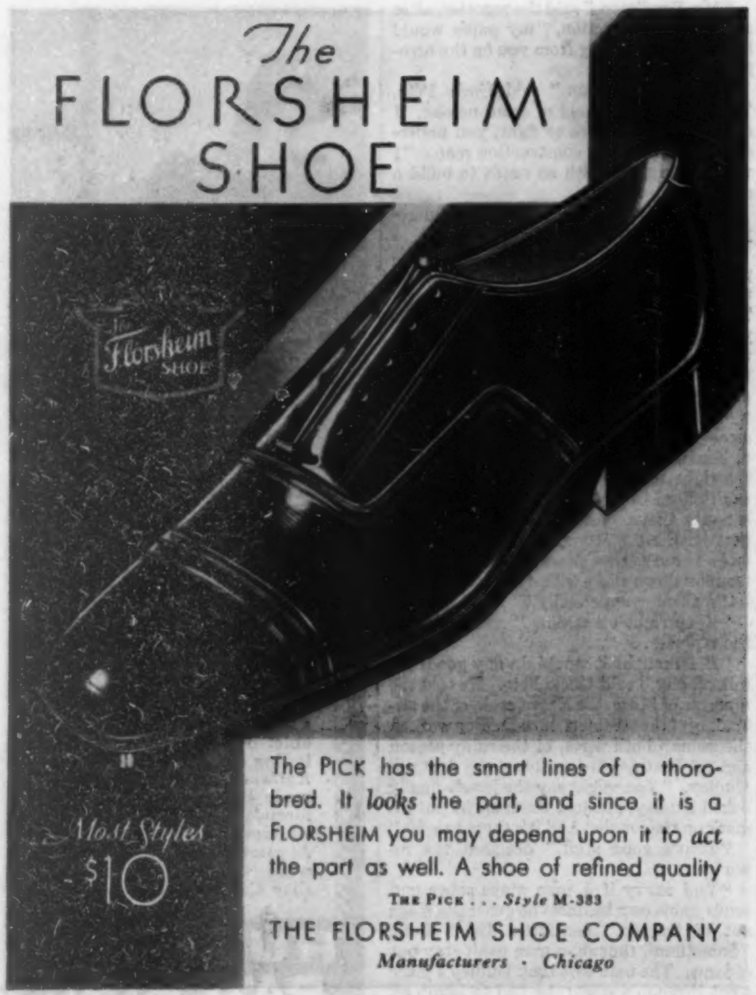

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THE PITCHERS' ARMS

(Continued from Page 42)

Another is Lefty O'Doul, who tried to crash the big leagues as a pitcher in the early 1920's and came back to crash the National League pitchers and win the league batting championship in 1929.

There are sailers today, but not nearly so many and none so jumpy as the Mexican-bean shoots which dazzled preprohibition batters. Today's sailers are mainly knuckle balls, screw balls, fork balls, the terminology indicating different grips on the ball by the pitching hand. Four of the seventeen major-league spitballists of 1920, who were granted the right to practice the wet delivery for the duration of their careers, are still extant—Faber, Grimes, Quinn and Mitchell.

Pitchers individually, and sometimes managers, conspire to beat the law. Until the start of the 1929 season, it was sound clubhouse strategy for the home manager to keep the afternoon's supply of baseballs on ice before the game.

Some locker-room Edison, or perhaps some ex-college player who had been overexposed to a physics course, was the one who first made practical application of the deadening effect of low temperatures on woolens wrapped in horsehide.

Freezing reduces a baseball's elasticity. Therefore, on a day when the Yanks were coming, it was pretty smart to store the day's supply of baseballs against the ice all morning and trust to your own team's luck with the bad hops and Texas Leaguers, rather than spend nine innings watching Ruth and Gehrig shooting at the housetops outside your stadium. You owed it to your neighbor landholders, too, to protect their property.

Snowballs Barred

But the rulers of baseball found out about it. Now your hands are tied. The umpires, since the start of last season, have been required to keep the day's supply of spheroids under lock and key in their own dressing room. Any game played with snowballs this year is in the Alaska League. Of course, a major-league umpire with a big dinner date might do well to ice the horsehides to assure a short, snappy pitching duel that day instead of a long-drawn swat fest.

Perhaps this explains the 1–0 and 2–1 scores which occasionally creep into the 9–7, 12–10, 11–5 sequences found under the heading, Yesterday's Scores.

The trick deliveries are now historic. Instead of emery ball and coffee grounder, today we have the fireball—the one that burns the air at home plate—the pneumonia ball, which is a fast one so close to the batter's whiskers that the draft affects his windpipe pathologically, the university ball—that wide-sweeping roundhouse curve so popular with collegiates—and Benny Meyer's gopher ball.

Benny does not pitch the gopher ball, his lot in life being that of first-base coach for the Detroit Tigers. Benny's voice got that way from defending his title of cow-calling champion of Missouri. All summer he trains for the championship test, using the acoustics of American League ball parks for sparring partners.

"All right, Aleck," is one of his favorite howls when Detroit is batting. "Get ready to sock-sock-sock. Here comes the old gopher ball. Hit it and go fer two bases. Go fer three. Go fer all of them."

To the pitching tribe, lamenting the good old days like Judah in Babylonian captivity, the Ehmke exploit last October shone like a bright star of hope. It proved that games—big games—can still be won without tremendous power in the pitcher's firing arm. The children of the captivity rejoiced, because it was becoming pretty firmly established that when the pitching arm loses its muscle might the pitcher forthwith loses his job.

Today's slow-ball pitchers are fast ballers on their way out. Wee Willie Sherdel, of the St. Louis Cardinals, is the closest thing to a natural slow-ball pitcher baseball has seen in twenty years. To find another good one you have to go back before 1910, to Patsy Flaherty, of the White Sox, Pirates and Braves.

Slow Jack Doyle, of the more recent New York Highlanders, was slow only for his delay between pitches. That was before the rule went into force restricting pitchers to only twenty seconds' rest between successive deliveries.

Nothing for Ehmke to Worry About

Sherdel's rainbow ball is rated as the slowest thing that ever traveled from pitcher's box to home plate. Sherdel pitched mightily for the St. Louis Cardinals in the world series of 1926 and again in 1928. But it remained for Ehmke, a slowed-up fast-ball pitcher rather than a natural slow baller, to put slow pitching on the winning side of a world-series *première*.

Few moments in baseball history have held as much sheer shock as the one when the Chicago crowd saw stalking to the pitcher's box the sore-arm veteran whose name had been mentioned only casually in preseries analyses.

"I rode downtown with Connie one day early in September," recounts Ehmke. "He said he would rather not start left-handers against the Cubs. He said, 'I wish I could count on you for one game.' I said, 'If I have my stuff you can.' He said, 'Well, any day you have your stuff, you're my first pick.'

"I've had trouble with my arm for several years. A few times during the 1929 season I had had my stuff, though, like one day in St. Louis, Gray and I were 0–0 until the ninth and we won, 4–1. So I stayed home from the last Western trip and when the Cubs played in Philly I outscouted Joe Tinker.

"Joe had scouted me, you know, one day when I beat the White Sox. He reported that all I had was a lot of slow stuff. So I decided to show the Cubs a fast ball once in a while, anyhow.

"I went to the Phillies' park, paid a buck-fifty for a grandstand seat, and sat way back in the crowd. I watched how the Phillies pitched to them. I figured how I would pitch to each man. I got all of them except Grimm. He wasn't playing that day.

"Well, you never know when you are going to have your stuff. All you can do is try for it. I ducked the crowds when we got to Chi. Played miniature golf with Foxx out back of the hotel until after dark the night before the game. Bed at nine. Up at six and had breakfast. Back to bed again and relaxed until nearly noon. Took a chicken sandwich to the park for lunch.

"Earnshaw, Grove and I stayed in the clubhouse when the team went out to practice. Grove couldn't stand it and he went out. Then Earnshaw left. When I finally went out they were shooting Grove and Earnshaw with cameras. Nobody bothered me on the bench.

"Al Horwits, of the Philadelphia Ledger, sat down beside me. 'Don't worry, Howard,' he said. 'It's just an ordinary game.' I laughed. 'Why, I've got nothing to worry

(Continued on Page 134)

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Selecting your New Allen now and taking advantage of this $10 Gift does not mean that you need to pay the entire price of the heating system at this time, or that it will be put in before you need it. On the contrary, all you do is to make the necessary arrangement with your dealer and have your New Allen delivered when you are ready for it.

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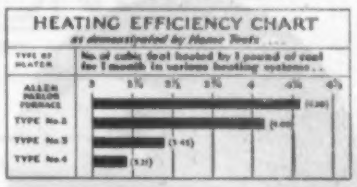

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Index of Advertisers

August 23, 1930

	PAGE
Ætna Life Insurance Company and Affiliated Companies	48
Allen Manufacturing Co.	131
Alliance Insurance Co. of Phila., The	102
American Polish Company, The	129
American Sales Book Company, Limited	128
Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation	106
Auburn Automobile Company	49
Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co.	121
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	72
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad	109
Black & Decker-Van Dorn	127
Buick Motor Company	37
Burgess Battery Company	82
Burroughs Adding Machine Company	105
California Crushed Fruit Corporation	76
Campbell Soup Company	25
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	46
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	125
Clark, Frank C.	121
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	58
Combustioneer, Inc.	118
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	30
Crown Zellerbach Corporation	108
Cudahy Packing Co., The	IV Cover
Dill Company, J. G.	54, 55
Dodge Brothers Corporation	35
Duke Power Company	134
Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc.	136
Fisher Body Corp.	32
Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The	38, 39
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	130
Forhan Co., Inc.	71
Frigidaire Corporation	66
General Electric Company	43
General Foods Corporation: Maxwell House Products Company, Inc.	61
Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Co.	104
Gilmer Company, L. H.	113
Glo-Co Company	129
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	68, 69
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	65
Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation	91
Graybar Electric Co.	135
Heinz Company, H. J.	112
Hertel Co., The John A.	121
Hewes & Potter, Inc.	83
Heywood-Wakefield Company	74
Holland Furnace Company	97
Hoover Company, The	52
Hudson Motor Car Company	59
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	88
India Tea Bureau	129
International Harvester Company of America	51
Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver	117
Johnston Company, Robert A.	III Cover
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	86, 87
Ladies' Home Journal	103
Lee Tire & Rubber Company	120
Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company	92
Liberty Orchards Company	121
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	73
Lorillard Company, P.	44
Masonite Corporation	85
Maxwell House Coffee	61
McCall Co.	78, 79
Miller Rubber Products Company	45
Mollé Company, The	75
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.	133
Motor Improvements, Inc.	132
Packard Electric Co., The	90
Paramount Publix Corporation	40
Parker Pen Company, The	II Cover
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association	123
Philadelphia Business Progress Association	119
Philco	115
Plymouth Motor Corporation	50
Polk Miller Products Corp.	114
Polymet Manufacturing Corporation	101
Pratt & Lambert, Inc.	57
Probak Corporation	72
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	100
Rutland Fire Clay Co.	129
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	121
Sears, Roebuck & Co.	107
Shirtcraft Company, The	126
Simoniz Co., The	60
Sinclair Refining Company, Inc.	81
Smith-Lee Co., Inc., The	64
Spratt's Patent Ltd.	122
Studebaker Corp. of America, The	94, 95
Swift & Company	27
Switzerland Cheese Association, Inc.	110
Technicolor Inc.	63
Universal Pictures	62
Vacuum Oil Company	29
Western Clock Co.	1
Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company	98, 99
Wheeling Steel Corporation	116
Whirldry Corporation	111
Young, Inc., W. F.	124

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Why not a Well-Paying Office in Your Home?

Some years ago, Russel Shirk of Indiana had no capital, and no experience, but he was determined to start a business of his own.

Today, he has a well-equipped office in his own home and enjoys a permanent, profitable income.

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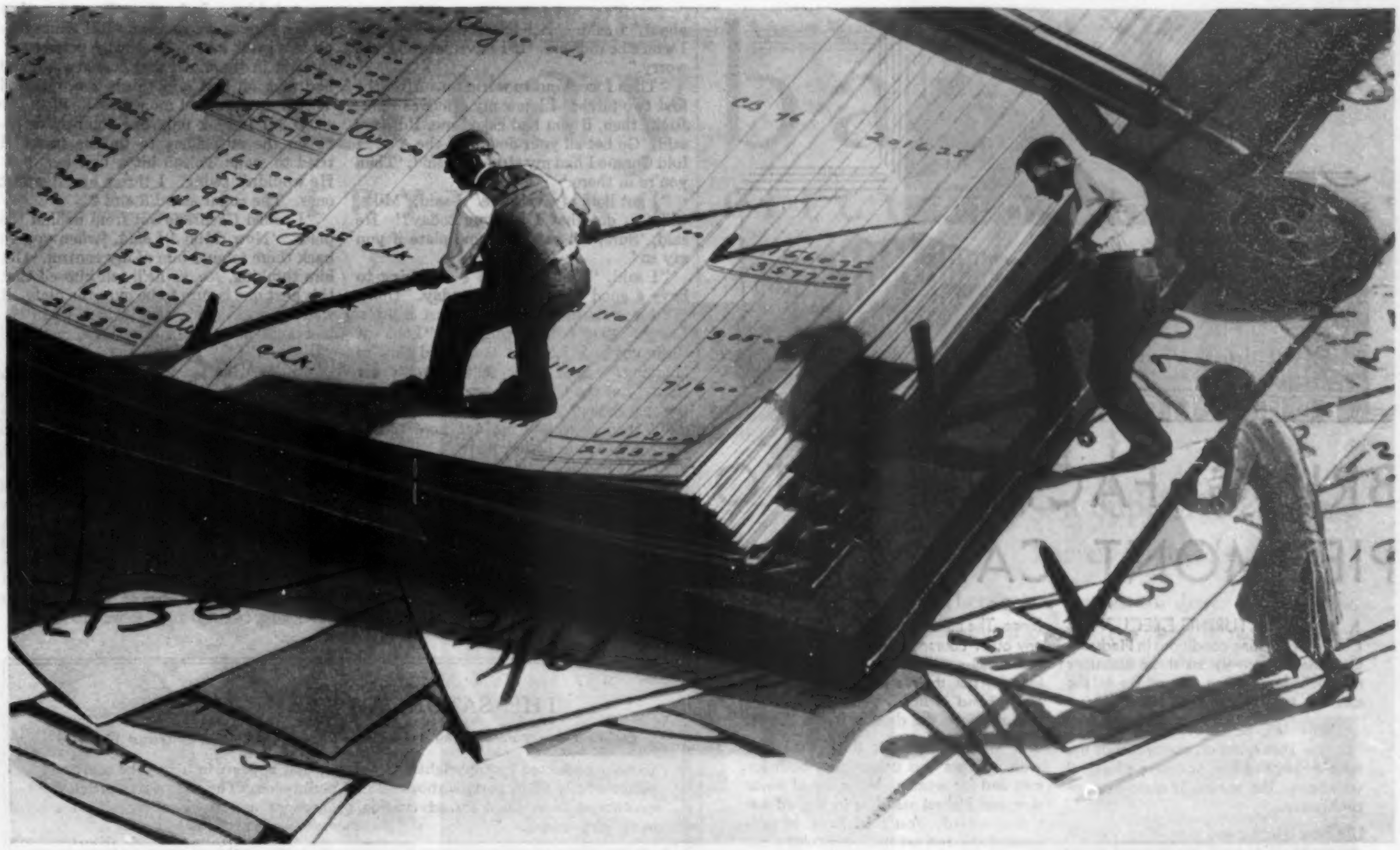

IT'S A NEEDLESS TASK

Because they don't trust the first answer, they check and re-check—and sometimes check again. Here's a loss in time and energy which lessens the effectiveness of the individual, and a loss, multiplied by many individuals, that assumes a total for which business is paying too big a price.

Give them Monroes to work with—methods and machines so simple to use that re-checking is unnecessary. Monroe's visible proof of first-time accuracy lifts the burden of re-checking from the shoulders of all who deal with figures—increases their value to themselves and to business by freeing them from a mental drudgery which need not exist.

If you are interested in producing the greatest amount of accurate figures at the lowest cost in time, money and effort, call your local Monroe representative. Through him, the figure knowledge of the whole Monroe organization—gained by constant contact with every type and size of business—is at your disposal. Or mail the coupon.

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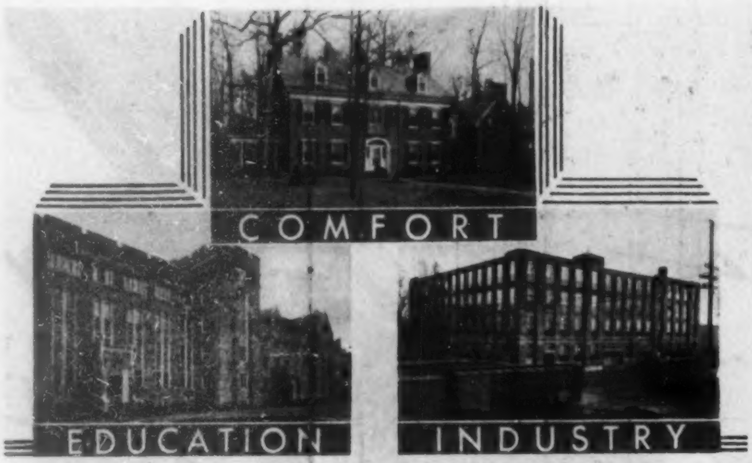

BRING FACTORIES TO PIEDMONT CAROLINAS

MANUFACTURING EXECUTIVES investigating conditions in Piedmont Carolinas, invariably ask three questions that bulk bigger than any others in the decision to re-locate their plants here:

WILL WE BE COMFORTABLE?

—That question comprehends the whole range of life, not mere physical well-being. The answer is quite as comprehensive:

Life here is active and stimulating. People are neighborly, hospitable, and well-bred. A developing country creates a spirit of optimism and accomplishment.

The cities are growing, yet far from overgrown. Thoroughly modern apartments are available, but single homes with spacious grounds are the rule.

Servants are plentiful, capable and faithful. Seven or eight years is no unusual period for a maid or manservant to remain with one family.

The population is over 99% native born, of the old racial American stocks. It is predominantly white; there is no race problem.

Situated on a plateau at the foot of the lofty Appalachians, our summer temperatures equal those of southern New York and Pennsylvania, with this important difference: there is 10 to 15% LESS humidity here. Our summer days are nearly an hour shorter. Our nights are usually cool.

In winter, our days are nearly an hour longer than yours, and the winter temperature averages 15° to 20° warmer.

We can reach, in two or three hours, mountain retreats 3,500 to 4,500 feet above sea level. We can drive in a morning to the pleasant coastal resorts of the Atlantic. Good hunting and fishing await us in both sections. And all around us are golf courses—many of which are known throughout the world.

WHAT OF THE CHILDREN'S EDUCATION?

—Our children attend grammar and high schools of more than ordinary excellence. The nature of the population makes any other course unnecessary. They may rub elbows with less well-to-do schoolfellows, but their associates all have a background of sturdy American ancestry that antedates the days of Daniel Boone.

This whole section is thickly studded with colleges and universities, both for men and for women. Many are of major size and highest standing in the educational world. You find here broadmindedness and urbanity, for culture has been a tradition since Colonial days.

WILL MY BUSINESS PROSPER?

—Only if it belongs here logically will you be encouraged to locate in this region. In most lines production costs are definitely lower than in other sections.

Overhead and operating costs as represented by land, building, power, and heat are decidedly favorable. Raw materials are abundant and in many cases practically untouched.

Labor is plentiful; nearly three-fourths of the available supply being still engaged in farming. The training period for new workmen is remarkably short. The rate of production is satisfactorily high. The attitude is friendly and co-operative.

Sales costs parallel production costs. You are within economical reach of 66% of the Nation's purchasing power. And IN ALL BUT THREE LINES, you will find the local market as yet requiring imports from other states to supply its needs.

Beyond these low costs of production and marketing, another and important element of prosperity is the constant increase and appreciation of values, far exceeding that of highly industrialized, closely built-up sections.

PIEDMONT CAROLINAS WHERE WEALTH AWAITS YOU

Send for the booklet of detailed facts shown here. Address, please, Industrial Department, Room 506, Power Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.

DUKE POWER COMPANY
SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO. AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS

(Continued from Page 130)

about,' I said. 'If I haven't got my stuff I won't be in there. If I have, let the Cubs worry.'

"Then I went out to warm up. After the first two pitches I knew my arm was right. Right then, if you had asked me, I'd have said, 'Go bet all your dough on the A's.' I told Connie I had my stuff. He said, 'Then you're in there.'

"I got hold of Cochrane. I said, 'Mike, will you do what I tell you today?' He said, 'Sure, I'll eat the home plate if you say so.'

"I said, 'Well, you and I are going to have a good time out here today. Don't get too serious. We'll clown just a little. Laugh. Our fellows will say, "Look at those guys—$75,000 at stake and they're laughing." See? Our fellows won't get tight. Let the Cubs tighten up. We have the psychological edge on them. They didn't expect to see me out here today. Let's kid them a little.'

"But the delay in starting almost licked me. I was ready at 1:25. The game began fifteen minutes late. My arm was stiffening when I began to pitch. Only my control carried me through those first two innings. But by the third inning I had all my stuff back. I was even fairly fast.

"My dope on the Cub hitters worked like a breeze. All but Grimm. I had not scouted him. But when Foxx hit that homer I knew we were in. Bill Klem umpired a great game, practically perfect.

"But in the ninth they scored a run and had men on first and third, two out, and Tolson up. He had me worried. With the score 3–1 it took only one solid drive between the outfielders to tie the score. I tried to make Tolson hit a bad fast ball. He wouldn't swing. I threw him five fast ones. The count stood 3 and 2.

"I called Cochrane out from behind the plate. 'Now, Mike,' I said, 'when you go back there remind him of my control. Get him thinking, see, so he'll tell himself that this next one is sure to be over the plate. I want him swinging, see? Then, when the ball gets about halfway there, you yell "Hit it!"'

"Well, Mike yelled and Tolson swung, but that yell kind of disturbed his timing. He swung too fast. He was ahead of the ball. Missed it. Strike three. Game over. That's all there was to it."

Thus so extrinsic an element as a catcher's shout can be part of a pitcher's plus and help him to high fame. For it was this strike-out of Tolson, Ehmke's thirteenth of the day, which put him ahead of Ed Walsh's record of twelve, set by the super-spitballist in the 1906 world series, and unsurpassed until Cochrane spoke up in the pinch just twenty-three years after.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

August 23, 1930

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

PAGE
The End of Devil Hawker—*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle* *Illustrated by Orison MacPherson* 3
The New Model—*William Hazlett Upson* . . . . *Illustrated by Tony Sarg* 8
But Tomorrow!—*Robert Winsmore* . . . . . *Illustrated by Charles Lassell* 10
White Pants—*James Warner Bellah* . . . . *Illustrated by Donald Teague* 12
The Frigate—*Richard Matthews Hallet* *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer* 16
Muddlers of Public Opinion—*A. W. Somerville* *Illustrated by Grattan Condon* 34

ARTICLES

Ambassadors—*Mary Pickford* . . . . *Photographs* 6
Leaves From the Lipton Logs—*Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart.* *Photographs* 14
Volcanoes Packed in Ice—*As Told to Barrett Willoughby* . . *Photographs* 18
Two Presidents—*George Wharton Pepper* . . *Cartoon by Herbert Johnson* 23
My War Diary—*Benito Mussolini* . . . . *Photographs* 31
The Pitchers' Arms—*William E. Brandt* . . . . *Photographs* 41

SERIALS

Charlie Chan Carries On (Third part of six)—*Earl Derr Biggers* *Illustrated by Henry Raleigh* 20
The Wrong Side of the Tracks (Fourth part of five)— *Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers* 26

MISCELLANY

Editorials 22
Post Scripts 24
Out-of-Doors 44

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GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

TO GET *the deep rumble of the big bass horn "in clear focus" is one thing—*

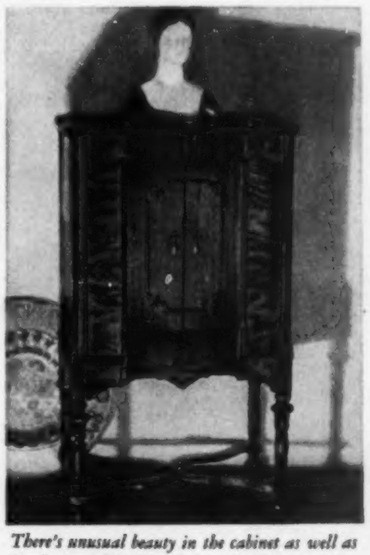
TO GET *the bird-like notes of the delicate flute in equally "clear focus" is another.*

Illustrating the big new 1930 idea in RADIO

"Bhoop-bhoo-bhoop" blares the big bass horn. "Too-too-loo-too" plays the high-voiced flute.

And *there* was the problem. *Was,* because it's solved now. Now you get the notes you like best, in clear, distinct focus—and you focus on them *as* you like—with the new Tone Control on the new Graybar Super-Heterodyne Radio.

Now you select your tones as you select your stations. You—and not the man who designed your set—make the choice. And your choice of tone is what you feel like having at the moment. Thus, at one moment, it may be the full tone range of a whole symphony orchestra. Another time it may be the deep tom-tom effect of a "hot" jazz band. Or again it may be the high pure notes of a master violinist.



There's unusual beauty in the cabinet as well as in the tone. Model 770 Graybar Super-Heterodyne with Tone Control—less Radiotrons . . . $179.50

The Tone Control gives you what YOU want! . . . But the Tone Control isn't all there is to this new Graybar Radio. There's the 1930 low price. There's that leader of all circuits, the Super-Heterodyne. There's super-sensitivity. There's hairline selectivity. There's power (the circuit includes, among its nine tubes, four screen grid tubes). There's the improved electro-dynamic speaker. There's push-pull amplification. There's the smart-looking cabinet, with its pleasing proportions and attractive surface finish. *The Tone Control is plus.* Hear it—at your Graybar dealer's!

NOW—a Super-Heterodyne for everybody

There's no reason to deny yourself the pleasure of owning the "best in radio". Now the "circuit of circuits" doesn't cost more than the average radio receiver . . . For only

$142.50 (less Radiotrons) you get Model 700, the ultimate in radio, backed by the oldest reputation in the electrical industry.

There are nine tubes including four screen grid tubes, push-pull amplification, electro-dynamic speaker and a very pleasing-looking cabinet. You get all those qualities you have always associated with the word "Super-Heterodyne"—*super*-selectivity, *super*-sensitivity, *super*-power, and now *super-value.*

See it—and hear it—at the Graybar dealer's. Or write us. Coupon below!

Tune in on the Graybar Program at 10 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, every Tuesday . . . Columbia Broadcasting System.

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GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please tell me all about the Graybar Radio I have checked.
☐ Tone Control Model 770 ☐ Model 700
*Name*__________ *Address*__________

705

THE *SILENCE* of the frozen north

Electrolux maintains constant steady cold, freezes ice cubes, without making a sound

A "sound picture" of the Arctic regions would reveal plenty of ice, but no sound. For there would be nothing to make sound.

And that's exactly the way with Electrolux. Plenty of ice cubes, constant steady cold, but never any noise —either when the refrigerator is new or when you've had it for years.

The silence of Electrolux is only one of its exclusive advantages. There are many more.

The operating cost of this modern refrigerator is unbelievably low. As little as 50 cents a month in some localities. And no matter where you live, the cost is usually far less than with any other automatic refrigerator—about half what you pay for ice.

All because Electrolux has no machinery. Not a single moving part to wear, to vibrate, to grow noisy. There's no stopping and starting. The cold is constant, steady. Ice cubes freeze quickly.

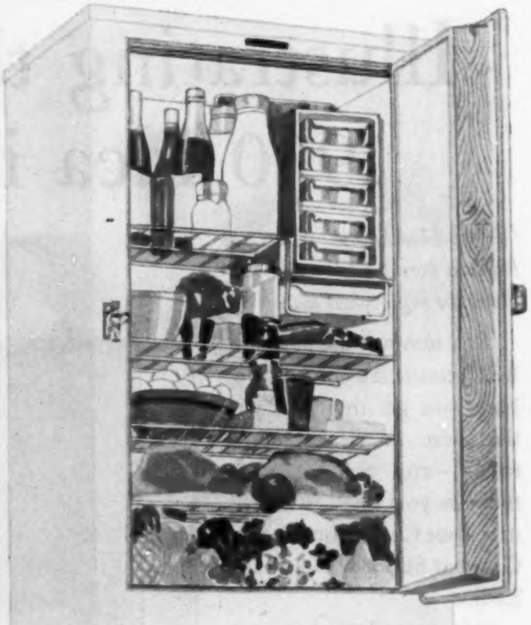
And the operation is so simple. A tiny gas flame and a trickle of water do all the work. There's not a thing to fuss with or worry about. The refrigerant is sealed for life inside a rigid, one-piece steel unit. It never needs renewal. Even the tiny gas flame is safeguarded by an automatic shut-off. And you can use Pyrofax Gas where there are no city mains.

All these features have made Electrolux the choice for fine new apartments and homes the country over. Yet prices are only $195 to $430, f.o.b. factory. Liberal purchase terms. Many models to choose from. See your own gas company or other Electrolux distributor. And for complete illustrated information, write: Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts.

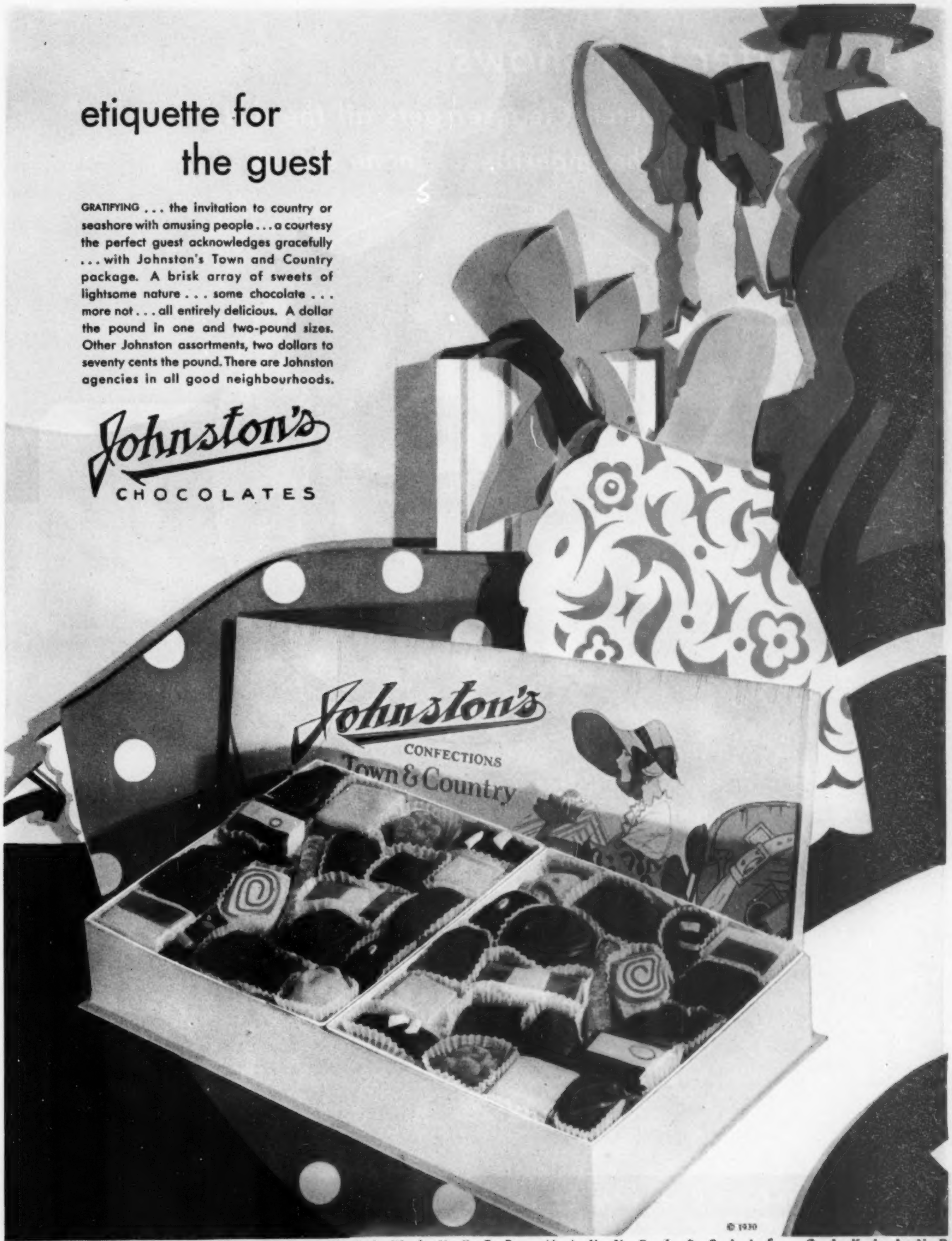


Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 9.2 square feet of shelf space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

etiquette for the guest

GRATIFYING . . . the invitation to country or seashore with amusing people . . . a courtesy the perfect guest acknowledges gracefully . . . with Johnston's Town and Country package. A brisk array of sweets of lightsome nature . . . some chocolate . . . more not . . . all entirely delicious. A dollar the pound in one and two-pound sizes. Other Johnston assortments, two dollars to seventy cents the pound. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES



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NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

test after test shows

Old Dutch Cleanser gets all the dirt, all the impurities . . . none escape

For your family's protection, clean the bathroom bowl or tub with Old Dutch after each using. Old Dutch removes all the impurities; it's perfect for porcelain and enamel.

Old Dutch doesn't scratch; it contains no harsh grit. Try this simple test. Sprinkle Old Dutch on the porcelain drainboard of your sink; lay a smooth coin on top of the cleanser, and rub gently. You'll neither feel nor hear the scratching of gritty particles. Avoid gritty cleaners.

keeps homes healthful . . . and lovely

Would that we could send chemists into every home in the land! With their tests, they would convince that it's positively healthful to have things cleaned with Old Dutch. No dirt ever escapes Old Dutch, no matter how obstinate. Old Dutch gets it all—the visible dirt and, more important, the impurities you cannot see.

So often housewives rub and scrub and think things are clean, when, in fact, still clinging to the surface, are invisible impurities that constantly menace health. With Old Dutch, one smooth sweep and its tiny, flat-shaped particles have removed all uncleanliness. Things are thoroughly clean; they're wholesome; they're sanitary. You have Healthful Cleanliness in your home—and that's conducive to the well-being of your family. Always use Old Dutch for Healthful Cleanliness.

And when it comes to those lovely, lustrous surfaces of which you're so proud; use Old Dutch . . . exclusively. Old Dutch protects beauty; keeps lovely things lovely. The microscope reveals why. Old Dutch contains no harsh, scratchy grit; Old Dutch doesn't scratch. Neither does it mar the finish; there's no acid or caustic in its content.

Aside from its Healthful Cleanliness and Safety features, Old Dutch finds favor because it's so easy to work with; saves you time and effort. It's economical, too, because a little goes a long way. Keep a can handy in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry—it's a sign of good housekeeping to have Old Dutch in the home.

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Makes everything "spick and span"

Old Dutch has no equal for cleaning and polishing white and colored porcelain and enamel, tile, marble, kitchen utensils, pantries, floors, refrigerators, woodenware, crockery, metal fixtures, glassware, windows, painted walls, woodwork or any surface on which water may be used for cleaning.

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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